

Wm
Manne

Shakespeariana

VOL. IV.

O, give thyself the thanks, if aught in me
Worthy perusal stand against thy sight ;
For who's so dumb that cannot write to thee,
When thou thyself dost give invention light?

* * *

If my slight muse do please these curious days,
The pain be mine, but thine shall be the praise.

—Sonnet, xxxviii, 5.

PHILADELPHIA :
LEONARD SCOTT PUBLICATION CO.
1887.

30486

70 YTI293VNU
ATO23VNM
YIARSL

THE STORY OF THE BOYDELL SHAKESPEARE.



JOHN BOYDELL (a name which all lovers of Art have learned to reverence) was one of the most remarkable self-made men of the eighteenth century. Born at Dorrington, in 1719, he was brought up by his father for a land surveyor, but at a very early age, his mind was directed toward engraving by the sight of a print in *Baddeley's Views of different Country Seats*. An extremely indifferent plate it happened to be, executed by Toms, but his mind was fired and his determination soon taken to follow the trade of engraving. At twenty-one years of age, he bound himself apprentice to Mr. Toms, whom after six years of hard work he bought out and started business for himself by issuing a book of six plates entitled, *The Bridge Book*, from the fact that there was a bridge in each plate. These were all of his own workmanship, and this book he was wont to say proudly in after years 'was the first that had made a Lord Mayor of London.' This was his start, and upon the profits of this, he based his future enterprises. I say enterprises, for his life was full of them and always on the grandest scale. It was his liberal patronage of the Fine Arts, however, that distinguished him from other and even more successful business men. Although possessed of the rarest faculties for coining money, he always made purely selfish considerations of personal gain secondary to the great purpose of his life—the encouragement and furtherance of home industry and art. And as schemes of such a nature, properly conducted, were almost sure of profitable returns, it so came about that by the year 1786, when the Shakespeare enterprise was set on foot, he was a wealthy and universally respected Alderman, of London.

And how had he brought this about? On his entrance into business, engraving in England, was at a very low ebb. All works of merit were imported from France, Italy and Holland, while very inferior prints were all that English artists were thought capable of executing. Beginning, as others had done, by importing from abroad, he gradually increased his capital and obtained a firm foothold. Then, true to his purpose, he determined to check the constantly increasing importation of foreign prints, by establishing an English School of Engraving of equal merit, and this, he actually did, the result being that by 1786 the whole tide of commerce in engravings had been turned, and he was rolling up wealth by exporting English works to the Continent. Thus, as a patron of Art, he not only made his own fortune, but secured for his workmen a world-wide fame. Woollett, Sharpe, Heath, and many others owed largely to him their reputations and fortunes.

Thus much sufficing to show Boydell's position, we come to the eventful year of 1786: eventful both in the history of English art and in the bibliographical study of Shakespeare. In November of that year there was assembled at the table of alderman Boydell, a party of gentlemen, in a certain way representative. The artists, West and Romney, the men of letters, Hayley, Hoole and Braithwaite, and Mr. Nicoll, his Majesty's publisher. In the course of conversation, Boydell was congratulated upon having lived to see the finished fruits of his long labors. He was now sixty-seven years of age and might with justice have retired on his honors. But to reply to his friends, he intimated that he was still unsatisfied. He had done what he could for the encouragement of engraving, but it had always been and was still a cause of chagrin to him that England was accused of having 'no genius for historical painting.' On the contrary, he firmly believed that as engraving had taken firm root with proper patronage, historical painting only needed a similar encouragement to succeed: and that encouragement he longed to give, if only the right stimulus could be devised, the proper subject found, to call out the latent talent of the artists at home. Mr. Nicoll, then suggested that there was one subject upon which all must agree—there could be no difference of opinion, and that was Shakespeare. This instantly met with universal approval. Messrs. West and Romney, recognizing the rare

opportunities for illustration which the subject afforded, no doubt pictured to themselves with a thrill of pleasure, the marvellous scenes of the great master touched to life and color by the brush of the artist. The keen eye of the Alderman saw further yet; saw nearly twenty years ahead, to the completed publication of an unrivalled edition of the Poet's works enriched by engravings from the great Historical Gallery of Paintings.

Although this was no matter for hasty settlement, it had been maturing in his mind for some time past. The magnitude of it was enough to daunt anyone but the boldest, but Boydell, confident in his long experience, large fortune, and the support which he felt sure to receive, went actively to work, and before a year was expired, his prospectus was issued and he was well embarked. His purpose was two-fold; to illustrate Shakespeare as never before had been done, and to establish a School of Historical Painting in England. He would found a Gallery of paintings by the best living artists: from these he would issue a series of mammoth engravings, executed by the most skillful engravers, while his *Shakespeare* was to represent the best editing and printing of which the age was capable. To do this, he made himself liable to all the prominent artists, but we have ample proof that he more than fulfilled his obligations, and that they in turn responded to the best of their ability. Northcote speaks of 'his friend Alderman Boydell, who did more for the advancement of the Arts in England than the whole mass of nobility put together. He paid me more nobly than any other person has done, and his memory I shall ever hold in reverence;' a very characteristic remark of a man whose heart was reached through his purse.

When the scheme was publicly announced, we may imagine the interest and diverse comment which it aroused. Boydell, however, did not deceive himself when he trusted to a general public support. The press was warm in its encouragement and appreciation of his efforts. But here, as always, there were those 'knowing ones,' who saw only failure and ruin to the projectors, among whom we hear as follows from Horace Walpole:—

Mercy on us! Our painters to design from Shakespeare! His commentators have not been more inadequate! Pray, who is to give an idea of

Falstaff now Quin is dead? And then Bartolozzi, who is only fit to engrave for the Pastor-Fido, will be to give a pretty enamelled fanmount of a Macbeth! Salvator Rosa might, and Piranesi might dash out Duncan's Castle; but Lord help Alderman Boydell and the Royal Academy!

His scoffing words concerning Bartolozzi sound strange to us to-day, while his remark on the commentators sounds stranger yet, spoken as it was of an age that produced Johnson, Steevens and Malone. On the whole, however, the undertaking met with enthusiastic approval, and aroused a great deal of discussion, both on this particular work and on the general subject of Shakespeare illustration. In 1788, there appeared a work in two parts entitled, *Imperfect Hints towards a new edition of Shakespeare*, (quarto pamph.) in which the author treats of the various scenes proper for pictorial illustration, stating that the time was now at hand, 'when Shakespeare's works will receive every embellishment of grateful Art; when a temple will be erected to his memory; and when the productions of the British Arts will receive an eternal asylum.' A reviewer of this work, in the *Monthly Magazine*, sincerely hopes that these hints will be valuable in their suggestiveness to the undertakers of the *Boydell Gallery*. We very much doubt whether the gentlemen referred to derived any great assistance from the suggestions so gratuitously offered, but the work at any rate indicated the deep and kindly interest taken in the enterprise.

The first step was towards founding the Gallery of Paintings. The Prospectus had allowed twelve years for the completion of the whole work; for, as they stated, 'excellence is more aimed at in this undertaking than dispatch.' It was deemed necessary at the start to secure the name and services of Sir Joshua Reynolds, the first President of the Royal Academy. Here, however, was their first check, for to their chagrin, Sir Joshua at first refused to engage at all in the work, thinking it is said, that it was below the dignity of the arts to enter into the service of speculation. It is more probable he feared a failure. George Steevens, the future editor of the *Shakespeare*, was commissioned by Boydell to try his influence, and after some difficulty at length he overcame Sir Joshua's scruples. It is said by Northcote that a £500 note slipped into Sir Joshua's hand, was Steevens's most

powerful argument. However that may be, we know that by the beginning of the year following, he had ordered the canvas for his picture of Macbeth. Other artists were secured with less trouble, many of them being eager to engage. Boydell advertised through Great Britain for designs from artists, and that there might be every encouragement to competitors, he gave a guinea for every design received, whether accepted or not, and for those accepted, a prize of 100 guineas. The merits of the designs were decided upon by a committee of five artists, with Boydell, Chairman. In this manner the contracts were soon made, and all other preliminaries being completed, a building was erected on the site of Dodsley's house, in Pall Mall, to receive the paintings. Early in the year 1789, thirty-four paintings being ready for exhibition, the *Gallery* was opened and a catalogue issued. Immediately a furor ensued, the public excitement exceeding the most sanguine expectations. On June 12th, 1789, Barrington writes to Bishop Percy, 'Alderman Boydell hath already 1000 Subscribers to his *Shakespeare*, at eight guineas each, and hath made more than £1000 already by the exhibition of the Pictures painted for the Engravings.'

Meantime the excitement increased as each new feature was added. In the street, at the clubs, in society, at home, everywhere, in fact the respective merits of the works were discussed with the warmth and earnestness of an election; while the entrance to the Gallery was constantly surrounded by knots of men, catalogues in hand, urging their opinions on the latest Fuseli or Opie. Art criticism and Shakespeare study were stirred into double life for the time, while the press continued its encouragement and applause. In the *Monthly Magazine*, April 1790, we read as follows:—

What a noble monument to the memory of our Prince of Poets, are these enterprising Artists now raising, and how happily have they chosen his own works for the basis of the pile—nor history, nor tradition, nor even fabled story have conveyed to us an idea of a similar attempt. . . . It is with singular pleasure that we behold the successful progress of the design. This is only the second year of the public exhibition of those valuable materials which are preparing for the work, and the picturesque assemblage seems to have surpassed all expectation of what could possibly

have been executed in so short a space of time. . . . Proceed gentlemen and prosper! May success attend your undertaking, proportioned to the liberality, spirit, and industry with which you are conducting it; and then you will be successful indeed!

And surely if success ever seemed assured, it did so here. The constantly increasing Shakespearian series of paintings was not the only attraction of the *Gallery*. Other paintings of a historical nature were exhibited, and an interesting additional feature was a series of twenty-eight designs by Westall to illustrate an edition of Milton's Poetical Works, to be published uniform with the *Shakespeare*. But as far as the Shakespearian side of the scheme was concerned, these great paintings were but materials, from which engravings were to be struck to illustrate the projected edition of the Poet's works. The selection of an editor caused little hesitation. It is true there were then living Malone, Isaac Reed, and Ayscough, all prominent Shakespearian scholars. Malone had produced in 1780, his two volume supplement to the second edition of Johnson and Steevens's Shakespeare published in 1778, and in this very year of 1790, appeared his own carefully prepared edition in ten volumes. Although not possessed of brilliant faculties, he was one of the most painstaking scholars of his age. George Steevens had first appeared as a Shakespearian editor in his twenty selected Plays published in four volumes, 1766, and in 1773, identified himself with Dr. Johnson in the most excellent edition of the eighteenth century, and one which formed the basis of many future editions. His brilliancy, sagacity, and antiquarian learning, placed him far ahead of his contemporaries, so that it was with the utmost confidence that the editorship was consigned to him. But another branch of the work and one of the greatest importance: the typography, caused the projectors more trouble. In the active forwarding of the work, the Alderman had been ably seconded from the start by his nephew, Josiah Boydell and the publisher Nicoll. It was natural that in such company the typographical work should receive the most careful consideration, and it was determined that they would have all that long experience and a large capital could secure. In the condition of printing then existing,

no firm did work or had materials up to the standard which they demanded. It was during 1787, while this subject was under discussion, that Nicoll became acquainted with William Bulmer, a man of much enterprise and activity. With him an arrangement was finally made, by which he was to conduct the printing and publishing. For their purposes, special premises were obtained in Cleveland Row, St. James, and *The Shakespeare Press* was established under the name of *W. Bulmer & Co.* In order to satisfy the demands of the work, a foundry was erected to cast the type, and even the ink was of their own private manufacture. It is only when we consider the magnitude of these preparatory steps that we appreciate the full value and interest of the *Boydell Shakespeare*. The aim as stated by the projectors, was 'to retain the beauty of the best printing, and yet to avoid the dazzling effect which is so distressing to the eye of the reader in most of the fine specimens of that art.' This well expresses the actual result which was reached. The subscription price, as stated by Barrington, was eighteen guineas, and the first number appeared in 1791. It was a large folio in size, with fine quality of paper and wide margins. A very noticeable point of beauty is the liberal space between the lines, causing the print to stand out clearly, and charming the eye with its remarkable distinctness. The type is very modern in style, the old form of the letter 's' is only used in cases of double 's,' and then only the first is so printed, as for instance 'afsisit.'

For the engraving work, Boydell had secured the services of Bartolozzi, Schiavonetti, Ryder, and many other famous workmen. It is well to note in this connection, the plain beauty of the engravings. I say plain, to distinguish them from the elaborately framed plates so commonly found in illustrated works. These large, plain impressions are very refreshing to the eye, tired with trying to thread the mazes of a large page of ornamental scroll work to a small plate in the middle. Being thus the issue of a special press, handsomely illustrated, and printed on large paper, this edition combined all the qualifications necessary to recommend it to book lovers. From the appearance of the first number, the *Shakespeare Press* shared the public interest with the *Shakespeare Gallery*, and imprinted on the title page of the work,

the name of W. Bulmer, hitherto little known, was born into a permanent and prominent place in the line of famous typographers. This position was firmly established in 1794, by the publication of the unrivalled edition of Milton's Poetical Works in three volumes referred to above. In appreciation of Bulmer's work as well as that of Steevens, the *Monthly Magazine* speaks as follows:—

It is to his own, (George Steevens's) indefatigable industry, and the unremitting exertions of his printer that we are indebted for the most perfect edition of our immortal Bard that ever came from an English Press.

The attractions of the *Gallery* still increasing, another catalogue was issued in 1790 which, as an additional source of income, was sold for 1s. 6d. By 1791 the works numbered sixty-five, and although after that year the additions came more slowly, the growth was steady and all things seemed to prosper.

The year 1790 saw John Boydell Lord Mayor of London. In this same year, while his active preparations were going forward, there were active preparations of a very different nature on foot across the channel in France, whence news came constantly pouring in of Revolution raging at blood heat. Active measures, it is true, very different from those of which we treat, but measures which ten years later had all to do with the financial condition of John Boydell. In his business of exporting, his receipts from abroad had been, and were ample to cover all his expenses. To this add his home receipts from his *Gallery*, his *Shakespeare*, and regular stock of art works, and we see he had little reason to tremble for success. The work ran smoothly; the public enthusiasm continued; and so with little variation we come to the year 1802. By this time the number of the works in the *Gallery* had reached 162, 84 of which were large size. The final number shortly after was 170, containing three pieces of sculpture. These were the two bas-reliefs by Mrs. Damer, illustrating scenes from *Antony and Cleopatra* and *Coriolanus*, and the famous Alto-Relievo, by Sir Thomas Banks, which stood over the entrance to the *Gallery*. This is entitled *The Apotheosis of Shakespeare*, and represents the Poet seated between the Dramatic Muse and the Genius of Painting.

These two figures are well executed and the whole work is very graceful except Shakespeare himself. There is not enough repose in the position of the figure. To put it plainly: he looks as if it was with the greatest difficulty that he was preventing himself from slipping off, and out of the group entirely. And then the face! It is true we have not much authority for any one likeness of Shakespeare, so that there is much room for the exercise of taste in the matter, but we cannot believe that the immortal Bard bore such a striking resemblance to George Washington, as this monument would lead us to suppose. Besides these two sculptors the Gallery represented the work of 33 painters. Whatever may now be said of these works, at least the purpose of the founders was accomplished, for it was a period of great revival of English art, and as such its importance must be acknowledged. The separate works have often been reviewed depreciatingly by art critics, but as Shakespeare illustrations they are very great. There are many series of illustrations, excellent in some ways, but when brought face to face with a page of the great Poet's work, they dwindle into insignificance. They are too colloquial, if we might use the word. The Boydell pictures bear out the majesty and grandeur of the text as no others do. As on the stage there are always women to rant their way through the words of Lady Macbeth, so there are existing many illustrations representing wicked looking vixens with knives dripping with the blood of Duncan; but Westall's picture of Lady Macbeth takes its place with the classic representations of Mrs. Siddons.

In the following year, 1803, the eighteenth and last number of the *Shakespeare* appeared, and the work, now complete, was published in nine volumes, folio, bearing the date 1803. After the title page is a full page engraving of the Stratford Bust, executed by Neagle. This is followed by an advertisement, by George Nicoll, in which he states some of the circumstances of the origin and forwarding of the work. He also acknowledges the kind support of the subscribers and states that Mr. Boulton, of Soho, was to superintend the execution of a medal to be presented to the subscribers as a small mark of the appreciation of the publishers. He further states:—

That they intend that the name of each subscriber to the *Shakespeare* shall be engraven on the medal presented; and that this may be done with accuracy they entreat the favor of every subscriber to sign his name, with his own hand, on sheets of vellum, which will be presented to him for that purpose. These sheets will afterwards be bound in a volume to be placed in the Shakespeare Gallery.

As an additional and accompanying work to the *Shakespeare*, Boydell issued a series of large engravings, executed by Bartolozzi, Schiavonetti, Ryder, and other eminent engravers, the subjects being selected from the paintings. The first number was issued in 1790 and the subsequent numbers with some interruption, appeared at intervals of about six months, until 1804. They were then published complete in two volumes, atlas folio. The title page of the work bears the date 1803, but the last plates were published on December 1, 1804, and the preface, by Josiah Boydell, was dated March 25, 1805. The title page reads as follows: *A Collection of Prints from Pictures painted for the purpose of illustrating the Dramatic Works of Shakespeare, by the Artists of Great Britain.* Volume I opens with a frontispiece portrait of His Majesty, King George III, engraved by B. Smith from Beechey's full-length painting. On the title page is the vignette of Mrs. Damer's bas-relief from *Coriolanus*. Then follow the Dedication to the King, the list of plates, and the plates themselves, 46 in number, including Bank's Alto-Relievo, and Smirke's 'Seven Ages.' The second volume is uniform, containing as a frontispiece the portrait of Queen Charlotte, by the same artist; and on the title page a vignette of Mrs. Damer's bas-relief from *Antony and Cleopatra*. This volume, however, contains fifty prints, the last three of which were not engraved from any of the regular large Shakespeare paintings but treated of the subject and were therefore added. They were as follows:

Shakespeare nursed by Tragedy and Comedy, (Romney);
Imogen in Boy's Clothing, (Westall);
Desdemona Asleep, (Josiah Boydell).

The plates of the two volumes, including frontispieces and vignettes number 100. There was also a special issue of which we quote from Lowndes as follows:—

Only 98 etchings are said to have been taken, the two deficient being Plate 49, (*Cymbeline*, III, ii.) and 50, (*Othello*, V, ii.) in Vol. II.

The reason of this we can understand when we consider that these are two of the three above referred to as having been additionally inserted. Lowndes further says:—

The etching of Sir Joshua Reynold's 'Death of Cardinal Beaufort,' has the figure of a demon in the background, which is obliterated in the print.

This great work was published at 60 guineas. The Alderman himself did not live to dedicate it, but it was finally completed by Josiah Boydell, in 1805. This is commonly called the *Boydell Gallery*. It must not be confused with the smaller series, also 100 in number, published about the same time, and which was simply a separate issue of the same plates which were used in the Shakespeare edition. It does not duplicate the small plates, for, although likewise 100 in number, it is entirely a different selection, and is distinguished from the other by being called 'the small set.' But now comes the unfortunate and yet in some respects the most interesting part of the story. The French Revolution began to tell on the continental trade in a degree utterly beyond calculation. Financial embarrassment closed about the Alderman at the moment when success should have been assured. His disbursements had been enormous. The *Gallery* had cost upwards of £30,000, while the edition of Shakespeare incurred an outlay of £150,000 more. When we consider that this was all additional to his regular stock, which demanded a considerable outlay, we can see what an enormous income was necessary to make ends meet. And now, suddenly, came an almost complete loss of his continental trade, his chief source of revenue; a contingency he had little foreseen, and the only one to be feared. The result was a total crash. He states his position as follows:—

My receipts from abroad had been so large, and continued so regular that I at all times found them fully adequate to support my undertakings at home. I could not calculate on the present crisis which has totally annihilated them. I certainly counted on some defalcation of these receipts by a French or Spanish war, or both, but with France or Spain I carried on but little commerce. Flanders, Holland, and Germany (and these countries

no doubt supplied the rest of Europe) were the great marts. But alas! they are no more. The convulsion that has disjoined and ruined the whole continent I did not foresee. I know no man that did.

This passage is from his letter of February 4th, 1804, addressed to J. W. Anderson, representative of London, through whom he applied to Parliament for permission to dispose of his *Gallery* by lottery. To such an extremity was he reduced, and he met it with a manliness which was evinced in his letter of explanation as follows:—

I hope you, my dear sir, and every honest man at any age, will feel for my anxiety to discharge my debts; but at my advanced age of 85 I feel it becomes doubly desirable.

It had been his desire and intention to bequeath the *Gallery* to the English nation, and it is indeed deeply to be regretted that this became impossible. The lottery consisted of 22,000 tickets, and before the 12th of December, 1804, when the Alderman passed to his rest, he had seen every ticket sold and his debts honorably discharged. It was estimated that during his life he had spent £350,000 in promoting art at home. His patriotism earned for him the reputation he deserved, and though his last days were clouded with misfortune, he died as he had lived, high in the reverence and esteem of his fellow men. But the lottery is too interesting to leave without a passing notice. The 22,000 tickets were sold at three guineas each. In this number there were sixty prizes, and each purchaser not drawing a prize was entitled to one guinea's worth of prints selected from the general stock of the Boydells. So we see there were really no blanks. The lottery was drawn in Guildhall, on January 28th, 1805. The chief prize consisted of the whole *Shakespeare Gallery*, including the premises, for an unexpired term of 64 years. The excitement, which had been constant throughout, culminated in this novel festival of Dame Fortune. A lottery with so much to win and no blanks was a rare chance, and we do not wonder at the ready sale of tickets. When the lots were drawn, the fortunate winner of the *Gallery* was found to be Mr. Tassie, the modeller of Leicester Square. In a humorous article in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, 'Projector' states that 'the blank prizes of selected plates were judiciously arranged' to suit the

'wants rather than the wishes of those for whom they were intended, so that their effect on the public was either moral or satirical, some purchasers receiving prints which conveyed a broad hint and others have been so strikingly depicted in their prize as to be either ashamed or very much offended;' and he goes on to prove this by illustrations intended more for amusement than for veracity of statement.

Such, then, we may call the rise and fall of the *Boydell Shakespeare*. However it may now be criticised as to its qualities, artistic or scholarly, its magnitude and grandeur can never be denied, while its future influence both on art and Shakespeare study was of the greatest importance. There never was an edition published upon which was bestowed so much labor and painstaking preparation. Although a financial failure it was through no fault of its own; and it did its work in arousing a strong national feeling for the great Poet, and a renewed interest in his works. It is a common habit for writers to-day to speak of this work in a spirit of pitying depreciation, as the unsuccessful effort of a mono-maniac. But we see how unjust this is when we consider that these same writers are often availing themselves of the profitable results which have arisen from the discussions upon historical painting and Shakespeare illustration which were originally suggested by this very work. Its popularity continues till to-day. Again and again in Shakespeare literature appear reproductions of the *Gallery* pictures. A prominent instance is the Valpy edition of 1832, which is illustrated with 171 outline copies, while in the so-called Boydell Shakespeare, 4 vols., 8 vo., and the Leicester Square edition, 2 vols. (Bickers & Son, London), and other works we have numerous reproductions in permanent photography. But to return to the originals. Mr. Tassie disposed of the *Gallery* by auction at Christie's, on May 17th, 1805, for the sum of £10,237. From there they were scattered far and wide. Many years later Boston was fortunate in securing Benjamin West's painting of Lear. The Alto-Relievo was intended to be placed as a monument to Boydell, but after remaining for several years over the entrance to the Gallery, it was finally removed to Stratford-on-Avon. The Gallery itself was purchased for the British Institution. The large engraved plates were well used and worn before they were

allowed to rest. Then for some time they were apparently lost and were supposed to be destroyed. In 1842, however, they were discovered by Dr. Shearjashub Spooner, who purchased and imported them to America. Many doubts were expressed as to the possibility of using them here successfully, but after having laid out about \$50,000 in retouching them with great care, he brought them out in New York, in 1852, with a title page as follows: *American Edition of Boydell's Collection of Prints, etc.* They are the same as the original except that Dr. Spooner has inserted new prefaces, and a page of explanatory letter press to each plate, while the quality of paper is even better than that of the original edition. The impressions, however, can not approach the brilliancy of the English edition. A copy of the American re-issue can be purchased for about \$75, while the originals are worth from \$200 to \$250. The *Shakespeare*, 9 vols., is sold for \$150 to \$200, according to condition. These are merely approximate valuations and are only to be taken as citations of prices commonly asked to-day.

In closing we quote the following stanzas, written by an anonymous correspondent of Boydell, which, if possessing no literary merit, at least echo the admiring appreciation of his countrymen for his energetic services:—

I.

Old Father Time, as Ovid sings,
Is a great eater up of things;
And without salt or mustard
Will gulp you down a castle wall
As clean as ever, at Guildhall,
An Alderman ate custard.

II.

But Boydell, careful of his fame,
By grafting it on Shakespeare's name,
Shall beat his neighbors hollow.
For to the Bard of Avon's stream,
Old Time has said (like Polypheme),
'You'll be the last I swallow.'

WILLIAM D. MOFFAT.

A School of Shakespeare.

For his bounty,
There was no winter in't; an autumn 'twas
That grew the more by reaping.

—*Antony & Cleopatra*, V, 11, 86.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS.



ANTONIO :—*His Intellect*.—Adapted to business, I, i, 41–44.

Prudence blinded by affection, I, i, 147–160.

Deceived by Shylock's hypocrisy, I, iii, 140–166.

Practically Philosophical, IV, i, 114, 115 ; 263–267.

His Moral Nature.—Generous, III, iii, 22, 23.

Good, III, i, 12, 13 ; 288–292.

Affectionate, I, i, 136–139 ; II, viii, 35–50 ; III, ii, 288–292 ; iii, 35–36 ; iv, 5–9 ; IV, i, 271–275.

Sincere, II, viii, 35–50.

Frank, I, iii, 118–125.

Magnanimous, III, ii, 314–317.

Honest, III, i, 12.

Opposed to usury, I, iii, 39–41 ; 57, 58 ; 65, 66.

Melancholy, I, i, 6, 7 ; 78, 79 ; IV, i, 113, 114 ; 275, 276.

Patient and resigned, IV, i, 10–13 ; 260–277.

BASSANIO :—*His Intellect*.—Philosophical, III, ii, 78–101.

Has good executive ability, II, ii, 104–107 ; 129, 130 ; 141–143.

Has forethought, II, ii, 170–175.

Easily deceived by Shylock, I, iii, 130, 131.

A scholar, I, ii, 99, 100.

His Moral Nature.—Too proud to economize, I, i, 122–125.

- Trusts to luck, I, i, 140-144 ; 173-176.
 Take advantage of friendship, I, i, 130-134.
 Frank, II, ii, 166, 167 ; III, ii, 249-259.
 Energetic, II, ii, 189, 190.
 Good at making promises, III, ii, 184-186 ; iv, i, 110-112 ; V, i, 240-242.
 Knows how to flatter, V, i, 236, 237.
 Generous, IV, i, 205-208 ; 280-283 ; 315 ; 406-408.
 Grateful, V, i, 134, 135.
 Undemonstrative, III, ii, 139-148.
 PORTIA :—*Her Personal Appearance*.—In general, I, i, 161-163 ; II, vii, 39-48 ; III, ii, 115-129.
 Stature, I, ii, 1, 2.
 Color of hair, I, i, 169, 170 ; III, ii, 120-123.
Her Intellect.—Philosophical, I, ii, 11-19 ; II, ix, 61, 62 ; IV, i, 180-198 ; V, i, 90, 91 ; 93-97 ; 92-106.
 Shrewd in reading character, I, ii, 36-38 ; 40-46 ; 48-54 ; 59-66 ; 69-72 ; 75-80.
 Practical, III, ii, 299-304.
 Satirical, I, ii, 48, 49 ; 62-64 ; 69-71 ; 75, 76 ; 84-87 ; II, ix, 80, 81.
 Humorous, II, ix, 85 ; 96-98 ; IV, ii, 15-17 ; V, i, 170-176 ; 189-191 ; 208 ; 237-240.
 Has good common sense, III, ii, 161-166.
 Intellect predominates, III, ii, 108-114 ; 152-160.
Her Moral Nature.—In general, I, i, 165-169.
 Extremely obedient, III, ii, 60-62.
 Frank and unaffected, III, ii, 1-6 ; 53-57.
 Genuinely hospitable, III, ii, 220, 221 ; V, i, 139-141 ; 259.
 Generous, III, ii, 295-298 ; 302, 303.
 Undemonstrative, V, i, 129-132.
 Has faith in good luck, III, ii, 41.
 Can equivocate, II, i, 17-22.
 Somewhat vain ? V, i, 112, 113.
 Somewhat silly ? III, iv, 62-78.

SHYLOCK :—*His Intellect*.—Philosophical, III, i, 43-59; IV, i, 89-101.

Logical, IV, i, 89-101.

Cool-headed, IV, i, 138-141.

Sharp in business, I, iii, 14-25.

Quick at repartee, II, v, 21; IV, i, 66-68.

His Moral Nature.—True to his religion, I, iii, 30-35; IV, i, 292, 293.

Patient under persecution, I, iii, 94-98.

Sensitive to wrong, I, iii, 99-107; III, i, 47-54.

Loves his daughter, II, v, 15, 16; viii, 15-17; III, i, 28.

Superstitious, II, v, 16-18.

Untruthful, I, iii, 63; 155, 156.

Hypocritical, I, iii, 49; 125-130; 148-150.

Ironical, I, iii, 108-117.

Miserly, II, ii, 97, 98; v, 3-5; 45-50; viii, 15-21.

Extremely avaricious, III, i, 73-75; 92-94; 107-109; IV, i, 58-61.

A good hater, I, iii, 37, 38; II, viii, 16; IV, i, 58-61.

Revengeful, I, iii, 42, 43; III, i, 42-47; 56-59; 107-109; ii, 280-286; iii, 6, 7.

Malicious, IV, i, 17-19.

Pitiless, IV, i, 4-6.

Relentless, IV, i, 36, 37; 84-86; 120, 121; 202, 203; 236-238.

Heartless, III, iii, 1-3; IV, i, 77-79; 98, 99; 224, 225; 248-250.

GRATIANO :—*His Intellect*.—Philosophical, I, i, 95-99; II, vi, 8-19.

Satirical, IV, i, 309, 313, 319, 329, 336, 337, 375.

Humorous, I, i, 108, 109; II, ii, 176-183; III, ii, 201-205; 212-237; V, i, 159.

His Moral Nature.—Light hearted and frivolous, I, i, 79-86; 114-118; II, ii, 187, 188.

Blunt in manners, II, ii, 167.

Truthful, V, i, 142, 143; 161-165.

Extremely frank, I, i, 73-76; 86-94; IV, i, 360-363; V, i, 179-184.

Earnest, IV, i, 122-125; 127-137; 394, 395.

Sincere, IV, i, 286-288; V, i, 144, 145.

CONTRADICTIONS.

(1) I, i, 42-44, 177; (2) I, ii, 35-94, 108; (3) I, iii, 32-34; II, v, 14, 15; (4) II, i, 41, 42; II, ix, 12, 13; 70, 71; (5) III, ii, 170-172; 244-246.

CRITICISMS.

How could Antonio so love a man? I, i, 135-139; II, viii, 46-50; III, ii, 313-317; IV, i, 271-273.

Is not going to Shylock to borrow the money a defect in Shakespeare's art? I, iii, 1-3; III, ii, 275-277.

Would Shylock make such a confession to Antonio? I, iii, 84.

Why is the episode of Lorenzo and Jessica introduced? II, iii.

Does Jessica give this ducat for the sake of friendship? II, iii, 4.

Is this natural? II, iii, 14-17.

Did Shylock 'contrive' against Antonio's life? I, iii, 123; IV, i, 348, 349; 354-357.

Why did not Shylock manifest this exultation after line 34 in scene first of the third act? III, i, 83-89.

Does Portia do most of the love-making? III, ii, 4-20; 248-251.

Was the bond a legal one? I, iii, 134-139; IV, i, 35-39; 173-175.

Does the bond say 'nearest his heart?' I, iii, 136-139; IV, i, 228, 229; 249, 250.

What is the connection between Bassanio and Gratiano? II, ii, 164, 165; III, ii, 190-195.

III, i, 95, 96. This is the turning-point of the plot. Why can we believe that Antonio will not be hurt, and that Shylock will be defeated in his purpose?

Is Portia correct in this estimate of Antonio? Does the likeness between persons tend to promote friendship? III, iv, 16-18.

Would Shylock make such a statement in court? IV, i, 58-61.

Could Portia so completely disguise herself? IV, i, 164.

Is not this decision purely technical? IV, i, 302-308; 321-328.

Would Shylock say this to save his life? IV, i, 390.

Did Portia have large hands? IV, i, 422.

Why is this scene introduced? IV, ii.

Why is Act V usually omitted in presentation of this play on the stage?

M. W. SMITH.

COURSE OF SHAKESPEARE HISTORICAL READING.

KING JOHN.

THIS is to be a course of *Reading* devoted to Shakespeare and to the illustration of Shakespeare, though any one who wishes can turn it into a course of *Study* also. Further, it is to be *historical*, and to be limited, for the present at least, to that remarkable series of plays dealing with English history, in which Shakespeare shows us the intense glow of his patriot passion. Going out from those plays as centres into the contiguous fields of literature, historical and fictitious, we can get a more adequate idea of the individuals and of the times depicted in them respectively, and hence appreciate more fully not only the splendor of the poet's delineation of men and manners, but also the vital connection of the history of that Race of which we in America are proud to consider ourselves members. Shakespeare and History, Genius and Experience: surely, better guides to understanding what our fathers have been, and what, therefore, we ourselves are, would be hard to find. Says Carlyle in his letter to a young man on the proper choice of reading: 'All books are properly the record of the history of past men—what thoughts past men had in them—what actions past men did: the summary of all books whatsoever lies there. It is on this ground that the class of

books specifically named History can be safely recommended as the basis of all study of books—the preliminary to all right and full understanding of anything we can expect to find in books. Past history, and especially the past history of one's own native country, everybody may be advised to begin with that. Let him study that faithfully; innumerable inquiries will branch out from it; he has a broad-beaten highway, from which all the country is more or less visible; there travelling, let him choose where he will dwell.'

As we travel thus along the highway of English history marked out by Shakespeare, we shall be able to look with some care at some of the innumerable subjects of inquiry naturally presenting themselves, and to learn from them how halting, how blindly groping, how feebly irresolute, and yet withal how majestic has been the march of that civilization by and in whose progress man has slowly, painfully lifted himself and his fellow-man nearer to the likeness of that glorious image in which he believes himself created.

Shakespeare begins first with ignoble King John, and not, as we might naturally suppose, with the romantic figure of his brother Richard Cœur-de-Lion, nor with their powerful father Henry II., nor with their stark ancestor William of Normandy. We understand it better when, on reading the play, we see that Faulconbridge, the English man, is more to him than king or nobles, and that more to him still, dearest of all, the inspiration of his strain, is that England itself which Faulconbridge loves so fervently, to which the nobles finally prove true and loyal subjects—that England which

Never did nor never shall
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
But when it first did help to wound itself.
Now these her princes are come home again,
Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them. Nought shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true. (V, vii, 112.)

Shakespeare, poet and patriot, saw and felt that *his* England, his 'noble and puissant nation' really began—'as an eagle muing her mighty youth'—when the miscreant John lost his continental possessions; had he retained them, Magna Charta and Runnymede would

have been deferred many a long day. Thenceforward England, no longer bound to Normandy and Anjou and Brittany, revealed to herself by their loss, was to live her own life and to grow her own growth; and hence Shakespeare's History of England begins with *King John*.

Turning now to the play of *King John*, and reading it through, let us see first of all who were the historical *Characters* introduced in it.

For John and his family, the Angevins, see Green's *Short History of the English People*, chapters 2nd and 3rd; Mackintosh's *History of England*; Hume's *History of England*; Strickland's *Queens of England*.

For Arthur, see same authorities.

For Pembroke and Hubert de Burgh, see Green's *Short History*, chapter 3rd.

For Constance, Elinor, and Blanch, see Mrs. Jameson's *Characters of Women*, Strickland's *Queens of England*.

For Philip and Lewis and Blanch see Guizot's *History of France*.

As to the discrepancies between the incidents in *King John* and the actual order of historical events, see Hudson's *Life, Art, and Characters of Shakespeare*, Dowden's *Shakspeare: His Mind and Art*, and the Introduction and Notes in the annotated and expurgated editions of *King John* for school and general use, by Rolfe, or Hudson, or Clark & Wright (Clarendon Press Series).

The Characters in themselves and by comparison:—

'Six full-length portraits of Kings of England have been left by Shakspeare. These six fall into two groups of three each,—one group consisting of studies of kingly weakness, the other group of studies of kingly strength. In the one group stand King John, King Richard II., and King Henry VI., in the other, King Henry IV., King Henry V., and King Richard III. John is the royal criminal, weak in his criminality; Henry VI., is the royal saint, weak in his saintliness. The feebleness of Richard II. cannot be characterized in a word; he is a graceful, sentimental monarch.' In addition to these Kings mentioned, John may be compared, by way of contrast as to

deed, with Macbeth and Iago and Claudius (*Hamlet*), and, by way of contrast as to nature and being, with Brutus and Banquo. It is worth observation in passing that Mr. Green says of the real King John: 'The awful lesson of his life rests on the fact that it was no weak and indolent voluptuary, but the ablest and most ruthless of the Angevins, who lost Normandy, became the vassal of the Pope, and perished in a struggle of despair against English freedom.'

In comparison with the beautiful picture of childhood presented in Prince Arthur, see the two little Princes in *Richard III.*; Mamillius in *The Winter's Tale*; Macduff's son in *Macbeth*; and reminiscences of the Nurse as to Juliet's childhood in *Romeo and Juliet*.

In her maternal anguish and fury, Constance may be compared with the terrible figure of Margaret of Anjou in *3 Henry VI.* and *Richard III.*, and with Queen Elizabeth and the Duchess of York in the same plays; also with Queen Gertrude in *Hamlet*, with Hermione in *The Winter's Tale*, and with the exquisite motherhood of the daughter for her father of Cordelia in *King Lear*.

Faulconbridge is the English man whom Shakespeare loves and whom he portrays also in John Talbot, *1 Henry VI.*, in Banquo, (*Macbeth*), in Kent, (*King Lear*), and with most affection perhaps in the youth and manhood of Henry V.

For the interview between King John and Hubert (III., iii.), see Col. A. F. Rockwell's *Shakespeare's Life-Endings*, in *SHAKESPEARIANA*, for January, 1884.

Some famous pictures of the Age of King John have been given us by Sir Walter Scott, in his *The Betrothed*, *The Talisman*, *Ivanhoe*, (and his *Count Robert of Paris*, may be cited, though dealing with the eleventh century); by G. P. R. James, in *Philip Augustus*; by Lessing, in *Nathan the Wise*, (translated by Frothingham: see also Buchheim's admirable edition of this Play in the *Clarendon Press Series*); in the whole series of the *Robin Hood Ballads*; in *The Tale of Gamelyn*, who is sometimes identified with Will Scarlet; and, in consequence of the connection between *Gamelyn* and *As You Like It* (Cf. Skeat's *Gamelyn*), whoever chooses may imagine that Shakespeare meant 'Sherwood,' when he wrote 'Arden,' and that it was in Robin

Hood's forest that Rosalind protested so delightfully against having 'a doublet and hose in her disposition.' Scheffel, the German poet-novelist's quaint and interesting *Ekkehard* (Tauchnitz edition) may be mentioned here, since monks of the tenth century were much like their brothers of the twelfth.

For Contemporary Learning, see Green's discussion of the Universities and the authorities cited by him, (*Short History*) remarks on the same subject, (Hallam's *Middle Ages*); also the *Intellectual Mission of the Saracens*, in the *Atlantic Monthly* for December, 1886.

For Contemporary Literature, see, for English Literature, Green, chapter 3rd, and authorities cited there, also the hand-books on English Literature, Shaw, Arnold, Taine, (first chapters); Warton's *History of English Poetry*; Saintsbury's *French Literature*; Sismondi's *Literature of Southern Europe*; Ticknor's *Spanish Literature*; Southey's *Chronicle of the Cid*; Corneille's *Le Cid*; Lockhart's *Spanish Ballads*.

This is the time of the growth of the Arthurian legend, and of the *Nibelungenlied*. Cf. Green's *History*; Bayard Taylor's *Studies in German Literature*, (chapters 2d, 3rd, 4th); Malory's *Morte d'Arthur*; Tennyson's *Idylls of the King*; Bulwer's *King Arthur*; Longfellow's *Golden Legend*; Matthew Arnold's *Tristram and Iseult*; Morris's *Lovers of Gudrun and Sigurd the Volsung*; Dippold's translation of Geibel's *Brunhild* (which has a valuable introduction); Wagner's Operas, *Lohengrin*, *Tristan und Isolde*, and the *Nibelungen Trilogy*.

WM. TAYLOR THOM.

[To be continued.]

Open Court.

That's a question; how shall we try it?

—*The Comedy of Errors*, V, 1, 421.

In this I'll be impartial; be you judge
Of your own cause.

—*Measure for Measure*, V, 1, 166.

'Civil as an orange.'

—*Much Ado*. II, i, 304.



S I have said in my edition of the play (p. 133), the meaning of this passage is perhaps best illustrated by Cotgrave's definition of *aigre-douce* as a 'civile orange, or orange that is betweene sweet and sower.' Compare Nash, *Four Letters Confuted*, 1592: 'For the order of my life, it is as civil as an orange.' There is an obvious play upon *civil* and *Seville*; if, indeed, this use of the former word be not due to its resemblance to the latter. Hunter, in his school edition of *Much Ado* (published by the Longmans of London), explains *civil* here as 'plain,' and compares the use of the word as applied to dress. See *Tw. Night*, III, iv, 5, and *Rom. and Jul.*, III, ii, 10. But the word there is not equivalent to 'plain, homely,' as Hunter makes it, but rather to 'grave, sober,' that is, like civilian dress as distinguished from military dress, with its brighter colors and showy trappings.

Cambridge, Dec. 16, 1886.

W. J. ROLFE.

To the Editor of SHAKESPEARIANA:

I owe you many apologies for my neglect to reply to your valued letters touching the alleged Bacon-cipher in the Shakespeare plays.

I realize that it will be of little use for me to repeat the statements I have already made so often, that the plays are cryptographic work; and that I have found the key to the cipher and am working out the

narrative. Those who did not believe my statements in the first instance are not likely to be convinced by any reiteration of them.

I do not wonder at the incredulity of the world. I should not myself believe in the existence of such a cipher if I had not the proofs of it constantly before me as I work. But I should as soon think that the arithmetical relations of the multiplication table were the result of accident, as that a continuous, coherent, grammatical and rhetorical narrative could grow, by chance, out of a given number, (say 740,) applied to the paging of the folio of 1623, with mathematical precision.

My work has been greatly delayed by political distractions, but I hope to get the copy into the hands of the printer this winter. In the meantime I cannot complain if the sceptical exercise their undoubted right to jest and sneer. It is true, as Bacon says, 'the end tries the man.' With great respect.

Very truly yours,

IGNATIUS DONNELLY.

Hastings, Minn., Nov. 13, 1886.

Shakespeare Societies.

Such a holy witch
That he enchants societies into him;
Half all men's hearts are his.

—*Cymbeline*, I, vi, 166.



NEW SHAKSPERE SOCIETY OF LONDON, November 12.—Mr. S. L. Lee, Hon. Treas., in the Chair. Mr. F. A. Marshall, read a paper *On the Effacement of Queen Catherine, Mother of Henry IV.* Mr. Marshall received the scanty records, concerning the Queen, from the death of King Henry V., to her own, including what was known of her private marriage with Owen Tudor, showing the bitterness of feeling aroused in England, by this mis-alliance—a feeling which probably forbade her presentment on the stage, except as an adjunct of the beloved King, and famous general, Henry V. The Chairman reminded the meeting of Pepy's visit to Westminster Abbey, where he saw the body of Queen Catherine, which had lain exposed to view, since the destruction of the old Lady Chapel, by Henry VII., pointing out that the body must have been thus exposed to public view in Shakespeare's time, and that such treatment of the body of a Queen, was probably the consequence of her degraded position in the popular estimate. Mr. Marshall also read a note *On the Earl of Warwick*, in *1 Henry VI.*, showing that the Warwick in this play, was Richard Beauchamp, the same as in *Henry V.*, not Richard Neville, the King-maker; and a note on the date of *The Merchant of Venice*, summarizing the considerations which should guide us in fixing that date, which he himself held to be 1596.

NEW YORK SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY.—November meeting.—At the stated meeting of the Society, November 18th, the following resolutions were offered upon the death of Dr. C. M. Ingleby, who was an honorary member of the Society.

Resolved, That this Society is sensible of the great loss which Shakespearian study and literature has sustained in the death of Dr. Clement M. Ingleby, an honorary member of this Society, and one of the earliest benefactors of its library; and desires to record upon its minutes its appreciation of his great services and acquirements, his ripe judgment, and sterling counsels; and most of all his warm and generous courtesy toward those whose studies led them to differ with him as to details or items in the great field to the exploration and survey of which he devoted his life.

Resolved, That the Secretary be, and he hereby is, instructed to suitably convey to the surviving family of Dr. Ingleby a notice of this action of this Society.

The President took the floor to second the above resolutions, and spoke of Dr. Ingleby's long and most useful life; his contributions to science other than Shakespearian; his great reputation as a scholar; his earnest and prompt acceptance of the honorary membership tendered him by this Society, and his contributions to the library of many scarce and otherwise unobtainable works (which were actually the first donations from across the water which the library received). The last letter the President received from Dr. Ingleby announced his intention of searching in London for copies of certain works—which he had been unable to procure through the book-sellers—for forwarding to us; mentioned his failing health, and his unmixed interest in the proceedings of this, the first and only (so far as he had been advised) Shakespeare Society in the United States devoted to the publication of original matter. The resolutions were then adopted.

Mr. Morgan then read the paper of the evening, 'Queen Elizabeth's Share in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*.' Mr. Morgan argued that—although the tradition that Queen Elizabeth ordered this play to be written (with the accompaniments that it was to be completed in 'fourteen days,' and that its theme was to be 'Falstaff in Love'), seemed at first a part of the body of traditions concerning the dramatist which, in the electric light of modern research, was (in his opinion) very gently disappearing—yet there seemed to be considerable reason for believing this particular tradition. The Lord Chamberlain was the censor of plays then, as now. His directions were, constructively, the Queen's orders. Mr. Morgan then proceeded—from an examination of the several statutes and proclamations then in force

concerning stage plays, and from internal evidence (cited at considerable length)—to argue that there appeared to be sufficient reason for the issuance of just such a 'royal order' through the proper channel. Mr. Morgan believed that the 1602 quarto contained an imperfect report of the play prepared in obedience to such order; and he traced certain legal, statutory, and circumstantial influences in operation which—in the course of twenty-one years—resulted in the perfect and almost entirely different comedy which was printed in the first folio. The paper was accepted and ordered to be printed. The Hon. Thomas R. Snagge, one of the Justices of Her Majesty's Common Pleas, was elected an honorary member; and Hon. Alvey A. Adey, Assistant Secretary of State, Washington, D. C., and Mr. William H. Fleming, of New York City, were elected as members; after which the Society adjourned.

The Drama.

Betwixt mine eye and heart a league is took,
And each doth good turns now unto the other.

—Sonnet XLVII.



R. WILSON BARRETT'S HAMLET—The lights are lowered and a sudden shadow falls upon the rustling, chattering audience. Then a solemn-toned bell tolling out twelve, leisurely strokes behind the curtain, seems to give voice to a stirring premonition of that impending tragedy in Shakespeare's Denmark which for two hours or so, shall displace the various pre-occupations of the current day: and the susceptible auditor has prepared in his mind's eye an outline of the scene he now looks upon. The narrow entrance-way with the portcullis up, the platform, the low boundary wall, over which theatrical moonlight is suffused, cold and ghostly—the touch of unreality doubly effective here—and at the left, the iron-bound door of the fortress of Elsinore.

The watchman, who stands dimly descried in the gloom before the Castle, hears suddenly the voice of a man calling from the entrance, opposite, 'Who's there!' The scene so far has helped to betoken vividly the oncoming of the tragedy. But this stealthy question deserved a more apt return. The startled sentinel, being first accosted who should first accost, should reply with emphasis, 'Nay, answer *me*,' instead of the unpointed rejoinder given. That it is 'bitter cold' and he is 'sick at heart,' as he says, that is all in keeping with one's instinctive forebodings. And one may find oneself vaguely anxious, as Bernardo seems to be, who has come so carefully upon his hour, lest Francisco should not get away and get to bed before some expected, dreaded thing shall appear of which it is not well too many Danes should know. The entrance of Horatio and Marcellus brings relief and advance at once to the imagination touching the 'dreaded sight twice seen of us,' which Marcellus describes.

Horatio's 'Tush! Tush! 'twill not appear,' is as reassuring as whistling to keep the courage up, and only the final appearance of a palpable ghost who has the hard task of frightening a nineteenth century audience dispels the anticipated thrill. Yet, even now, if Horatio only would be harrowed 'with fear and wonder,' then might the apparition awaken a responsive tremor by the vicarious qualms of the masterly actor; but Mr. Fulton's skill has not so quick a touch of nature, and the ghost is gone, vanishing visibly in the flies on the right. Still, without being utterly ridiculous as Stage ghosts have been known to be.

* * *

The contrasting brilliancy of the scene on which the curtain next rises suggests an unsound glitter. The flourishing gaudiness of the Court of the Ghost's successor is shown grouped about the high, gilded chairs of the plausible King and his purring Queen. And back in the centre of the group, within the noble room whose wide, round arches are hung with motley-colored arras, stands watching them a peculiarly graceful young man in black velvet doublet, a loose-gathered, wide-necked white shirt and black silk hose. He makes the one patch of solemn suiting in the midst of the many glancing colors. And his disdainful eyes speak their protest before his clear, melodious voice answers wearily the King's appeal to 'my Cousin Hamlet and my son,' with his first words,—'A little more than *kin* and *less* than kind.'

His absolute isolation from the rest of the people about him, and his ready suspicion of them, is the note on which Mr. Wilson Barrett lays the accent here and elsewhere throughout the play. His own enthusiasm of loyalty is too much that of a young man freshly touched by sorrow, to be calmly controlled and persistent. It is rather on the alert for occasions of offence, and with each opportunity the King gives him during the course of his false-hearted, philosophic phrases on the duty of resignation to so common a theme as 'death of fathers,' it seems to be with some difficulty restrained. The quivering muscles of his lips and cheeks, the involuntary twitching of the brows, the often unveiled keenness of his glance, and the bitter-

sweetness of his replies to his mother,—‘*Seems, Madam! Nay, it is: I know not seems,*’ and ‘I shall in all my best obey you, Madam,’—(this, however, being given without the special stress which Fechter laid upon the *you*) all these points of his demeanor indicate a conception of Hamlet, earnest, refined, studied from what he would call, doubtless, a common-sense point of view, original and attractive, yet not pitched to so high a tone of heroism as it would be—so many must think—if the sensitive emotions of the noble youth were shown to be more held in check by that no less sensitive intelligence of his, which, when a moment after, it is left to itself to sum up the case as to his father’s death and his mother’s marriage, declaring in the first famous soliloquy, that ‘it is not, nor it cannot come to good,’ yet also it adds, ‘But break my heart, for I must hold my tongue.’ But in the soliloquy itself there was room for more heart-break. When Hamlet is alone, caution may go off guard, and he may give loose rein to both grief and indignation, and the slight disappointment one may be conscious of, so far in the progress of the play, may be attributed to nothing more than an obtrusion of over-gesturing, at first, and a lack of abandonment to the war of tears and wrath that must have broken restraint when he was left alone. To keep and yet show reserve force on fit occasion, that is the high-water mark of genius, which this Hamlet’s skill, admirable as it is, has not freely and easily attained.

* * *

On the entrance of Horatio and his companions of the watch, Hamlet is the young student prince again. His unaffected pleasure in seeing Horatio, his affectionate rebuke, when Horatio declares himself ‘your poor servant ever’—‘Sir, my good *friend* I’ll change *that* name with you,’ the fresh ‘remembered touch of woe that smites him when Horatio says he came to Elsinore ‘to see your father’s funeral’; and Hamlet returns bitterly, ‘I think it was to see my *mother’s wedding*,’ the swift and vehement ‘thrift, thrift, Horatio: the funeral-baked meats did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables,’ the earnest exclamation, ‘would I had met my dearest foe in heaven, ere I had ever seen that day, Horatio;’ the sudden change of voice and manner, as

gazing intently in front of him, his hand uplifted, he adds slowly : 'my father! methinks I see my father;'—all these traits were expressed with admirable naturalness. Horatio's startled interjection, he having just seen what he had seen, and now beholding Hamlet stand with eyes bent on vacancy, 'Oh, where my Lord!' is met easily, with a calm glance and the explanation, 'In my mind's eye, Horatio.' But at Horatio's saying, 'my Lord, I think I saw him yesternight'; Hamlet making the reply, 'Saw, who!' on the instant starts and shows great perturbation and readiness to believe. Here something like Irving's preoccupation—not yet being aware of what is meant, nor apt for so strange a story, till Horatio declares he means, 'the King, your father!'—must seem a better graded and more natural overture to the sequent revelation. 'Then, crying aloud with an explosive terror, 'For God's love, let me hear,' Barrett sinks in a chair, gasping with fear, and leaning out on the arm and holding his starting eyes on Horatio, he follows with the utmost susceptibility every detail of Horatio's story. 'Did *you* not *speak* to it?' then he asks. Kemble and Henderson, we are told, both put this question with tenderness and emphasis, to Horatio especially; 'Did *you* not speak to it.' And had we not Dr. Johnson's strong voice for it,— 'Of course the 'you' should be strongly marked: I told Garrick so long since, but Davy never could see it,'—the point of the question would seem to be shown best by such emphasis, for Horatio has just said that Marcellus and Bernardo, when they twice saw the ghost, 'bestilled almost to jelly with the act of fear,' stood 'dumb and spake not to him;' and then goes on to tell how he, Horatio, having been informed of this, 'in dreadful secrecy,' had kept the watch with them, had seen the apparition, and could certify 'each word made true and good.' Upon this Hamlet would naturally put his leading question. The sentinels had not dared to address it during two interviews, had not his friend Horatio, when he came to see it, dared to ask the poor ghost's will? It would fall in so well with Mr. Barrett's evident intention to personate Hamlet as suspicious of all the subservient trucklers about him, and alone sure of the love he craved in the honest Horatio, that this little touch seems to deserve his appropriation.

The pertinent questions Hamlet afterward puts, show a forboding mind, and yet one not to be cheaply convinced; and when he hears the ghost was armed from head to foot, he concludes rather than asks, 'Then saw you not his face!' But Horatio tells him he 'wore his beaver up,' looked 'more in sorrow than in anger,' was pale, and kept his eyes upon him, and then, Hamlet seems to be overpowered with the awful thought of what that constant gaze might mean to him, and cries out, 'I would I had been there!' When Horatio answers, 'It would have much amazed you,' Hamlet returns casually, 'Very like,'—and then significantly and slowly, as if at last concluding the whole story to be most true and probable to his vague suspicions, he adds, 'Very like!' His resolution, himself to 'watch to night,' is spoken with dread as well as eagerness.

* * *

The prosperous, easy-minded members of the house of Polonius, holding conventionally wise dialogues in the next scene afford the relief of commonplace, and a change almost grimly ironical in its inner effect; for the caution which the pompous courtier, Polonius, and the brave, sap-gallant Laertes give the pretty, wide-eyed, frail Ophelia against the love of Lord Hamlet, is the first step involving this respectable, fatuous family in affairs too large and deep for them, destined infallibly to overwhelm them. But meanwhile they make a pretty family picture, the dashing Laertes kneels to receive his silver-haired father's admonition, and the pink-robed maiden, with the baby face set in a glory of pale golden hair, leans over him toying with his curls and returning the little caresses and laughing by-play, with which her brother consoles the tedium of the patriarch's harangue.

Then, on Laertes' departure the resistless current of the tragedy is loosed again by so slight a means as this; no sooner does her brother go, bidding her remember his caution than on top of her assurance to him that it is in her memory locked, and that he himself should keep the key of it, when her father asks what it is, she tells him, half from docility, half from fright, and shows how safe a key-keeper she is. It is a small turning-point, not often perceived at its

worth, that is always noticeable enough to eyes on the lookout for the dramatic mechanism of the play, that Ophelia, no less than Polonius, pulls the strings of her own luckless fate in subserviently, timidly yielding to the apparent and easy duty, instead of holding to the deeper and harder truth. Polonius is faithful to the powers that be, though such loyalty implies dirty work, Ophelia is dutiful to her father, though such obedience implies treachery to love, and is bitterly fruitful of doubt and disaffection, in that dark hour when most her lover needed trust and forbearing sympathy. Laertes belongs to the same shallow-minded, time-serving group, whose ignoble martyrdom it must be, to hedge about a king who will use the pitiful fates of its members to bolster up his usurped rights.

These subtle relations of the house of Polonius with Claudius, with Gertrude, and with Hamlet, and with the Royal Ghost, whose revenge is satisfied finally through the interaction of these relations, is shown clearly in the course of Mr. Wilson Barrett's *Hamlet*. And Miss Eastlake's Ophelia is no less praiseworthy in this. It is not the motiveless emptiness too often seen on the stage, which only aims to excite admiration for its prettiness, and pity for its luckless innocence, but an Ophelia acting, as Shakespeare made her act, on the dramatic result, and thus acting not only through the hard fate of her pre-relations with Hamlet—a point Mlle. Bernhardt brought to the fore—but through the uncomprehending weakness of her own nerveless choice. At the end of this first scene with Polonius, Miss Eastlake distinctly shows her conception of the action she thought due, in the prominence she gave the fatal, tearful words of the poor, troubled, little soul who sobs out at the close of her father's hard lecture, 'I shall obey, my Lord!'

* * *

In the second Ghost scene Mr. Barrett did not scare us by his own horror as Fielding says Garrick scared Partridge. Partridge could see nothing appalling in the Ghost itself, but he 'gave that credit to Garrick,' he had denied other assurance that this apparition was a real ghost, and 'fell into such a violent fit of trembling that his knees knocked against each other,' declaring, 'Nay, you may call me a

coward if you will, but if that little man there on the stage is not frightened then I never saw any man frightened in my life.'

Now, there may not be many Partridges in a modern audience. It was evident, however, that Mr. Barrett meant to seem to be frightened himself, and though his fright was not powerful 'so horribly to shake our dispositions,' it did not fail to be impressive. It was a difficult task. To be explosive and yet fail to stun, to utter the great Oh's! that Mr. Barrett uttered at the first appearance of the Ghost, (and afterward on the ramparts at the words 'Mark me,') to kneel and cower, with outstretched trembling fingers, and yet to question horror-stricken, to start, and stop, gasping, and yet to resolve, fearfully, against the restraint of Horatio and Marcellus,—though he drew no sword against them, as the usual stage custom is, an act of violence which might serve to nerve the hard resolve—to break away and follow, to lift his cloak and veil his eyes as though the hideous sight were more than could be borne, and yet to follow the dread wafture of the Ghost to 'more removed ground,' to falter and follow slowly, yet steadily; to aim thus at the difficult effect of inducing abject terror by sympathy, and yet, though not reaching this, still not to belittle the part, which must be reverential, to do this Mr. Barrett must have almost reached his object.

* * *

Hamlet's vehemently outpoured speech when the Ghost disappears with the words 'Adieu! Adieu! Hamlet, remember me!' indicates the awful restraint he has felt during its presence, and the awe, worn of its edge, turns to the staccato of a giddy relief, as with a change of manner and great swiftness and lightness of tone, he says, 'Oh, villain, villain! smiling, damned villain!'

Solemnly again he repeats the Ghost's farewell words, and with the voices of Horatio and Marcellus calling up to him, already in his ears, he finishes his resolution with 'So be it!' seeming utterly absorbed, before turning to earthly companionship again, he summons them with 'Hillo! ho, ho, boy! Come.' He has recovered himself, is self-possessed, guarded, and though inclined, evidently, when he turns to Horatio exclaiming 'Yes, by St. Patrick, but there

is, Horatio, and *much* offence, too,' to tell him more, as Marcellus approaches, he turns it off and only asks that they shall swear they never will make known what they have seen. But as the Ghost underneath repeats 'Swear!' a sudden return of nervousness strikes him. Recovering during the speech to Horatio, he resumes a princely command of the situation, and with his hand on the cross hilt of his sword adjures the 'perturbed spirit' and completes the oath. A final effective touch he gives when starting to go in, again fear seems to strike him, and reaching out his hands for human, earthly touch to Horatio and to Marcellus he cries, 'Come, let's go *together*.'

* * *

Henceforth Hamlet's part is taken, as Mr. Barrett shows it, to 'remember' and to lie in wait for opportunity. The very youthful Hamlet he pictures has never lacked intelligence and princeliness; now both qualities are forced into further blossom, and his intuitions direct his thoughts with striking alertness and accuracy. He divines by the help of one unerring glance at the composed faces of Guildenstern and Rosencrantz, and by the token of the lockets of Claudius they wear on their breasts, that they do not deserve the warm welcome he is beginning to give them. In silence and with searching looks he leads them to uncover their mission, explains to them afterward with an almost friendly frankness, most naturally convincing, that he is 'but mad nor' nor'-west,' and proves it in all that he says whenever 'the wind is southerly.' Before the players leave, whose coming Guildenstern and Rosencrantz announced, his nimble brain running from 'the slaughter of Priam,' which he bids the first player speak, to his own royal father's murder, the device of the play is already in his mind, and bidding all to go but the chief player, he has arranged for the *Murder of Gonzago* and the dozen or sixteen lines to be inserted in it. And the reasonable proof he seeks to ground upon its ability to 'catch the conscience of the king' is the thing he proceeds to set his perturbed but masterly brain about.

* * *

Polonius's small counterplot, to show the King that it is the 'affliction of his love' Hamlet suffers for, goes on very palpably.

After the famous soliloquy, which was given with disappointing tameness, at the words 'Soft you now! The fair Ophelia!' Hamlet starts up with pleasure, as though he had forgotten his vow to put away all 'trivial fond records,' and then remembering his negligence of her of late, he pleads—

'Nymph in thy orisons
Be all MY *sins* remembered!'

When Ophelia rejoins with her polite little question, it is as though he detected some new veil between them, there is a long pause, and he gazes at her steadfastly as though he would be surer of her if he could, then replies that he is 'well, well, well,' as one would say, 'yet am I ill! ill! ill! if I dared tell you how, or you could see.' And when she insists on giving him back his gifts, and says with genuine affliction, 'Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind,' he is moved to go to her, gazes tenderly at her, and then, as with open hands extended he is about to speak, his quick eye catches a slight stirring of the arras where Polonius and the King are watching, and his whole manner changes and hardens, reaching out, he places his hand upon her head, and makes her look up in his face while he asks sternly, 'Are you honest?' and concludes bitterly that the time had now given him 'proof' that 'the power of beauty will sooner transform honesty,' than 'the force of honesty translate beauty into his likeness.' His admission, 'I did love you once,' in his next breath he tells her she should not have believed, and then directly cries out, 'I loved you! — not.'

Then when he accuses himself 'of such things, that it were better (his) mother had not borne' him, he darts the word 'revengeful,' at the arras with direct significance, and ends his tirade with the sudden, searching inquiry, 'Where's your father?' And when Ophelia lies dutifully, 'at home, my lord,' Hamlet hurls another sharp speech at the arras, 'Let the doors be shut upon him, so he play the fool nowhere but in's own house,' and rushes out to the open garden, from thence returning to heap upon Ophelia, and no less upon his mother, who is in his thoughts evidently, on these two weak, erring, women, he has known, the bitter taunts of a tortured heart.

The stage business before the play scene, the afternoon out-of-doors scenes, Hamlet's address to the Players, and his unfolding of his scheme to Horatio, the passing in and out of gay groups of people going to the play, all this is well designed to bring us again from the world in Hamlet, to the careless outside world of Denmark, and to carry thought forward to the second moon-lit evening, in the castle grounds, when before the assembled court, Hamlet's purpose works, and the King is 'frighted with false fire.' After the trusty Horatio and Hamlet have compared notes, from this brief interlude on, Hamlet is thenceforth subject to, and is suspicious of assiduous watch and ward, not on account of his alleged madness, but his craft. If the play has unveiled the King, it has also unveiled Hamlet to the King. This, Hamlet knows, none better. Henceforth, he is a man in peril, and his wits sharpen again for the last struggle. One of the most effective bits of silent acting, Mr. Barrett gives, when, after dismissing his watchers, and sending back Polonius, who has brought him his mother's message to come to her, left alone in the deserted garden, he looks cautiously around him everywhere, whips out his sword, runs it ahead of him in the shadows of the porch he must pass through, looks back and around again, and then with naked blade drawn, goes on to meet his mother.

* * *

In the scene in the Queen's chamber, Mr. Barrett take his highest position. Determined 'to speak daggers, but use none,' his steady purpose, 'to be cruel only to be kind,' commends itself at last, by its convincing earnestness, to the unhappy Queen, who sees her fault, and even seems moved to unburden her degree of guilt, when Hamlet's delicate spirit waiving so unfilial an office, says '*Confess yourself to HEAVEN,*' and, dares make her a trusted partner of his intentions in continuing, '*Repent what's past, avoid what is to COME,*' at this word laying his hand significantly upon his sword. Again he tells her that when she is desirous to be blest, he'll '*blessing beg of her.*' Then turning to the body of the spying Polonius, he has thrust through mistaking him for better prey, he says, 'for this same lord, I *do* REPENT! but Heaven hath pleased it so, to *punish* ME with

this, and *THIS* with *me*, that I must be their scourge and minister.' He continues lamenting, 'and I will *answer well*, the death I gave him,' implying thus, that through Ophelia will he be thus afflicted, and through the trouble to which this is the prologue. After this almost reconciliation, the o'er strained heart of Hamlet, as he stands to say, 'good-night,' over the slain body of Ophelia's father, breaks into uncontrollable sobs.

The King entering, finds in Polonius's death, new cause of alarm, new excuse for further measures against the suspected Hamlet, and when re-calling the young prince, he returns cool and defiant, who had gone out a moment before broken and weeping, the anti-climax reached is excellent. The next effect is doubtful. Seeming to see that not yet may he attack the person of his hated uncle, his eye lights upon the picture of the King, which he has used before in his interview with his mother, and which he has thrown upon the floor, and he darts at it and stamps upon it. A childish bit of vengeance, it may be objected, which does not commend itself to a second thought.

When the King asks 'where is Polonius,' Hamlet tells him lightly: 'In Heaven, send thither and see.' Then adds deliberately and with the fiercest boldness, 'if your messenger find him not there, seek him in the *other place* YOURSELF.' Claudius rushes toward him at this, then Hamlet suddenly turns before his eyes, the picture he wears, on the chain around his neck, of the murdered King, and his guilty successor sinks back at sight of it like a cowed beast.

But the King's dislike has prepared a safer course, and Hamlet realizes the strength of Claudius, when he tells him he must prepare for England. 'For England!' exclaims Hamlet, looks from the hated King to the guards that await him at the door, and then accepting the inevitable with the manifest intention to turn even this to his own ends if he can, and as he does, he returns calmly, 'good.'

* * *

The stage business and the scenery settings of Mr. Barrett's presentation, are in a thousand points skillful and good; but it is a weary time when Hamlet himself is not on the boards, and when the

closing complications of the tragedy are left to the clumsy rendering of the inadequate company. Those in the audience, who saw the play as it was brought out in London, in 1884, tried to remember whether it seemed so dreary then. Without the help of an old Princess's Theatre programme, the round face of the second grave-digger may be recognized, otherwise it appears there are on the present list of actors, but two or three of the old company, and these have changed their parts.

However, Miss Eastlake's utterly abandoned acting of the part of the witless Ophelia, fascinates all attention and fills the stage with prettiness and charm for a while during Hamlet's absence. When he comes back again, in the grave-yard scene, he has lost the fiery command he had of the preceding situations, and the church-yard mood of meditative calm, bristling with fanciful intelligence, he wears somewhat blankly. From thence he leaps short of the other side required, the pathos and extravagance of his grief over Ophelia and his war of words with Laertes. And in the interview with Osric, he lacks the light and playing touch of a prince enjoying his own ironical mastery of the dialogue, and instead he does that 'waterfly,' the honor of being in earnest, stern, and suspicious.

* * *

The last scene, the fencing match, in the castle gardens, is made especially notable by its picturesque grouping, the skill of the fencing itself, and the melo-dramatic effectiveness of Hamlet's death. The rounded grace of Mr. Barrett's posturing is peculiarly pleasing. The eye is readily satisfied with what he does, though the ear may quarrel with the lack of due modulation and accent. But when, having at last swooped to his revenge, he sinks, stricken with the poison, in Horatio's arms, his fumbling fingers searching at his breast for what Horatio guesses, finds, and lifts before his eyes—his father's picture—then the dying face lights up with the fine content of loyal love, and the end is sweet and fit.

C. P.

FOREIGN NOTES.



HE great Shakespearian actress, Mme. Tokai (Rosa Labor Falvi), wife of the well-known novelist, Tokai, died the 21st of November, at the age of sixty-five years. She was one of the best women tragedians on the European stage, and one of the first members and patrons of the Hungarian National Theatre. Though her representations of Gertrude, Lady Macbeth, Constance, and other heroines, Shakespeare became a favorite dramatist of her passionate countrymen, who flocked to admire her bold naturalism. Laube, the late director of the Vienna Burgtheater, said about twenty years ago, that her talent was superior to that of Mme. Restori, or of Mme. Janaushek.

Next spring the German Hamlet, Adolf Sonnenthal, probably will take a short trip to America.

Ernst Possart plays his series of Shakespearian intriguers with great success in Holland.

Since the 20th of Sept., 1862, *The Winter's Tale* was performed sixty times at the Vienna Burgtheater.

A Midsummer Night's Dream will be played several times during the season at the National Theater, in Munich; the favorite Bavarian comedian, Hofpaur, as Moonshine, and Frau Ramlo, as Puck.

Verdi is at present in Milan, and attends the rehearsals of his new opera, *Othello*, which will be performed at the Scala next February.

Charleroi, Dec., 1886.

H.

Reviews.

Observations,
Which with experimental seal doth warrant
The tenour of my book.

—*Much Ado About Nothing*, IV, 1, 167.



IN the sixth edition of his *Outlines of the Life of Shakespeare** Mr. J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps reaches what almost would seem the ultimate aim of his extended studies in Shakespeare biography. It is less than a year since the splendid fifth edition of this book was issued, and we now have to speak of a new edition, this time in two large volumes, each almost the size of the last one.

Of the merits of this work it is not our intention to speak. They are too well known, and Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps is too deeply versed in the intricacies of his subject to need comment or commendation in these pages. But some new matter has been added, some hitherto inaccessible to the general student, which should not be passed without notice. The narrative, the *Outlines* proper, remains substantially the same as in the earlier editions, but this portion of the book is enriched with a number of new and valuable illustrations and facsimiles. It is in the Appendices that the greater part of the additions have been made. This is especially the case with the appendix on 'Shakespeare's Neighbours,' in which some new remarks on Julius Shaw are introduced, and in 'The History of New Place,' which has been greatly enlarged, and is, in fact a careful condensation of the author's folio *History of New Place*. In this connection Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps writes:—

During the interval which has elapsed [since the folio work was published] I have more than once re-studied the whole of the evidences, cor-

* *Outlines of the Life of Shakespeare*. By J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps. Sixth Edition. London: Longmans & Co. 1886.

recting in this way several important oversights and errors of judgment. The latter have been found to be most conspicuous in those portions which relate to the brick and stone vestiges, and amongst these misconceptions must be specially noticed the attribution of an impost of the former article to the earlier Cloptonian period, the ground-plan of the new house rendering it altogether impossible that it could have belonged to the ancient structure.

All of the former Appendices are reproduced and a number of new ones added. The identification of John Shakespeare, a corvizer or shoemaker, as distinct from John Shakespeare, the poet's father, is discussed at length, and a very extensive appendix, and one filled with valuable information, on the poet's father himself is inserted later. In this appendix the author has collected every definite particular concerning John Shakespeare, that has come within his reach, and this matter fills thirty-two pages. A brief appendix on the 'Ancestral Families' is also added, as are a number of documents relating to the Snitterfield and Asbies estate. Two appendices on the Hathaway families are given, one consisting simply of transcription of documents, and the other of a careful arrangement of all the ascertained facts relating to Anne Hathaway. Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps does not venture to assert positively as to her family but remarks:—

The oft-repeated notion that they [her parents] resided at Luddington may be summarily dismissed, there not being the faintest shadow of evidence in its favor, while the so-called tradition that her marriage took place in that hamlet is, unquestionably, a modern invention. But the more favorite, as well as the more plausible, theory is that they were inhabitants of Shottery, and although the reasons that are given in support of this latter theory are undoubtedly equivocal, they are yet of sufficient importance to justify a predilection in its favor. Vol. ii, 183.

Finally, it may be noted that the Illustrative Notes have been increased from 305 to 367.

The publications of Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps are usually so accurate that an error, when it occurs, may be commented on without detriment to the author. A very singular one is to be found in the second edition at page 97, the matter of which is not continuous with that on page 96, but which consists of new material which seems to have been inserted in the old appendix without being put in its proper place. Page 98, is continuous with page 96. It is a curious but trifling error.

Literary Notes.

When comes your book forth ?

Upon the heels of my presentment, sir.

—*Timon of Athens*, I, i, 26.



STUDIES IN ENGLISH LITERATURE, published by Van Antwerp, Bragg & Co., Cincinnati and New York, will be found an excellently planned hand-book of the origin and development of English Literary Art through its five classic masters and moulders, Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, Bacon, and Milton. The author, M. W. Smith, A.M., Teacher of English Literature in the Hughes High School of Cincinnati, through his own practical experience, has known how to make his work meet the needs of teachers and students in High School class-rooms. He gives an attractive narrative, burdened yet not clogged with the necessary facts and details, offering explanations of words and allusions in the texts given, some judicious critical references and suggestions for calling out class interest and discussion, yet without yielding so far to the pedagogical tendency of the time toward making study mechanically easy and amusing as to break up and belittle the great organic whole of English Literature. Prof. Smith's guiding idea, as he indicates in his work as well as in his preface, has been that the wonderful collocation of arousing influences in the formative period of modern English and in Elizabethan times,—the study and translation of the Greek and Latin classics, the printing of books in large numbers, the discoveries of new lands and new peoples, the great political and religious movements,—imparted such inspiring vigor to thought and such enduring greatness to its expression that without familiarity with its classics an intelligent appreciation of the greatest recent writers is impossible. In the 427 pages which make up his book, after a brief introduction relating to the early Anglo-Saxon Literature, he has chosen to put before the

student the prologue to the *Canterbury Tales*, the first five cantos of the *Fairie Queen*, *The Merchant of Venice*, Bacon's essays on *Riches*, *Youth and Age*, *Beauty*, *Studies*, and *The Vicissitudes of Things*, and Milton's *Comus*, with the idea of grounding him in the best English literature and training that literary taste and critical faculty which will qualify him for any subsequent literary study he may undertake. This plan, in its avoidance of the ordinary, superficial, familiar-quotation system of selection cannot be too strongly commended. Each author is allowed thus to teach his own lesson through a work perfect of its limbs and absolute in its numbers as it was conceived. The interpreter only adds for the better understanding of him a brief sketch of his life and characteristics and of a few of his contemporaries who exercised on him, or on his age, an important influence, and sets the whole in its proportionate place, in order to give a liberal idea of the growth and development of English Literature. For example, the chapter including *The Merchant of Venice* begins with an account of the Early English Drama and the Stage; of Shakespeare's Foreign and English Contemporaries; and more particularly of Greene, Marlowe, Lilly, Beaumont and Fletcher, and Ben Jonson. And the main facts of Shakespeare's own life and position, the dates of his works, etc., precede the study of the chosen play, and verbal and miscellaneous references and others as to the poet's thought and style, with analytical characterization of the principal characters suggest opportunities for class discussion. Some of these are given in the present number of this magazine with the permission of the author, as offering some service in the consideration of *The Merchant of Venice*.

Papers of N. Y. Shakespeare Society, Nos. 5 and 6. New York, 1886. Price \$1.00. Time in the Play of Hamlet, by Edward P. Vin-
ing, of Chicago and *Once Used Words in Shakespeare*, by Prof James
Davie Butler, of Madison, with Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps's letter on
the Shakespeare Society of London, make up the last issue of the Shake-
speare Society's publications. No. 7, the next issue, will be: Prof.
Price's paper on *Shakespearian Prosody*. At the January meeting of
the Society W. J. Rolfe will read a paper, promising especial interest.

Shakespeare's Sonnets: Some New Inferences from Old Facts, is the title. Work on the *Bankside Shakespeare*, the *edition de luxe*, of the dramatist, to be issued by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., under the auspices of the New York Shakespeare Society, is being pushed so far as the careful proof-reading needed, and promised, will allow. The assignment of the editorial supervision has been made as follows:—I, *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Appleton Morgan; II, *Taming of the Shrew*, Albert R. Frey; III, *Love's Labour's Lost*, Thomas R. Price; IV, *Lear*, Alvey A. Adey; V, *Hamlet*, E. P. Vining; VI, *Titus Andronicus*, Appleton Morgan; VII, *2 Henry VI.*, (*Contention*), *3 Henry VI.*, (*True Trag.*) Henry Paine Stokes.

Professor Hiram Corson, of the Cornell University, will lecture on Shakespeare to the students of the Senior Class, throughout the winter and spring terms, giving about forty lectures during the course. The Professor's winter work opens busily. Having seen his book on Browning through the press, he is now engaged in putting into shape a series of lectures on English Verse, in substance, the same as those he delivered four years ago at the Johns-Hopkins University. Considerable space is devoted to the development of Shakespeare's verse from the metre-bound form to that form of blank verse which the Poet finally reached, and, which is in complete subjection to the dramatic movement as exemplified in the second scene, of the first act of *The Tempest*. Marlowe's verse, also, is considered. The volume will be published, under the title, *A Primer of the Æsthetics of English Verse*, by Heath & Co., of Boston. Heath & Co., published also, Prof. Corson's book on Browning, which they have found meets the approval it deserves from the literary public. It has sold rapidly, and they are already thinking of a second edition.

Miscellany.

To knit again

This scattered corn into one mutual sheaf.

—*Titus Andronicus*, V, lili, 70.



AMLET'S AGE:— 'Berawne' a correspondent in *Warwickshire Notes and Shakespearana*, of Oct. 1st., calls to mind the supposition that the original of Hamlet's father was Horwendillus, King of Jutland, and father of the prince, Amlettus. The Queen, Gerutha, was the daughter of Ruric, the King of Denmark, whilst her second husband was Fengo, or Freggo, the brother of Horwendillus. He adds 'there seems to be little doubt that Shakespeare's model for his Hamlet was Sir Philip Sidney, whilst his Corambis (changed afterwards to Polonius) was Lord Burleigh, and his son and daughter, Laertes and Ophelia. Some other of the characters may also be identified with prominent men living when Shakespeare wrote his first *Hamlet* for the stage (the original play never printed) probably soon after Sir Philip Sidney's death, at the age of 32, and possibly Shakespeare may have had some idea of this age in roughly fixing Hamlet's age at 30, as he did in his revised version of 1604. If it could be proved that he worked upon living characters it would go far to settle the early date of the first *Hamlet*, as this was certainly his usual plan in his earlier works.'

In a later issue of the Stratford-on-Avon *Herald* (Oct. 22d.) another correspondent 'Nym' apropos of this 'notes the coincidence that Sir Philip died the same year Shakespeare went to London. This I think, would make a very great impression on the mind of the young poet, and if it could be conclusively proved that he made the illustrious young soldier his model for Hamlet, it would be a very weighty argument for definitely fixing his age. I don't know upon what authority this generally-accepted theory is based, and should be very grateful to 'Berowne' if he would give a few more particulars on the subject.

In a controversy that arose a short time ago between Mr. Wilson Barrett and Mr. Van Wart with reference to the former's conception of the characters, Mr. Barrett wrote to the papers, (See Dec. SHAKESPEARIANA, p. 584) saying that in the earliest edition of the play Yorick's death was stated to have occurred only a dozen years previously, and the date had been altered to twenty-three years, by Burbage, who was 'fat and scant of breath,' to suit his own age and stature. Now, I have had the good fortune to see the two earliest editions of *Hamlet*, the one published in 1605, and republished, with corrections, in 1606, and I find they both have the same statement. "Here's a skull now hath lain i' the earth three and twenty years. This same skull, sir, was Yorick's, the king's jester." I am surprised no one has taken the trouble to look up the old editions and put Mr. Barrett right.'

But reference to the earlier quarto of 1603 will show that Mr. Barrett is perfectly correct.

THE EARLIEST AMERICAN MENTION OF SHAKESPEARE:—What is the earliest notice of Shakespeare in any American book or Correspondence? Is he referred to by any New England Puritan writer?

Have any of the works of the "Immortal Bard" been found in any New England inventories of books on Probate records?

J. Q. A., NATIC, R. I.

The earliest known allusion to Shakespeare in any American publication that I have seen, was in the *New England Courant*, published at Boston, Mass., July 2, 1722, when that paper was published by James Franklin, with assistance from his brother Benjamin, who was a contributor to the *Courant* although at first incognito. The allusion to the great dramatist was contained in a list of authors whose works were recommended to the student.

JOHN W. MOORE,

Manchester, N. H.

—Manchester Notes & Queries.

KING JOHN.



SHAKESPEARE wrote ten English historical Plays, in eight of which the historical connection is preserved; namely, *Richard II*, 1 and 2 *Henry IV*, *Henry V*, 1 and 2 *Henry VI*, and *Richard III*, which includes the reigns of Edward IV and Edward V, and ends with the death of Richard, and the proclamation of Henry, Earl of Richmond, as King. After Richard is slain by Richmond, Lord Stanley says to the latter:

Courageous Richmond, well hast thou acquit thee.
Lo, here, this long-usurped royalty,
From the dead temples of this bloody wretch,
Have I pluck'd off, to grace thy brows withal,
Wear it, enjoy it, and make much of it.

With the accession of Richmond, as Henry VII, ended the Wars of the Roses. Henry's reign is passed over by the dramatist, as wanting, perhaps, in dramatic interest.

The next, and the last in historical order, is the play of *Henry VIII*, in the conclusion of which, Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury, in a long speech, at the baptism of the Princess Elizabeth, prophesies the prosperity, and happiness, and glory of her reign. The play is thus brought down quite as near to the poet's own time as was perhaps permissible.

The break in the series of the historical plays between the earliest, *King John*, and *Richard II*, is partly supplied by some events of the interval which are referred to in the play of *Henry V*.

King John and *Henry VIII* may be regarded, as Schlegel remarks, as the Prologue and the Epilogue to the other eight. *King John* strikes the key-note of the whole series, that key-note being, *nationality*. And Shakespeare wrote these historical plays at a period in

English history when the sense of nationality was deeper than it had ever been before, or, perhaps, has ever been since; and when the national genius had reached its greatest intensity, as is sufficiently shown by the wonderful literary products of the period alone. Shakespeare appeared at the most favorable time in England's history, at the most favorable time, indeed, of the world's history, for the production of a great drama. It is questionable whether there will ever again come a time as favorable.

King John was first printed, so far as is known, in the Folio of 1623. It was composed in 1595 or 1596. There was an earlier play, entitled '*The Troublesome Raigne of John King of England*, with the discovery of King Richard Cordelions base son (vulgarly named The Bastard Fawconbridge): also the death of King John at Swinestead Abbey, London, 1591.'

The play was reprinted in 1611, with 'Written by W. Sh.,' on the title-page, and again in 1622, with 'Written by W. Shakespeare' on the title-page. Its author is not known. Pope supposed it to be the work of Rowley; but there are no grounds for such supposition. When it was first printed, in 1591, Shakespeare was 27 years of age, and had not yet come into notice. But in 1611, when the play was re-printed, his plays were in great demand, both on the stage and in print; and the bookseller, it may be supposed, in order to help the sale, slyly put 'written by W. Sh.' on the title-page, and the bookseller who got out the next edition, in 1622, took advantage of this, and filled out the name.

Dr. Ingleby, in his *Shakespeare, the Man and the Book*, Part 2, p. 190, says that Shakespeare's *King John* 'is the result of filling in a skeleton taken from the *Troublesome Reigne*, some of the infilling being but a recast or revision of the old phraseology.' This does not give a fair idea of the relation of Shakespeare's play to the old play. It is more correct to say that Shakespeare went to the old play for his history, instead of going to Holinshed's *Chronicles*, whence it appears he derived most of his knowledge of English and Scottish history. The whole life and spirit of his *King John* was original with himself.

The old play was written in the service of the Reformation, the reign of *King John* affording abundance of material, when moulded by a strong partisan spirit (which the author, whoever he was, certainly had), for emphasizing what he regarded as the evils of papal rule, and its antagonism to a vital nationality. Its violent partisan spirit, though entirely inconsistent with a true artistic spirit, and its appeals to the vulgar antagonisms of the groundlings, must have secured for it a great popularity at the time when it first appeared. Of this violent partisan spirit there is not a trace in Shakespeare's play.

In the old play, the ransacking of the monasteries by Faulconbridge, is brought dramatically forward, and the scene in which it is presented is the most scurrilous in the play. Philip enters leading a friar, and ordering him to show where the Abbot's treasure lies. The poor friar, after some pathetic entreaties, shows Philip the Abbot's chest,

That wanteth not a thousand pound
In silver and in gold.

Philip commands, 'Break up the coffer, Friar.' The Friar does his bidding, and fair Alice, the nun, is found in the chest, who prays Philip to spare the friar, adding that

If money be the means of this,
I know an ancient nun,
That hath a hoard these seven years,
Did never see the sun.

A not very elegant colloquy follows, which ends with Philip's ordering the nun to show him to the other chest.

Nun. Fair sir, within this press, of plate and money is
The value of a thousand marks, and other things by gis,
Let us alone, and take it all, 'tis yours, sir, now you know it.

Philip orders the friar to pick the lock. The result is that Friar Lawrence is found within. Another not very elegant colloquy follows. The nun cries *peccavi, parce me*. A friar entreats Philip,

Absolve, sir, for charity,
She would be reconciled.

Phil. And so I shall ; sirs, bind them fast,
This is their absolution,
Go hang them up for hurting them
(i. e., against hurting them),
Haste them to execution.

Then the poor friar Lawrence interposes a speech, interlarded with very bad Latin. He concludes :

*Exaudi me, Domine, sivi me parce
Dabo pecuniam, si habeo veniam.*
To go and fetch it, I will dispatch it,
A hundred pounds sterling, for my life's sparing.

Now, for all this dramatization of the ransacking of the monasteries of which I've given the merest outline, Shakespeare substituted four lines of *statement* only. Cardinal Pandulph, the Pope's legate, in his speech counselling the Dauphin to invade England, says :

The bastard Faulconbridge
Is now in England, ransacking the church,
Offending charity.

[III, iv, 171.]

And later the Bastard enters to King John, and, to the King's inquiry; 'Now, what says the world to your proceedings,' replies,

How I have sped among the clergymen,
The sums I have collected shall express.

[IV, ii, 141.]

I must give one other example of Shakespeare's suppression of the anti-Romish spirit, as it is exhibited in the old play. In the old play, the repast of the King, in the garden of Swinstead abbey, and his poisoning by a monk, with the connivance of his abbot, are dramatized. The monk tasting the King's drink, with the historic cry of 'Wassell,' dies, remarking aside, 'If the inwards of a toad be a compound of any proof—why, so : it works.' The Bastard stabs the abbot, and the king dies after some long and very strongly anti-papal speeches in which he prophesies that out of his loins shall spring a kingly branch

whose arms shall reach unto the gates of Rome, and with his feet tread down the strumpet's pride, that sits upon the chair of Babylon.

There's nothing of all this in Shakespeare's play. The poisoning of the King is simply *told* by Hubert to the Bastard. To the Bastard's inquiry, 'What's the news?' Hubert replies,

The King I fear is poisoned by a monk ;
I left him almost speechless, and broke out
To acquaint you with this evil, that you might
The better arm you to the sudden time,
Than if you had at leisure known of this.

[V, vi, 23.]

In the next scene, in which the King dies, he utters not a word against the papacy.

The fierce partisan spirit of the old play, has no place in Shakespeare's. Shakespeare's play is filled throughout with the spirit of Elizabethan England's defiance to the foreigner and the Pope—but to the Pope *as* a foreign power, rather than on religious grounds. That's the point to be observed. It is a national, patriotic, not a religious spirit, or rather not a religion which informs his play. He understood too well the true function of dramatic art, to make religion, whether Roman Catholic, or Protestant, or any other, the *informing* spirit of his drama.

The speech of Faulconbridge which concludes the play, voices the spirit of the whole:

This England never did, nor never shall,
Lie at the proud foot of a conquer,
But when it first did help to wound itself.
Now these her princes are come home again,
Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them. Nought shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true.

This speech pronounced on the stage, as it no doubt was, within seven or eight years after the destruction of the Spanish Armada, must have produced a powerful effect, intense, as was then, the sense of nationality. And what a temptation Shakespeare must have resisted, to inform his play with a partisan spirit!

Commentators have gone to *King John* for proof that Shakespeare was a Protestant. It might be shown, by other plays, with as much certainty, that he was a good Catholic. But it cannot be shown that he was either one or the other. He was too great an artist to obtrude his own personal religious belief. One thing I am quite sure of, that he was in spirit a true Christian—so true a Christian that he was perfectly tolerant.

I have said that Shakespeare went to *The Troublesome Raigne* for his history, in the composition of *King John*, and not to Holinshed's Chronicles. His play turns on what is entirely unhistorical; or, if not entirely unhistorical, on what went for nothing with John's barons, namely, the defect of his title to the crown, and the exclusion of the rightful heir, his elder brother Geoffrey's son, Arthur, and the supposed murder of that son, in order to maintain his usurped power.

Shakespeare's opening scenes must always receive special attention in studying the dramatic action of his Plays, as in them the keynote of the whole action is usually and distinctly struck.

In the first forty-three lines of *King John*, the entire action of the play is presented in germ.

We have seen that the play on its political side, quite ignores the facts of history. So, on the personal side, there is an ignoring to a greater or less degree, of the characters, as represented by history, of some of the dramatis personæ; and this is especially so in the case of Constance and Arthur, who must be estimated independently of history, and almost as purely fictitious. We must not inquire of history what manner of woman Constance was—we must consider exclusively what she is in the play. And the same may be said of Arthur. Again as I read the play, I see a purpose, throughout, to intensify the injustice, and crime, and baseness of John's usurpation, through the characters given to Constance and Arthur. Elinor says of Constance,

What now, my son! have I not ever said
How that ambitious Constance would not cease,
Till she had kindled France and all the world,
Upon the right and party of her son?

[I, i, 31-34.]

And when King John says to King Philip of France,

Alack ! thou dost usurp authority,

and Philip replies,

Excuse, it is to beat usurping down,

Elinor interposes,

Who is it thou dost call usurper, France ?

To which Constance replies,

Let *me* make answer,—thy usurping son.

And then Elinor flings at her charges of adultery and guilty ambition, which she knows to be false:

Out, insolent ! thy bastard shall be king.

That thou mayst be a queen and check the world !

[II, i, 117-123.]

These words have, I think, misled many commentators; and they have made ambition the ruling motive of Constance.

It is not safe to take the opinions which hostile characters in Shakespeare's Plays, and sometimes characters which are not hostile, are made to express of each other, as opinions which must go for anything in our estimation of the characters; quite as unsafe as it sometimes is in real life to judge of people by what we hear others say of them. In Shakespeare's Plays, what characters say, must often be taken as representing themselves rather than others. This is especially true in the case of Elinor. We don't learn what others are from what she says of them; we certainly don't learn what manner of woman Constance really is; but we learn a great deal of what *she* is.

I shall endeavor to show, in my lectures on the tragedy of *Macbeth*, that even what Lady Macbeth says of her husband, in the speech she utters, after reading his letter informing her of his having been saluted by the witches, 'Hail, king that shalt be,' indicates a wrong estimate of him, and that that wrong estimate she herself is made aware of, further on in the play. She gets new knowledge of him after he has 'done the deed,' and become King. But upon this speech of Lady Macbeth, much false interpretation of Macbeth's character has been

based ; and much false interpretation has been reflected from it upon herself. But I do not mean, of course, to say that we must never take the opinions of other characters into our estimates of particular characters ; for Shakespeare often makes the speeches of other characters reveal a character as distinctly as it is revealed by what that character says and does in his or her own person. Such speeches emphasize it, so to speak. This is especially the case in *The Winter's Tale*, where our estimation of the noble Hermione is deepened by the opinions expressed of her by all about the Court. What I would say, is, that we must be careful, and not make hasty inferences from the speeches of other characters, in regard to any particular character, and must test the trustworthiness of those speeches by what that particular character is made to say and do.

To continue this digression a little further : when we apply this rule to Macbeth, I think we must come to the conclusion, after tracing his career from beginning to end, that he was *not* as, Lady Macbeth represents him, 'too full o' the milk of human kindness to catch the nearest way ;' that he was *not* 'without the illness which should attend ambition ;' that what he 'would highly,' he would *not* 'holily,' if it were necessary ; that he *would* 'play false,' as well as 'wrongly win.' And that Lady Macbeth discovered her mistake, in regard to the real character of her husband, is afterwards made as clear as her own words and acts can make it ; and, in consequence of that discovery, remorse, which had been held in abeyance while her ambition, which was *chiefly* for him was predominant, got full sway, and she sank under it. Shakespeare knew that '*Nemo repente fuit turpissimus*,' and he knew, too, that wives sometimes overestimate, and sometimes underestimate their husbands, just as they do now.

Every careful reader of *King John* must not, I am assured, take Elinor's accusations as at all representing the poet's dramatic purpose in Constance. The old Elinor is the political genius and guide of her son John, 'an Ate, stirring him to blood and strife,' as Chatillon describes her in the play (II, i, 63), and we must not look for the truth from *her*, in regard to Constance, whom she charges with seeking the throne for her son, only with the ambitious design of herself ruling and

kindling all the world. But what Constance says of Elinor (II, i, 174—190), we can take as the truth in regard to the old queen mother.

What Ulrici says of Constance and Arthur borders on the absurd. I don't find in this German critic much evidence of insight into Shakespeare's dramatic purposes, though he has ranked high as a Shakespearean critic. This is what he says, and all that he says :

As to the fortunes of Constance and Arthur, although they are primarily but an episode in the life and character of John [that is not correct, for they constitute an inseparable part of the main action], yet it is with great significance that they *appear to be thus interwoven* with the history of the state. The instruction they furnish forms a pendant to the general lesson of the piece ; for they teach us [Ulrici's interest is always directed to the didactic, in a play, rather than to the dramatic action], for they teach us that nothing in history more invariably meets its due punishment than *weakness and passion—those hereditary failings of the female character*. Women ought not to interfere in history, for history demands action, and for that they are constitutionally disqualified.

It's a pity Ulrici could not have had a John Ruskin to teach him what he sets forth, somewhat strongly, to be sure, in his *Sesame and Lilies*, in regard to Shakespeare's heroines. Ulrici goes on :

The haste and impatience with which Constance labors to *establish* her son's rights . . . justly involves him as well as herself in ruin. Arthur, therefore, although preserved by the compassion of Hubert, must nevertheless perish. Had his mother but had the prudence to wait until he himself could have asserted his own rights by his own arm, and *when alone he could have possessed a perfect title*, he could have gained for himself and her what lawfully belonged to them.

Constance labors, he says, to *establish* her son's rights. But the play throughout *assumes* that those rights *are* established ; and the point upon which the whole play turns is, that her son has been unjustly deprived of them. In history, Arthur's rights were not established, and John was not regarded by his disaffected barons in the light of a usurper, but of a tyrant. But the critic of Shakespeare's play has nothing to do with authentic history ; he has to do with the play, in itself considered. What are the poet's postulates and assumptions, is the question to be asked. Ulrici repeats the same mistake further on in the passage I have quoted : if Arthur's mother

had had the good sense to wait until he himself could have asserted his own rights by his own arm, *and when alone he could have possessed a perfect title*, etc.

Such criticism as that is on a level with Gustav Rümelin's on *Romeo and Juliet*, in his *Shakespearestudien*, which I may cite here as, along with Ulrici's on *King John*, a good specimen of a species of criticism which interests itself in everything in a play of Shakespeare, except its own independent dramatic vitality.

Rümelin says:

Why does not Juliet simply confess that she is married already, and confront the consequences with the heroism of her love? Why does she not flee? She comes and goes unhindered, and even the Friar's plan accomplished no more than that instead of starting for Mantua from her father's house, she would have to start from the neighboring churchyard. Why does she not feign sickness? Why is not Paris induced to withdraw by being informed that Juliet is already wedded to another? Why does not the pious Father fall back upon the obvious excuse that as a Christian priest he would not marry a woman while her first husband was still living?

Verily, there is not evident in such criticism, 'that God-given power vouchsafed to us Germans alone before all other nations,' to use Professor Lemcke's expression, in his boastful assertion of the superiority of German Shakespearian criticism to all other in the world.

These, it is true, are not, by any means, fair specimens of German criticism. Yet, we must remember, that Ulrici has ranked high among Shakespearian critics in Germany, and that his *Ueber Shakespeare's dramatische Kunst u. sein Verhältniss zu Calderon u. Goethe*, first published in Halle, in 1839, was held, and is still held, in high estimation.

Of Constance, Gervinus says:

Ambition spurred by maternal love, maternal love goaded by ambition and womanly *vanity*, these form the distinguishing features of this character, features out of which, from the adversity of fate, that *raging passion* is developed, which at last shatters the soul and body of the *frail* woman.

Further on he speaks of 'her *coarse* outbursts against Elinor;' and represents her as 'the female counterpart to Richard II, who

imperious in prosperity, was speedily lost in adversity;' 'she plays with her sorrow in *witty* words and similes;' 'the *violent-natured* woman bursts forth with scornful hatred against Austria, after he has become faithless.'

Is this the Constance as she is understood by the simply sympathetic reader, with no critical theories to maintain? I think not.

The play, let me repeat, turns upon the usurpation of John and the consequent murder of Arthur, the rightful heir. The usurpation is *assumed*—the validity of Arthur's title to the crown is *assumed*, and this assumption on the part of the dramatist must not be lost sight of, authentic history to the contrary notwithstanding. It cannot then be said that Constance is ambitious for the crown, either for her son's sake or for her own sake. What she claims and contends for, and agonizes for, is her son's rights, of which he has been basely deprived. Even the mother queen Elinor, is made, as we have seen, to express to John her sense of the usurpation, in the opening scene, after Chatillon, the ambassador from Philip of France, has gone from the royal presence. What she afterwards says to Constance, should go for nothing in the case. She says what she does as a matter of course.

Faulconbridge adheres firmly to John throughout the play; but he is made to reveal, very distinctly, in his speeches, his secret sense of the injustice done to Arthur. He knows that John is a usurper; he knows that he is compounded of baseness, injustice, and treachery; but so long as he has possession of the throne, whether that possession be just or unjust, he is to him the impersonation of the state, to whom loyalty is due.

Shakespeare, it is evident, made Faulconbridge voice the feelings of the English people, *in his own time*, against foreign interference in church and state. The speeches in which he gives expression to the 'self-dependent life and self-sufficing strength inherent in the nation,' must have been particularly agreeable to the audiences at the Globe Theatre, the attempt made but seven or eight years before, by the then richest and mightiest of European powers, to invade England and impose upon her the Roman Catholic religion, having resulted in one of the most disastrous defeats in all history.

To return to Constance and Arthur: Constance appears only in II, i, and III, i, and iv. Arthur appears in II, i, III, i, ii, and iii, and IV, i, and iii. If we read these scenes we shall see, I think, that Shakespeare's dramatic purpose in Constance was to exhibit *outraged maternal affection*, independently of ambition on her part. For her to show personal ambition for the crown, would mar the artistic symmetry and the whole moral tone of the play. We shall see that there is not a single speech of hers which indicates directly or by implication, any personal ambition. She is 'oppressed with wrongs' done to her beloved Arthur, whom the poet, in the service of his art, represents as possessing all those charms of person and all those qualities of mind and heart which intensify a mother's affection and devotion.

In comparing Shakespeare's Arthur with the Arthur of the old play, we can easily see the dramatic purpose which determined the poet in making him what he does. And Augustine Skottowe well remarks, 'The maternal distress of Constance in the old play, is clamorous and passionate, vindictive and contumelious. The hand of Shakespeare tempered her rage into vehemence, attuned her clamour to eloquence, and modulated her coarse vindictiveness into a deep sense of gross injuries and undeserved misfortunes.'

From the accounts we have of Mrs. Siddons's impersonation of Constance, it appears that she made strong-willed ambition her ruling motive, rather than maternal affection. The impersonation, in the last generation, by Miss Helen Faucit, now Lady Martin, the wife of Sir Theodore Martin, the biographer of the Prince Consort, appears to have been a truer one than that of Mrs. Siddons. From the dramatic criticism of the time (1843 and later), we learn that maternal tenderness and affection alone motivated and informed her impersonation.

The situation in III, i, which has been led up to by the marriage of the Dauphin and Blanche, is, perhaps, unsurpassed as a dramatic situation, in all Shakespeare. To Constance, when, deserted and betrayed, she stands alone in her despair, amid her false friends and her ruthless enemies, Mrs. Jameson applies, most appropriately, the

image of the mother eagle, wounded and bleeding to death, yet stretched over her young in an attitude of defiance, while all the baser birds of prey are clamoring around her eyry. The noble bastard feels deeply the injustice of the act of the two Kings :

Mad world ! mad Kings ! mad composition !
John, to stop Arthur's title in the whole,
Hath willingly departed with a part,
And France, whose armour conscience buckled on,
Whom zeal and charity brought to the field
As God's own soldier, rounded* in the ear
With that same purpose-changer, that sly devil,
That broker, that still breaks the pate of faith,
That daily break-vow, he that wins of all,
Of kings, of beggars, old men, young men, maids,
That smooth-faced gentleman, tickling Commodity,
Commodity,† the bias of the world, etc.

There's a sort of reflex action induced in his mind, which causes him to slander himself. After representing self-interest as the bias of the world, he continues :

' And why rail I on this Commodity ?
But for because he hath not woo'd me yet :

Well, whiles I am a beggar, I will rail
And say there is no sin but to be rich ;
And being rich, my virtue then shall be
To say there is no vice but beggary.
Since kings break faith upon Commodity,
Gain be my lord, for I will worship thee.

All this is pure self-slander, as his subsequent disinterested and magnanimous acts and words show.

The league entered into by the two kings (first proposed by the besieged citizens of Angiers), II, i, is severed by Pandulph, the Pope's legate, who demands of John, why, against the authority of the Church, he keeps Stephen Langton, chosen archbishop of Canterbury, from that holy see. To this demand John returns a defiant answer (III, i, 147-160). The legate, thereupon, by the power that he has, declares him ' curs'd and excommunicate,' and commands Philip, on peril of a curse, to let go the hand of the arch-heretic, and raise the power of

* whispered.

† profit, self-interest.

France upon his head, unless he submit himself to Rome. The consequence is, that Philip, after begging the Cardinal, under the circumstances, to devise some other means, and after being entreated by Constance, Austria, and Lewis, to submit to the Cardinal, and by Elinor and Blanche, to stand fast, falls off from John (though he is manifestly not convinced by the argument of the legate that it is his duty to do so), and hostilities are resumed. The French forces are worsted; they lose Angiers, and Arthur is taken prisoner by John, and conveyed to England. This gives a turn to, and complicates, things at home which will prove fatal to John. He is now forced, by circumstances resulting from the capture of Arthur, to play a losing game within his own kingdom. His fears as to the young and interesting captive, whose misfortune wins the sympathies of the courtiers and the people, drive him to measures for his own safety which deprive him of all chance of safety. He passes, irresistibly, into the power of an avenging fate. The dramatic situation, at this stage of the play, is in Shakespeare's best tragic manner. The moral baseness of John, which seals his own doom, may be said to be gathered up, and exhibited in its extreme intensity, in the scene with Hubert, III, iii, in which he intimates to Hubert his wish to have the little prince put out of the way; and in IV, ii, where he accuses the aptness of the instrument as the cause of the suggestion. I would call your attention to the last nineteen verses of John's long speech (III, iii, 30-50), beginning, 'if the midnight bell.' The thought keeps on the wing through all these nineteen verses. There is a moral significance in the suspended construction of the language. The mind of the bastard king hovers over the subject of the ungodly act and dares not alight upon it; and the verse, in its uncadenced movement, admirably registers the speaker's state of mind:

If the midnight bell

Did with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,
Sound on into the drowsy race of night,
If this same were a church-yard where we stand,
And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs,
Or if that surly spirit, melancholy,
Had bak'd thy blood, and made it heavy-thick,
Which else runs tickling up and down the veins,
Making that idiot, laughter, keep men's eyes,

And strain their cheeks to idle merriment,
 A passion hateful to my purposes,
 Or if that thou could see me without eyes,
 Hear me without thine ears, and make reply
 Without a tongue, using conceit alone,
 Without eyes, ears, and harmful sound of words,
 Then, in despite of brooded watchful day,
 I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts ;
 But, ah, I will not, yet I love thee well,
 And, by my troth, I think thou lov'st me well.

This speech may be said to represent the high-water mark of Shakespeare's blank verse, up to this period of his dramatic composition. You will find no passage in any earlier play, wherein the blank verse has attained to such a *sweep* as it has in this passage.

The loveliness, the almost angelic sweetness, of Arthur is the most fully exhibited in the scene with Hubert, (IV, i,) where he entreats Hubert to spare his eyes. The pathos of the situation is pushed to the verge of the painful. The highest art was demanded here to keep the treatment of the subject within the domain of the beautiful. And it is so kept.

I need not trace the dramatic action further. From the point we have reached, to the end, there are no new movements.

Shakespeare is always true to the fatality of overmastering passion of every kind. To the extent that his characters forfeit the power of self-assertion, do they become subject to fate, and are swept along by circumstances. This, of course, is a universal, an obvious, a self-evident, truth ; but it is a truth which the inferior sort of dramatists do not always observe, in their treatment of great passions, and their work is, in consequence, wanting in moral proportion.

The dramatists of the Restoration period do not observe it ; and whatever mechanical symmetry they attain to, in their plays, true moral proportion is wanting. The dramatic criticism of that period, Rymer's, for example, shows that the moral proportion of Shakespeare's plays was but little recognised. This is shown, too, by the *rifacimenti* of some of his plays which were perpetrated by Dryden, Davenant, Tate, and others. Tate's *Lear* is a signal example. Poetic justice meant something other with these dramatic carpenters, than the justly poetic.

HIRAM CORSON.

A School of Shakespeare.

For his bounty,
There was no winter in't; an autumn 'twas
That grew the more by reaping.

—*Antony & Cleopatra*, V, 11, 86.

KING JOHN.

(Continued.)



MANY of the personages and incidents of Dante's great work (See Cary's *Translation*, published in remarkably cheap form) date back to the time of King John; and an astonishing insight into the Italian spirit of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries does Dante give us. Tegnér's *Frithiof's Saga* (edited by Bayard Taylor), based upon the story thought to have been put together in the thirteenth century, shows us something of Scandinavian poetry and life in John's time. And those who doubt as to oriental cultivation at that period, should read that very remarkable little book, Fitzgerald's *Translation of the Rubáiyát of Omar Kháyyám*, the Astronomer-Poet of Persia, who died about forty years before John was born. It reads as if written yesterday.

For the State of the Countries of contemporary Europe in the time of King John—See Freeman's *Outline Sketch*; Green's *History*, and the maps there found. For the state of contemporary Society, the subjects and authorities are legion. First in importance and extent is that vast subject, the Church. 'The Latin Church is the great fact which dominates the history of modern civilization. All other agencies which moulded the destinies of Europe were comparatively isolated and sporadic in their manifestations. . . . Nowhere do we see combined effort, nowhere can we detect a pervading impulse, irrespective of locality or of circumstances, save in the imposing machinery of the Church

establishment. . . . In the dim solitude of the cloister, the monk is training the minds which are to mould the destinies of the period, while his roof is the refuge of the desolate and the home of the stranger. In the tribunal, the priest is wrestling with the baron, and is extending his more humane and equitable code over a jurisdiction subjected to the caprices of feudal or customary law, as applied by a race of ignorant and arbitrary tyrants. In the royal palace, the hand of the ecclesiastic, visible or invisible, is guiding the helm of state, regulating the policy of nations, and converting the brute force of chivalry into the supple instrument of his will. Even art offers a willing submission to the universal mistress, and seeks the embodiment of its noblest aspirations in the lofty poise of the cathedral spire, the rainbow glories of the painted window, and the stately rhythm of the solemn chant. . . . This vast fabric of ecclesiastical supremacy presents one of the most curious problems which the world's history affords'—Henry C. Lea's *Sacerdotal Celibacy in the Christian Church*, which all those should read who wish to understand how nearly the Christian Church missed becoming a Caste and how great was the risk run by the liberties of Europe of being suffocated beneath that pall of the human spirit.

Condition of the Church:—Green's *Short History*; Hallam's *Middle Ages*; Guizot's *History of Civilization*; Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*; Milman's *Latin Christianity*.

Clergy—Hallam, Gibbon, Green.

The Crusades:—Guizot, Hallam, and Gibbon, (as above): James's *History of Chivalry and the Crusades*.

Religious Orders of Knighthood:—Hallam, Gibbon.

The Friars:—Green, Hallam.

Inquisition:—Hallam, Gibbon, Sismondi's *Literature of Southern Europe*—(*Destruction of Troubadours and their Language and Literature*).

Interdict:—Hallam, Green, Hume's *History of England*, James's *Philip Augustus*.

Investitures:—Green, Hallam.

Albigenses and other Sects:—Hallam, Gibbon, Sismondi.

Feudalism:—Guizot, Green, Hallam, Gibbon.

Baronage :—Guizot, Green, Hallam.

Monarchy :—Guizot, Hallam.

Republicanism of Italian Cities, and Free Cities, of Northern Europe :—Guizot, Hallam, Sismondi's *History of Italian Republics*.

Towns and their Growth :—Green, Hallam, Guizot.

Saracens and Greeks :—Hallam, Gibbon.

Moors :—Yonge's *Moors and Christians of Spain*; Lane-Poole, *Story of the Moors in Spain*; Irving's *Works*, Hallam, Gibbon. *Popular Science Monthly* for Sept. 1886.

Women :—Lecky, *History of European Morals* (concluding chapter), Sismondi, Hallam.

Chivalry :—Hallam, Green, Gibbon, James (as above); Mill's *History of Chivalry*.

Courts of Love :—Hallam, Sismondi, James's *Philip Augustus*.

Peasantry :—Green, Hallam.

Slaves and Slave-trade :—Green, Hallam, Lecky, *History of European Morals*.

The Jews :—Hallam, Gibbon, Green, Turner's *History of England*.

Gothic Architecture :—Green, Hallam.

Agriculture, Commerce, Money, Medicine, Science :—Hallam.

Sports, Hunting and Hawking :—Hallam, Scott's *Wild Huntsman*. (See description of Hawking in *The Betrothed*.)

Dress, Armor, &c. :—Hallam, Fairholt's *Costume in England*; Quicherat's *Costume en France*; Ivanhoe, *Philip Augustus*.

Food and Drink, Habits of Eating, Table Manners, Houses, Furniture, Beds :—Hallam, *The Betrothed*, *Talisman*, *Philip Augustus*; and Notes to *King John*.

Beliefs and Superstitions; Hallam, Gibbon, Baring-Gould *Curious Myths of the Middle Ages*; Dyer's *Folk-Lore of Shakespeare*.

See Reed's *English History* based upon these historical plays. For the same subjects see also the encyclopedias.

It will be seen at a glance that this enumeration of books and subject is far from complete; but the aim of this course is not so much to set forth what *ought* to be read, as to suggest what the majority of reading people, without too great demand on time and purse, may have access to, particularly if they choose to unite with others and form little clubs for buying and circulating the books.

What was humanity thinking about in King John's time? Shakespeare gives us some answer for England in his play; Omar Kháyyám gives some answer for Mohammedan Persia, and Lessing in *Nathan the Wise*, for the Jerusalem of three contending faiths, *Frithiof's Saga* for Scandinavia, Dante for Italy and Southern Europe. What were men doing and how were they living, and how were they treating one another? Here we need the histories and the encyclopedias, as well as works of the imagination. From the foregoing partial list of books it appears that Green's *Short History of the English People*, Hallam's *Middle Ages*, Guizot's *History of Civilization* and Freeman's *Outline Sketch*, are sufficient to give a general idea of the Europe of John. These books are cheap, and their purchase is advised as they are especially useful for the reign of Richard II, our next subject, and indeed for the whole course.

WM. TAYLOR THOM.

Open Court.

That's a question; how shall we try it?

—*The Comedy of Errors*, V, 1, 421.

In this I'll be impartial; be you judge
Of your own cause.

—*Measure for Measure*, V 1, 166.

Hamlet I, iv, 36 :—

The dram of eale
Doth all the noble substance of a doubt
To his own scandal.



EVERYBODY knows the meaning of this much disputed passage. But everybody knows as well that, as it stands, it gives no sense at all, and that, therefore, it must be corrupt. It is only natural that editors and comentators should have tried to restore it to its original wording. A glance into Furness's *New Variorum Shakespeare* shows us what amount of pains has been taken to gain that aim. But the result of all these endeavors has been, that the most conscientious editors leave the passage untouched and print it, as it stands in the quarto, from which fact we must conclude that all attempts to restore it have failed.

With the greatest diffidence I venture to propose a new reading. I was led to it not by mere guessing, but by mature reflection and by having constantly in mind the true and conservative principles of criticism as laid down by Fleay in his *Shakespeare Manual*, pages 110–112.

There are, as I think, three errors which account for the puzzling state of our passage. One error in *reading*, one *transposition* and one error in *printing*.

The error in reading we have in 'eale.' The word which eale can be most easily taken for is undoubtedly 'vile.' An inexperienced, thoughtless compositor may quite easily read eale instead of vile, es-

pecially when the latter is indistinctly written. Vile, moreover, is that word which conveys here the best meaning, containing a sense opposite to noble. (Leo, Hudson). The second line contains first of all a transposition. By transposing 'substance' and 'of a' we get :

Doth all the noble of a substance doubt.

'Noble' is, of course, a noun, opposed to 'eale' (vile).

Remains 'doubt.' Malone was the first who proposed 'dout' (do out, extinguish) for 'doubt.' Now, strange to say, Malone as well as all those who have followed him, have overlooked the fact or, at least, do not mention it, that the same word occurs once more in *Hamlet* and that in the first folio and it is also printed 'doubt,' which all editors have changed into 'dout' without losing one word.

I have a speech of fire, that fain would blaze
But that this folly *douts* it.

—IV, vii, 191.

The reading which I most humbly propose then is :—

The dram of vile
Doth all the noble of a substance dout
To his own scandal.

Read thus, there is no violation of the passage, the changes are only slight, the mode in which the reading of the old edition originated can be clearly explained and we have the sense we want.

Speyer, Germany.

THEODOR MARX.

THE DONNELLY CIPHER.

Editor of SHAKESPEARIANA :—Having an idle hour I took your pages (p, 247, Vol. III), where your contributor speaks of the so-called Donnelly cipher.

For instance, on page 53 of the Histories (*1 Henry IV*), there are seven italic words in the first column. $53 \times 7 = 371$. The 371st word is *Bacon*. On page 67 (same play) the first column contains six words in italics. $67 \times 6 = 402$, and the 402nd word is *St. Albans*.

Now there is a certain security in all this. Should it happen that Mr. Donnelly prefers that his work should not be verified, his abso-

lute safety would lie in the facts, (1) that nobody will care to count 371 or 402 words of the villainous types of the fac simile folio; (2) in the fact that Mr. Donnelly avoided stating whether those 371 or 402 words are to be words of the text, or whether we are to count all the stage directions (*enter, exit, &c.*) as words; (3) in the fact that he does not tell us whether to count compound words as *one* or as *two* words.

It takes a pretty strong eyesight to count 371 words even of clear, modern type accurately, and an error of one word means to begin all over again, so, even if Mr. Donnelly were explicit in his directions, the chances are against anybody's verifying him. However, I herewith submit my attempt to verify the short statement quoted above.

I. There are only six words in italics in the first column of page 53, unless we count *Charles-waine* as two words. But, if we count it as two words, then Bacon is not the 371st, but the 374th word. If we count the stage directions, then Bacon is the 403rd word.

II. I have counted the words in the first column of page 67, leaving out the stage directions, nine times, and as nearly as I can make it St. Albans is the 417th word, and not the 402d; counting each of the hyphenated words as one, St. Albans is the 406th. (Up to that word there are eleven hyphenated or compound words, one of which is triple, Sutton-cop-hill.)

Mr. Donnelly's last word on the *Cipher* * suggests the question: Had Lord Bacon a different cipher for every page of the first folio, or for every other page, or only for certain plays? Mr. Donnelly must admit that any result he had shown us thus far *could* have been cooked up without any very great mental strain, viz: by selecting such words in the text as he wanted, and then finding multiples which would make a number which would represent the word desired. Thus supposing I select the word I want and find it to be 300. If the page on which it occurs happens to be 50, I have only to count hyphenated, or italicised, or capitalized words enough to get at a six, and then multiply 6x50. If I find too many hyphenated words to suit my purpose, then I can say, (as Mr. Donnelly repeatedly does) I will count

*See Miscellany present number, p.94.

these two words as *one*: if too few, then I can count them as four or six as I please. There is nobody to hinder me. In short, it seems to me child's play. Yours respectfully,

New York, Jan. 9th, 1887.

JOHN BANFIELD,
755 Water St.

Shakespeare Societies.

Such a holy witch
That he enchants societies into him;
Half all men's hearts are his. —*Cymbeline*, I, vi, 166.



NEW SHAKSPERE SOCIETY, LONDON.—Dec. 10.
—The Rev. W. Harrison in the chair. A paper 'On Shakespeare's Knowledge and Use of Holy Scripture' was read by Mr. S. Cooper. Mr. Cooper dealt, firstly, with allusions to Bible personages; secondly, with the extent to which Shakespeare derived his religious principles from the Bible; and thirdly, with the extent to which Shakespeare was indebted to the Bible for his poetry. The Chairman noticed that allusions to Bible persons were chiefly to characters already well known through the mysteries; the daily reading of the Psalter might account for the numerous allusions to the Psalms, while many quotations in the historical plays were taken bodily out of the originals, Holinshed, &c. But after making all allowances, one found the text by Shakespeare interwoven with Scripture in a most remarkable way. A good instance of his wide knowledge of the Bible was to be found in *All's Well*, II, i, 141-4, where in four lines four Biblical events were alluded to, and that quite easily and naturally. Dr. Furnivall held that Mr. Cooper started by assuming the question at issue. Before approaching this subject one must know what is dramatic and what is non-dramatic in Shakespeare, and Mr. Cooper supplied no canon to apply to the utterances in question.

MONTREAL SHAKESPEARE CLUB.—Dec. 13, *Essay Night*. Subject: *The Merchant of Venice*. (1) Mr. A. D. Parker contributed an 'Æsthetic Study of the Play.' The *Merchant* was interesting as showing the maturing powers of the poet, as standing between his earlier plays and his great tragic creations. There were thus exhibited in the characters improved studies of earlier sketches, as well as foreshadowings of Shakespeare's maturer work. The character of Shylock, probably meant as a realistic study, made the play popular in its day, but was not intended to be viewed tragically. Antonio's melancholy amounted almost to dissipation. In Portia the essayist saw an earlier Isabel; her soul was the soul of friendship rather than of love. Her counterpart might be found in the page of history. (2) The Rev. Dr. Norman contributed a 'Review of the Play,' in which he maintained that the chief interest of the *Merchant* lay in strong characterization. (3) Mr. W. McLennan read a paper upon 'The Jew in Shakespeare and Marlowe.' We have some difficulty in realizing the Jew of Shakespeare's day. Marlowe's Barabbas is a monster, the result rather of a Bohemian's sad personal experience than of his calmer judgment. But we can understand Shylock. His lonely situation—early robbed of his beloved wife, and betrayed by his frivolous and unsympathetic daughter—is to us deeply pathetic. In whatever light Shylock may have been regarded in Shakespeare's day, our more catholic sympathies have converted a comedy into a tragedy. (4) Mr. C. H. Gould concluded the evening with a paper entitled 'Portia, and the Office of Woman in the Later Comedies.' Portia's characteristic was beauty in the higher sense of harmony and order. With brilliant powers of intellect she is a true woman, and is really ruled by her heart, her intellectual powers appearing in her occasional sententiousness. In speaking of the office of woman, the essayist compared the play with *Measure for Measure*, *The Winter's Tale* and *Cymbeline*. Portia, like Isabel, Hermione and Imogen, turns evil to good. She is the atoning influence. In the tragedies the women are either weak or wicked; in the four comedies under consideration woman exercises a real influence for good, she shines with no reflected light. It is thus woman's high office to avert wrongs and usher in happiness.

SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY OF WELLESLEY COLLEGE.—This society was organized in 1877. Its membership was limited at first to twenty-five, later to forty, and no members are admitted except from the upper undergraduate classes of the college, or specialists who take rank equal to theirs. Meetings are held each month, a programme for all the meetings of the year having been arranged by a committee at its beginning. In the nine years of the existence of the Society, all the plays of Shakespeare have been studied, some more than once.

Last year a plan was adopted, which is still followed, for studying the women of Shakespeare's plays, by means of such themes as 'Women as Daughters,' 'Women as Wives, Mothers, Queens, etc.'

This year we have commenced the study of famous scenes from the plays. At each meeting several scenes are given from different plays, to illustrate some subject. The text of the scenes is studied, recitations are given, and themes are discussed both with and without notes. Lectures are given on various subjects—as Shakespeare's ghosts—which is the subject for our next meeting. We have at least one lecture a year from some person unconnected with the college—the lecture for this year will be given by Mr. Horace E. Scudder.

In our text-study we compare various readings, in connection with the folios and quartos. Our fine Shakespeare library furnishes us with ample means for this work. It contains over thirty of the choicest editions of Shakespeare's plays, besides all the best critical writers, in English, French, and German. We have also a collection of one hundred and eighty portraits of Shakespeare. Our last acquisition came through the sale of the library of Richard Grant White, when his collection of ten hundred and fifty illustrations of the plays came into our possession.

The Society has also been constantly in communication with the New Shakspeare Society of London, with whom it has interchanged valuable papers, and whose publications we receive.

The great want of the society at present is a Shakespeare club-house, which shall be properly adapted for our valuable library, the several fine pictures in our possession, and will be a convenient and suitable place for holding our meetings.

PROGRAMME FOR SATURDAY EVENING, NOV. 13, 1886.

Shakespeare News, Miss Vaut.
 Themes from Shakespeare's Plays, 1st Year, Group I: Love as Discussed
 by Women Among Themselves.

Two Gentlemen of Verona. I, ii.

Julia, Miss Goodwin.

Lucetta, Miss Evans.

A Study.—*Mer. of Ven.*, I, ii. Miss Crocker.

All's Well, I, iii.

Countess, Miss Wing.

Helena, Miss Spencer.

Shakespeare's Women Series, (No. 3). As Patriot, Brutus Portia,
 Miss Kate Clark.

PROGRAMME FOR SATURDAY EVENING, DEC. 11, 1886.

Shakespeare News, Miss Jeannie Adams.
 Themes from Shakespeare's Plays, 1st Year, Group II. Ghosts: *Ham.*, I,
 Sc. iv, 28; *Mac.*, II, iii; *Jul. Cæs.*, IV, iii; *Rich. III.*, V, v; *Cymb.*, V, iv.

Miss Catharine Burrows.

Wilson Barrett's Theory of Hamlet, Miss Jennie Storms.

Shakespeare's Women Series, 2d Year, No. 9. As Daughters: Cordelia.
 Miss Helen Clark.

MARYETTE GOODWIN, *Cor. Sec. Sh. So. of Wellesley Coll.*

The Drama.

Betwixt mine eye and heart a league is took,
And each doth good turns now unto the other.

—Sonnet XLVII.

DALY'S *TAMING OF THE SHREW*.—At the close of a beautiful winter day, and in the presence of a numerous and brilliant audience, manifestly in the highest spirits and the most genial good humor, Mr. Daly last night produced, at his theatre, Shakespeare's piquant and bustling comedy of *The Taming of the Shrew*. The piece was acted in its original form, and in that form it has never before been presented upon the American stage. Many lines of the original, indeed, were not spoken. Mr. Daly has cut *The Taming of the Shrew* in such a way as to exclude vulgarity and to avoid tediousness. His version retains the Induction, blending with it the first act of the comedy, and condenses the other four acts into three—though last night his third act was cut in two by a curtain after the wedding scene. A few words and expedients, in the jointure of parts, are taken from Garrick's old arrangement of the play—an arrangement which turned it into a three-act farce, and which, in a modified form, has ever since kept its place in our theatre. Edwin Booth, for example, many years ago, altered the Garrick version for his own use, and he still presents it, under the name of *Katherine and Petruchio*, and Lawrence Barrett, Frederick Warde, and other actors have adopted his work and followed his example. One of the Garrick expedients is the conversion of the serving-man Custis into an old woman. This is retained. The Taming scenes are united. Due prominence is given to Lucentio's wooing of Bianca and to the intrigue whereby it succeeds. There is much good sport sport in Hortensio's rivalry of Lucentio, and in the mystification and the comic encounters that are resultant on their disguises and their politic besiegement of the citadel of beauty; and this

rivulet of pleasure is made to run sparkling throughout the whole of Mr. Daly's play-book. The most striking restoration, though, is that of the prelude—the droll Induction, in which the facetious but philosophic English lord, finding Christopher Sly, drunk and asleep, in front of the ale-house, causes this tattered sot to be carried into a palace, bathed, richly attired, and persuade^d that he is a wealthy nobleman who has only now recovered from a crazy dream of pot-house life and peasant lowliness. That character of Sly was likened by Hazlitt to Sancho Panza; and surely he possesses much of Sancho's unconscious humor, quaint sagacity, and indurated comic earthiness. 'Sit by my side, and let the world slip; we shall ne'er be younger!' cries the philosopher. 'Tis a very excellent piece of work, madam lady; would 'twere done!' Those phrases alone—so redolent of character, so far-reaching in significance—might well make him immortal.

Mr. Daly has deserved the gratitude of all true devotees of Shakespeare by restoring this wise toper to his rightful place in stage publicity. The Induction is given in a front scene. A painting shows the ale-house on Burton Heath or at Wincot. This is drawn away to reveal the rich chamber in the lord's house, and when Sly is duly installed there, for the purpose of seeing the play, two great curtains are parted to disclose the Public Place at Padua, in which *The Taming of the Shrew* begins. This prelude flashed across the stage, last night, like a ray of sunshine. Mr. William Gilbert is happy not only in ample technical skill and in a fine artistic instinct that keeps him from dwelling for long upon the completed point, but especially in a temperament distinctively and richly humorous. He can be droll without effort; and he was surpassingly droll as Christopher Sly. Nothing funnier could well be imagined than this comedian's gradual assumption of lordly state—his complacency, his comic gravity, his mood of the philosopher making the best of the fortune to which he has been born. 'Now, Lord be thanked for my good amends!' is the pivotal line of this part; and Mr. Gilbert spoke it with delicious effect.

Mr. Daly has cast the piece with fine judgment, throughout. There are twenty-six persons in it, including the servants and other auxilia-

ries. There was no blot on the cast, nor was there the least impediment to the fluency and harmony of the representation. Miss Rehan is admirable in Katharine. For actors the beneficence of a Shakespearian play consists in the fact that it sets them free; they breathe an invigorating air; they can be actual men and women. The elemental feelings of human nature, existent in every human breast, find ample scope in the Shakespearian character. Miss Rehan's impersonation of Katharine exhibited but one defect; that it did not give the requisite hint of any woman-like softness underneath that virago exterior which is partly cultivated and not altogether natural. The submission seemed, therefore, a little sudden and a little insincere—at the end of act fourth;—but the portraiture of Katharine as a vixen was magnificent. The earlier scenes were carried on with splendid energy. Miss Rehan has had the subtle impulse to make the dress of the shrew correspond with the temperament. Her Katharine is red-haired and high-colored, and like a fierce and scorching flame. Mr. Drew will, probably, augment, in his performance of Petruchio, the element of violence—the dashing manner, the formidable mood of menace, the air of danger. But he kept his action well within the restraint of comedy, and he was equally graceful, natural, buoyant and predominant. It was a very thoughtful and a very brilliant piece of acting. The dry drollery and comic loquacity of Grumio found humorous and admirable expression in the acting of Mr. James Lewis. The completeness of the general representation—the scrupulous attention to detail, the great beauty and harmony of costumes, the costly and often gorgeous scenic accessories, and the high and generous spirit of the whole production—impressed every thoughtful observer; and the final effect that lingers in memory is that of a thoughtful, adequate and noble rendering of a delightful Shakespearian play. The success of the night (Jan. 19) would have been placed beyond question by the acting of Miss Rehan alone.

There were many indications of the sympathy and delight of the audience. Miss Rehan had a vociferous greeting, and a special recall in Katharine's first scene with Petruchio. Miss Dreher, a

vision of beauty as Bianca—a part that she made as graceful, modest and witching as it stands in Shakespeare—had also a special recall after the fine comic scene with the two disguised suitors. And after the third curtain fell the entire company was called out, amid plaudits of demonstrative satisfaction; nor would the house rest satisfied until Mr. Daly likewise had acknowledged its summons, and accepted its cordial tribute for a Shakespearian production as careful, tasteful and opulent as our stage has known.

WM. WINTER, in N. Y. *Tribune*.

SHAKESPEARIAN REVIVAL AT THE THEATRE ROYAL, BIRMINGHAM.—Miss Alleyn must be a genuine Shakespearian enthusiast, otherwise she would not have incurred the great trouble and risk attendant upon such an unpromising venture as Shakespeare's comedy of *Love's Labour's Lost*. The programme states that last night's (Dec. 15, 1886) was the 'very first' representation of the piece in Birmingham, and this is a perfectly safe assertion, since before Miss Alleyn took it in hand it had only been revived twice this century.

Love's Labour was published in 1598 as a pleasant concerted comedie called *Love's Labour's Lost*. As it was presented before her Highness this last Christmas. Newly corrected and augmented by W. Shakspeare. During the long period covered by Geneste there seems to have been no important representation of *Love's Labour*; but he mentions that a piece called *The Students*, which was, in fact, a garbled version of Shakespeare's play, was prepared for the stage in 1762, but never acted. It was the work of one of those gentlemen who were encouraged by the public to 'new string the rough gems of Shakspeare.' In 1839 *Love's Labour* was revived in London by Madame Vestris, assisted by Mrs. Nisbett (the Princess) Mrs. Humby (Jaquenetta) Miss Rainforth (Ver.), Cooper (King of Navarre), J. Anderson (Biron), J. Vining (Dumain), F. Matthews (Boyet), Bartley (Holofernes), Keely (Costard), Harley (Armado), Granby (Dull), and Meadow (Sir Nathaniel)—truly a remarkable cast. It is worthy of notice, as show-

ing the interest taken in the drama then and now, that the *Times* devotes thirty lines to such a production, and in the same issue thirty lines to the production by Macready of the *Merchant of Venice*. The next revival was by Phelps at Sadler's Wells, with himself as Armado, Marston as Biron, and Mrs. Vezin as the Princess. Since then *Love's Labour* has only been performed at Stratford by Miss Alleyn, and during her present tour. Miss Alleyn plays with her usual care and taste, but she does not have much to do as Rosaline, the Princess, so far as actual talking is concerned—and the ladies do nothing but talk—being the more important part. The Princess is pleasingly personated by Miss Kate Gwynne, and the other ladies give no cause for complaint. The best performance in the piece is probably that of Mr. John Burton as the Spaniard, the humours and foibles of that most fastidious personage being very amusingly portrayed. Mr. A. B. Cross is fairly good as Biron, and the low comedy of Mr. Alfred Tate is sufficiently broad for the part of the clown Costard. As already indicated, the play is well mounted, the dresses and the stage accessories generally being evidently carefully chosen with a view to appropriate effect.—*Birmingham Mail*, and *Times*.

A SUMMARY OF FRENCH CRITICISMS ON *HAMLET*.

COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE, SEPT. 28, '86.



WHATEVER in France may be the adaptation of *Hamlet* for the stage,' so writes M. Savigny, 'it can never be anything but an arrangement according to the taste of the adapter. Notre théâtre à nous a des exigences auxquelles *Hamlet* ne saurait échapper.' M. Francisque Sarcy in the *Temps* is delightfully honest and plainspoken, and as the last three acts of *Hamlet* had bored him, he said so. True, he was severely handled for it by M. Émile Bergerat ('Caliban' of the *Figaro*), who, in an article headed 'Le Père le Goût,' speaks of the *Temps* as the official journal 'du Haut Bécotisme national.' But others, with less frankness of expression than that of the eminent critic, have implied the same thing. M. Ganderax, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, without precisely saying that *Hamlet* was an *ennui* to him, really devotes a long article to explaining why it was so to others, and he con-

cludes by saying that 'Hamlet is less fitted to be played than any other play of Shakespeare.' M. Hughes Le Roux, in the *Revue Bleue*, speaks of *Hamlet* as 'Undrame presque informe, enfantin par endroits'; he adds further, 'Il n'y a pas pour nous autres Latins de chef-d'œuvre sans cette qualité primordiale la clarté.' It is to this absence of clearness that he attributes the effort that a French public must make to admire Shakespeare.

The above may be enough to indicate the tone of what may be called the superficial, though often very neat, criticism of those who enlighten the world concerning recent theatrical performances in Paris. But by the side of, or rather above, these there is a class of critics who do not base their judgment upon the uncertain reception of a play by any public. Thus, when M. Sarcey spoke slightly of the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, calling it a *féerie*, M. Adrien Remacle, in the *Revue Contemporaine*, answered in an article showing the highest appreciation of the poetry of Shakespeare, to which the critic of the *Temps* is entirely insensible. The representations of *Hamlet* at the Comédie-Française served as a pretext, as the Paris correspondent of the *Bibliothèque Universelle* very aptly says, for all those 'who had an explanation of the character of the hero in their desk or in their head, to give us their theory; and it has turned out that the number of these was great.' Not all were new it may be added.

First in importance, a few days before the performance, appeared the long article by M. Émile de Laveleye in the *Revue Bleue* (Sept. 25). In the eyes of this distinguished political economist, *Hamlet* is pessimism itself. 'To the question: "Is life worth living?" he answers, "No, a thousand times no."' But the pessimism of *Hamlet* is not that of Schopenhauer and that of Hartmann, nor is it the personal and selfish feeling depicted in certain novels. 'It is in the poem of Job that I find the explanation of the hopelessness and of the pessimism of *Hamlet*. The problem that disturbs Job is this: How comes it, if God is just, that the wicked triumphs and the righteous is unhappy? . . . Si *Hamlet* n'accomplit pas la vengeance que le jantôme lui a commandé, c'est parce qu'il porte le deuil de la justice encore plus que celui de son père.'

Another article, full of thought, is that of M. Colani, who gives his views in the *République Française* (Oct. 14), without having seen

the play at the Théâtre-Français or even read the translation of Du-mas and M. Maurice. M. Colani finds the explanation of Hamlet's weakness, of his incapacity for action, not 'in his temperament, but in the critical spirit of dialectics: . . . he reflects too much to act.' He is absorbed in the contemplation of that unexplainable thing called life. All this M. Colani supports by very apt quotations of passages admirably translated. This summary statement of his views does not do justice to his essay, which will deserve a place in Shakespearean literature.

M. Jules Lemaitre, who is now the theatrical critic of the *Journal des Débats*, seldom limits himself to a notice of a play as performed; but in the case of *Hamlet* he allowed himself to be carried away by the admirable acting of Mounet-Sully. The result of this is a charming account of the whole, as if he were telling a dream. He closes with a very pretty fancy of what Racine would have made of Hamlet if he had taken him as his hero; and he tells us Racine would have said 'here and there some things that would be deep without seeming so, and we could find in his Hamlet romanticism, and pessimism, and whatever we pleased. . . . Only he would be easier to define.'


M. Léopold Lacour's theory in the *Nouvelle Revue* (Oct. 15) is not very different from that of Goethe in *Wilhelm Meister*: 'Tout le caractère est dans l'effort d'une très grande âme pour se tromper sans y réussir, parce que la destinée, tragiquement ironique, l'a mise aux prises avec un devoir trop lourd.' He begins his remarks about the performance at the Français by regretting that a new translation was not called for, and he rightly asks for a translation in prose. The French public will not be able to have any adequate conception of Shakespeare's dramatic power until some enterprising manager has the courage to break with the ridiculous tradition which imprisons tragedy on the French stage in the fetters of Alexandrine verse. And if it is asking too much to wish to have the plays in their entirety, let them at least be only reasonably shortened, and lightened as they often have been in England and America, not changed and distorted to suit the presumed exigencies of a public that has never had an opportunity to judge them. Condensed from *The Nation*, (Dec. 9).

Reviews.

Observations,
Which with experimental seal doth warrant
The tenour of my book.

—*Much Ado About Nothing*, IV, 1, 167.

ENGLISH AND GERMAN LITERATURE IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.*

N a recent copy of the *Nation*, one of those 'very young, but early disgruntled critics whom the *Nation* delights to employ, says that the Elizabethan drama, outside of Shakespeare, offers little but husks for the rarely cultured nineteenth century intellect to feed on. Whether this statement is true is, perhaps, a question of taste; but one thing is certain, few people—not a handful in all English-speaking Christendom—have the faintest idea, unless they have lately read Mr. Herford's *Literary Relations*, how vast is the bulk of English literary remains immediately preceding or contemporaneous with Shakespeare, or how great is the debt even the Humanist movement in England owes to the plebeian literary culture of Germany sixteenth-century. The professional student himself, were he required to name off-hand the leading men of letters in England in the sixteenth century, would probably stop after mentioning Wyatt and Surrey, and Sir Thomas More and Spenser, and Sidney and Raleigh, and Daniel and Drayton, with, of course, the dramatists Greene and Peale, and Lodge and Marlowe, and Shakespeare and Ben Jonson, and Beaumont and Fletcher. Indeed, if he were pressed quite into a corner, he would probably confess that he was ignorant, except by hearsay, of all but a few, a very few, of the writers he had named—that he really had had no idea that

**Studies in the Literary Relations of England and Germany in the Sixteenth Century.* By Charles H. Herford, M.A., of Trinity College, Cambridge, Late Berkeley Fellow of the Owens College, Manchester. Cambridge: at the University Press, 1886, 8vo. Pp., xxx. and 426. \$2.25

England and Germany in the sixteenth century were closely related by their literatures. He would, indeed, remember that Erasmus had visited Sir Thomas More, and had laughed at the barbarous Latin he heard spoken and written in England. He would recall the political and military connection of England and Germany—especially low Germany—during the wars of religion. But let him dip for a single evening into Mr. Herford's pages, and he would, doubtless, little think of going to bed without making his peace with his student-conscience by confessing himself an ignoramus.

Mr. Herford's book, then, is a useful work : it writes the geography of an almost unknown land. If its usefulness strikes us as comparable chiefly with that of the sixteenth century explorers, in that it opens to us a wilderness, rather than a land flowing with milk and honey, let us remember that the unknown and uncivilized countries first explored in the sixteenth century harbor to-day a mighty race, a race by no means hindmost in the march of civilization. Who shall say that Mr. Herford's book, in like manner, shall not prove a first contribution toward a fuller knowledge of that most interesting period of our literary history—a knowledge that shall make the desert blossom as the rose ?

The immediate occasion of Mr. Herford's writing was his appointment to one of the Berkeley Fellowships in the Owens College, Manchester ; and from this point of view, too, his work may be characterized as useful. Not all fellows of universities or colleges, to be sure, repay so handsomely the authorities that commission them ; but, if one such commission in a score—nay, one in a hundred—results in work of this sort done by the fellow, their fellowships are not constituted in vain, and endowments of fellowships are contributions to the common weal. Will the friends of education kindly take notice ?

It is refreshing, too, to read Mr. Herford's acknowledgment of his obligation to the college :—' I have, at the outset, to express my acknowledgment to the Council of the College, not merely for thus enabling me to follow out a long-formed scheme of investigation, but for the extreme indulgence which I have enjoyed during its protracted execution.'*

* Preface, p. v.

How often are college benefactions received, not only without an adequate return in the way of worthy performance, but even without so much as a 'thank you.' Mr. Herford's gratitude, as well as his substantial contribution to scholarship, is to be earnestly commended. Will all fellows and other college beneficiaries kindly take notice?

Once more, Mr. Herford's labors point another moral: they attest the power that an earnest teacher may wield over the life of an equally earnest pupil. 'I have reserved to the close,' says Mr. Herford, 'a special obligation. I have to thank Professor Ward both for the loan of books and for the great kindness with which, in the midst of multifarious work, he undertook to revise my proof-sheets. Almost all of them owe something to having passed under the eye of undoubtedly the most competent of living scholars in the double field which I have attempted to traverse. It is now a considerable number of years since I derived from Professor Ward the first impulse to literary study; I rejoice at the circumstances which have permitted me thus to resume under a new guise somewhat of the old forms, and to renew some of the old privileges of studentship.'* What loving testimony to the influence of a great scholar and teacher! What incitement to the teacher to yet better work; what solace to him in his weary hours of discouragement and apparent failure! Will both teachers and pupils kindly take notice?

But we have long enough circled round Mr. Herford's book. Let us come to it, and notice, first, its aim and its plan.

'The present volume,' says Mr. Herford, 'is an attempt to lessen the obscurity of that tract of international literature in which Barclay's *Ship of Fools*, Marlowe's *Faustus*, and Decker's *Guls' Horn-booke* are luminous, but isolated points. To these isolated points I have endeavored to supply, in some degree, both the intervening detail and the continuous background; in other words, to give a connected and intelligible account of the phases of German literary influence upon England in the sixteenth century.'* This influence is then shown to have been exerted, first, though by way of parenthesis only, upon the literature of the English Reformation, 'itself a parenthesis in the national literature of England;' and, secondly, upon 'the wide

* Preface, p. viii.

† Introduction, p. xix.

[literary] region outside, [the region] of popular jest, of satire often serious, often steeped in theological ideas, but not primarily inspired by the war of churches.* Hence, of course, comes Mr. Herford's plan. His book is in two parts:—'The first three chapters attempt to follow out in detail the brief, and, on the whole, abortive literary influence of German Protestant art, in its several branches—the hymn, the dialogue, the drama. The second part deals with the more fruitful influence of secular literature—roughly grouped under four heads—which for the purpose of international intercourse are fairly adequate—the literature of sorcerers, of jesters, of 'fools,' and of Grobians.'†

How near this aim Mr. Herford comes, how fully this plan is carried out, it is impossible to show except by a detailed recital of the contents of the book; and this all reasonable ideas of space for this review forbid. But some idea of the author's success may be had from the statement (which we believe quite true) that all the subjects of both parts are certainly fully covered; that, in respect of fullness, Mr. Herford's book is absolutely unique in its field.

In the second place, Mr. Herford has succeeded in making an interesting work. Recondite, as its subject-matter undoubtedly is, and 'addressed,' as Mr. Herford says his monograph must be, 'mainly to specialists,' its uniform clearness of style and its good judgment in the greater or less elaboration of details, lends it an attractiveness that no student of our earlier literature can fail to feel. The special student of Shakespeare will not, at first examination of the work, find much that promises to be grist for his mill; but if he will be at the pains to follow Mr. Herford's *Index* through its quarter-hundred allusions to the immortal plays, he will discover that the matters for his special enlightenment are neither few nor unimportant. One thing he certainly will learn—how infinitely better than is commonly conceded by his critics was Shakespeare's warrant for the so-called ranting and bombastic passages scattered through his plays. The age was full of a rough horse-play, in word as well as in deed; and by comparison with many writers whom Mr. Herford cites or gives an account of,

* Intro. p. xxv.

† Intro. p. xxix.

Shakespeare 'roars us as gently as a sucking dove.' Even when he tears a passion to tatters, he breathes, comparatively speaking, the silence of the wilderness or of mid-ocean.

Mr. Herford's style, we have said, is clear. More than this, it is simple and terse—the latter to a degree that not infrequently leaves the mind unsatisfied. Space might well have been accorded matter that seems to need development. More ornament, too, might judiciously have been used in presenting a subject not engrossingly attractive in itself. To criticize Mr. Herford's style as bald would be more than unfair; but even in consideration of the fact that his work is scholastic rather than popular, his pages would readily bear not a little enlivening. For the rest, Mr. Herford's style is unassailable, except for certain purisms—*egoism* (p. v.), *develope* (p. 5), *Vergil* (p. 121)—and an occasional downright error—"a revolution which, of all others, bears the *deepest* stamp of English character" (p. xxiv.), 'the scathing and implacable laughter of Aristophanes and Lucian; which as little resembles the merriment of the carnival as [it resembles?] the seriousness of the pulpit,' [or as the seriousness of the pulpit resembles the merriment of the carnival?] (p. 25), 'a short history of this in *England somewhat neglected* branch of learning' (p. 74).

The reader can hardly fail to be interested in knowing that Mr. Herford is a nephew of the well-known and able pastor of the Arlington Street Unitarian church, Boston, the Rev. Brooke Herford, himself no less a scholar and a thinker than an experienced worker for God and man, no less a preacher of weighty truths than a shepherd of souls. Mr. Charles Herford at present holds the position of Examiner in connection with the Cambridge Local Examinations for Women.

JNO. G. R. McELROY.

Literary Notes.

When comes your book forth?
Upon the heels of my presentment, sir.

—*Timon of Athens*, I, i, 26.



ADY MARTIN'S excellent and suggestive volume of essays *On some of Shakespeare's Female Characters*, had become a book not easily obtained. Though printed so recently, an ordinary copy was quoted in a holiday catalogue at \$22.50, and as these essays on Ophelia, Juliet, Portia, Desdemona, Imogen, Rosalind and Beatrice express the essence of the deep and delicate sympathy with her parts of one of the most finished of great Shakespearean actresses it is good news to know that they have been re-issued by Blackwood & Sons: (Royal 8 vo. portrait, cloth, 9s.) Scribner & Welford, New York, \$3.60.

The Baconian theory has never been more unfortunate than in Mr. W. H. Churcher's advocacy of it in *The Mystery of Shakespeare Revealed* (pamph., 110 pp., J F. Eby & Co., Detroit, Mich.)

At the outset Mr. Churcher informs 'those who habitually neglect to look up citations that those employed will be truthful in letter and spirit' and to those who are more painstaking he declares he will 'be obliged if they examine all the testimony offered that they may "know whereof we affirm."' This, in the face of the fact that the most familiar quotations are cited with an inaccuracy that those who run must perceive, while those who look but a little more closely will find this incoherent argument made up of errors and curious misapprehensions, is so crazy a bit of impudence that without going further one must say that a book more ignorant and presumptuous at once, it would be hard to find. Great stress is laid by its writer on the first folio,—but, like certain others with the same notion in their heads,—he bends the weight of his critical faculty not on its ideas but on its punctuation marks. In the wording of the preface to the authentic edition of

1623,' where the claim is made that the plays are published 'perfect of their limbs and absolute in their numbers as he conceived them,' Mr. Churcher pounces on the mark of abbreviation over the 'ē' as it is commonly reprinted, ('as he conceived th~,' it appears in the Folio itself) and exclaims:—

Let the reader please note well that these two 'friends' profess to have collected and published these plays, as they came from Shakespeare's own hand, free from blot, etc., but in reality they do no such thing, but only as he conceived the— or minus,—he conceived nothing in connection with the works, and consequently, as they received nothing from him, they can and do, give you nothing!

Here, then, we have one key to the Shakespeare mystery; and this — is the little joker that has puzzled the world from that day to this! . . . This, I take it settles the question of the Shakespearian authorship.

The assurance of this conclusion is made doubly sure by another jocular circumstance.

Mr. Churcher recalls

the quotations from the play of *Cæsar* to be found in *Hamlet* where after the 'tenantless graves and sheeted dead,' (so he quotes it,) he [Bacon], gives us *thirteen dashes* all in a row simply to mark an omission in the quotation—this and nothing more—eh? . . . Does any one suppose that the writer and publisher of this volume did not know the meaning and use of the *dash* but ignorantly used it in place of the asterisk to denote an omission in the quotation? . . . Why are these thirteen dashes equal to eleven and no more? Sponge up? Because arranged in this way, they become the little 'leven that 'levens the whole lump! But let the 'leven work—'I'll use no art.' 'Tis but a piece of his audacity in placing before your eyes the very stumbling block over which you tumbled in the preface! In all this he is but giving you the sweetest kind of taffy.

This is not worth comment. Point, accuracy, taste and style in these extracts may be taken as representative of the whole. But evidently their writer does not know that this part of Horatio's speech is not in the folio *Hamlet* at all. And when he talks about 'the foot-notes to Shakespeare's will' and another 'foot-note to this edition of 1623' it is obvious that this revealer of the mysteries of the first folio has not only never seen so much as a reprint of it, but does not know that he has not. In Harness's Shakespeare (edition 1830) there is a

note on the will, given in the appendix, in which the same error occurs in the date of Heminge's death which mislead Mr. Churcher into another of his astounding revelations; and this other foot-note he refers to is also in the Harness edition. But why should he suppose this unimportant edition to be the first folio, or what he has in mind when he says—'my readers who are so fortunate as to have a complete copy the illustrated edition of 1623 will please notice' etc., etc?—These be mysteries of which reveal more Churcher than Shakespeare.

SHAKESPEARIANA IN CURRENT PERIODICALS.—The opening article in the November number of *Book Lore* (*Shakespearian Crotchet Mongers*, pp. 153-160), discourses with little sympathy upon the general course of the Baconian theorist, and his 'annoying habit of expecting the civilized world not only to listen but refute' a theory whose 'burden of proof lies upon the assertor.' Announcing a rumor that 'a being of this class intends shortly to leave his native America with the object of explaining a theory that Lord Bacon was the actual author of *Romeo and Juliet*,' and recapitulating the well-known facts relating to the five quarto editions of this play and the scarcely less well-known assumption of the Baconians, the writer of this article professes to find upon study of the claims against Shakespeare's authorship that 'there is not one that is founded upon anything better than surmise or, at the best, circumstantial evidence:' the latter having value only if it is strong enough to throw some burden of proof on the other side. 'What little contemporary evidence of a primary nature exists,' this writer continues, 'is wholly against the theorist; and as to the loss of all traces of the great dramatist's papers it may well be that his widow and daughters, actuated by Puritanical emotions, destroyed them after his death.' The testimony of Meres, Jonson, Greene, Chettle and Manningham's *Diary* having been cited, the writer turns to notice a notion of Professor Mendenhall, of New York, that 'the proper method of analyzing authors is to count the number of words of different lengths employed by them and then to arrange these words into tables graphically represented, the result being a "characteristic curve."'" Prof. Mendenhall, having tried this on Dickens and Thackeray, proposes to subject Shakespeare to the same process. Whatever may be the outcome of hidden meaning from

the application of this or other mysterious mechanical analyses of the Shakespearian text, the writer evidently is inclined to believe in the superior common-sense of Fielding's interpretation as implied in a passage from *The Journey from this World to the Next*. Fielding says he met Shakespeare strolling in the Elysian Fields and embraced the opportunity to question him about a line in *Othello*, when the Bard replied :

“Faith, gentlemen, it is so long since I wrote the line I have forgot my meaning. This I know, could I have dreamt so much nonsense would have been talked and writ about it, I should have blotted it out of my works ; for I am sure if any of these be my meaning it does me very little honour.”

The claim Sir William Davenant has upon the grateful remembrance of all who delight in the great literary heritage of the English race, the plays of William Shakespeare, is set forth by Mr. Appleton Morgan in an attractive article in the December number of *The Magazine of American History*, (*William Shakespeare's Literary Executor*, pp. 516-525). The eventful life of Shakespeare's godson, in turn the Duchess of Richmond's Page, Sir Fulke Greville's Protege, Ben Jonson's successor, the Court favorite, the Parliamentary exile and prisoner,—is briefly sketched, and the signal service, as author-manager, he rendered the English Stage and the English Drama in the one evil day when England knew not her Shakespeare is clearly shown. The compromises Davenant was compelled to make in order to induce the public of the days of Evelyn and Pepys to tolerate the first Shakespearian Revival are seen to have had their uses.

Taking practical advantage of the incessant change of scenery that Shakespeare himself provided for only by his magical scene-painting in words, this was the important means he used ‘to keep the works of his master, Shakespeare, alive in the swim and to avoid financial martyrdom in the process.’

He retained the word-painting, and called in both ‘Carpentry and French.’ Up to his time a divided curtain, attached to rings running on a rod, was pulled apart when the show began. He substituted the drop-curtain we now possess, widened the stage from the cramped box strewn with rushes (or, on rare occasions, with tapestry carpets) to the broad proscenium

of the present style. He changed the hour of performance (always by day light in Shakespeare's time) to evening. It seems beyond dispute that about all we have of 'practicable scenery' and the contrivances which add so much to the modern stage, began abruptly with Davenant's determination to rescue the Shakespeare plays from limbo, and put them on a plane to at least compete with the prurient and palsied trash the appetite of his day preferred to them.

The claim is a bold one, but is fully warranted by the record, and is of note, since therefrom it appears that to the influence of William Shakespeare and his memory we owe not only all that is best in the text of the English drama, but what is best in the stage-setting as well.

This article is a short-hand report of Mr. Morgan's inaugural address as President of the N. Y. Shakespeare Society, and was ordered to be published by the Society, but being withdrawn by Mr. Morgan's request, found lodgment in Mrs. Lamb's excellent magazine.

The question 'who wrote Shikspur?' seems to be revolving itself, in recent newspaper articles, into the questions 'who are they who believe any one other than Shakespeare did?' Historical gossip about the apostles of anti-Shakespearian theories and summaries of its points for the general reader is the staple of their contents. One of the most valuable of these popular surveys, *A History of the Bacon Controversy*, is by Col. E. A. Calkins and appeared in the *Chicago Times* of Dec, 25th, '86 (2 columns) After giving short accounts of the different theories held and of the principal writers who have upheld them—Col. Hart, Delia Bacon, W. H. Smith, Judge Holmes, Appleton Morgan, Mrs. Pott and Ignatius Donnelly,—he remarks that 'it is a singular fact that all the eminent men who have adopted or defended the Baconian theory are lawyers; that a good lawyer instinctively loves a bad cause for the sake of making the best of it; and that

No professional critic—no student of literary style—none of the perspicacious and enlightened intellects that have made the language and inspiration of genius the subject of profound and analytical investigation, have accepted the Baconian theory, while many of this class of writers and thinkers consider it so absurd as not to call for consideration.

A writer in the *Chicago Times* under the title *The Mystery of Shakespeare*, (1 column, Jan. 22nd, '87) finds it a signal instance of the futility of the Bacon-Shakespeare Controversy, waged for about

thirty years, that, now, in the issue of the latest volume of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, the last word on Shakespeare has been given in an exhaustive thirty-two page article, by Prof. Baynes of St. Andrews, without so much as passing reference to the anti-Shakespearian idea. At the same time, he continues, 'although Baconians must feel chagrined at their humiliating failure to secure even the recognition of a sneer from the highest of English authorities in the realm of biography and general knowledge,' they may see an 'effective vindication of their skepticism' in the fact that nowhere else is our 'profound ignorance of [Shakespeare's] personality and career so strikingly illustrated.' Yet he concludes neither our ignorance nor uncertainties prove that William Shakespeare didn't write the plays, much less that Francis Bacon or any other of the persons to whom they have been speculatively attributed did write them. . . . If what we do and what we not know about the individuality of Shakespeare appear alike inconsistent with the position he occupies as the master mind of English literature, the fact remains that there is none other who has shown the faintest shadow of a title to the crown he wears.

A curious *reductio ad absurdum* of the Baconian or of the Editorial theories—it hits amusingly both ways—entitled *Sharps and Flats*, ($\frac{1}{2}$ column) is printed in the *Chicago News* of Nov. 15th. Opening with an allusion to Socrates' exclamation to the handsome silent youth, 'Say something that I may see you,' the writer observes that the philosopher's way of seeing rather with the soul than by the eyes does not suit the scholars of this time, who are rather given to the exaltation of ocular evidence, and therefore should notice the significant likeness there is in the portraits of Shakespeare, Bacon, Jonson, Beaumont, Fletcher, and Peele. Newspaper cuts of these departed worthies, accompanying the article, show, quite as well as the customary newspaper cuts of modern political heroes, that the main differences between them all are matters of collar or beard or hair. The conclusion is manifest.

The pictures teach us that once upon a time there was a humorous genius who figured under many names, who tossed off many plays, and who posed for many portraits. We do not know his name, but we know that he is variously called Shakespeare, Bacon, Jonson, Beaumont, Fletcher, Peele, and Greene.

Miscellany.

To knit again

This scattered corn into one mutual sheaf.

—*Titus Andronicus*, V, iii, 70.



NEW PASSAGE OF PRAISE.—M. Jusserand has discovered an allusion to Shakespeare in the translation of Scarron's *Roman Comique* published in London 1676. The translator, who has adapted rather than translated Scarron, inserts the following passage: 'And above all the rest the poet, with a ring of admirers about him of the chiefest wits of the town, was tearing his throat with telling them that he had seen *Shakespeare*, *B. Johnson* (*sic*), *Fletcher*, *Corneille*, had drunk many a quart with *Saint Amant Davenant*, *Shirley* and *Bey*s; and lost good friends by the death of *Rotrou*, *Denham*, and *Cowly* (*sic*).' As M. Jusserand remarks, this is remarkable at a time when Shakespeare's reputation was at a low ebb.—*The Athenæum*.

THE NAME SHAKESPEARE.—Mr. Lupton, the Vice-Master of St Paul's School, calls attention to a new view of the name 'Shakespeare': In 1487 it was thought so low, 'vile,' that an Oxford owner of it changed his name to 'Saunders,' as a more aristocratic appellation. On p. 242 of *Memorials of Merton College*, by the Hon. George C. Brodrick, Warden (Oxford, 1885), under the head of fellows admitted in 1487, we read:

Hugh Saunders, alias Shakespere, S. T. P. According to the register, 'Shakispere,' with Ireland and Holt, were elected 'scholares' on April 8, 1486, though not admitted 'in communias' till July 23, 1487, or 'ad annum probationis' until August 1, 1487. The entry on July 23 contains the following passage: 'Hugo Sawndare, alias dictus Shakspere, sed mutatum est istud nomen ejus, quod vile reputatum est.'

It is added that he afterward became Principal of St. Alban Hall and Commissary of the University, and, being promoted by Bishop Fitz-

James, was a Prebendary of St. Paul's at the time of his death, in 1537. An inventory of plate, given by him to his college, describes it as given by 'Dr. Sawnders.'—*The Academy*.

MR. DONNELLY'S CIPHER.—Procure a fac-simile copy of the folio of 1623, turn to page 74 of the Histories—the beginning of the play of *2 Henry IV*.

Scene 1 begins on page 74, extends through page 75, and terminates on page 76. On first column, page 74, there are eleven words in brackets, counting the hyphenated word 'post-horse' as two words. On the same column there are twelve words in italics. If we multiply the last page of the scene (76) by 11 we have 836. If we multiply the second page (75) by 12 we have 900.

Let us try 836 first :

Commence at the top of the first column of page 74 and count forward, omitting to count the words in brackets and counting the hyphenated words as one word each, but counting every other word, and the 836th is '*found*' which is the 304th word on the first column of page 75. Now commence again at the top of the *next* page, 75 and count forward, *in the same way*, and the 836th word is '*out*' which is the 389th word on the second column of page 75. Here we have the compound word 'found-out.' This is remarkable, but might happen by chance. But let us take the next number, 900. Let us start again from the top of column 1, page 74, and count forward in the same way, *but this time counting the bracket words and the hyphenated words as double words*, and we will find that the 900th word is the same word 'found,' to wit : the 304th word on the first column of page 75.

If we start again from the top of the first column of the next page, 75, the 900th word, *counting the same way*, is the same word 'out,' the 389th word on the second column of page 75.

In other words, the number of bracket words and hyphenated words is *precisely the difference between 836 and 900*.

The following figures show this :

Words on first column, Page 74.....	284
Words on second column, Page 74.....	248
Words on first column, Page 75.....	304

Bracket words, first column, Page 74.....	10	
Bracket words, second column, Page 74.....	22	
Bracket words first column, Page 75, prior to the 304th word.....	13	45
Hyphenated words, first column, Page 74	8	
Hyphenated words, second column, Page 74.....	2	
Hyphenated words, first column, Page 75, prior to the 304th word	9	19
(found).....	—	900

Again:

Words on first column, Page 75.....	447	
Words on second column, Page 75, prior to 389th word.....	389	
	—	836
Bracket words, first column, Page 75.....	21	
Bracket words, second column, Page 75, prior to 389th word.....	30	51
Hyphenated words, first column, Page 75.....	9	
Hyphenated words, second column, Page 75, prior to 389th word...	4	13
(out).....	—	900

These countings demonstrate conclusively, in Mr. Donnelly's judgment (first) that this play contains a cipher. He adds: If a single hyphen had been dropped out the count would not have matched; if a single bracket word had been left out of the text, *or not bracketed*, it would not have matched. On the first column, page 74, the words 'smooth-comforts-false' united are found united in the way indicated, and counting as one word to make up the 836, or as three words to make up the 900. The words would never have been linked together in this way, Mr. Donnelly claims, but for the necessities of the cipher.

Again, near the top of the second column of page 75 is the following line, printed thus:

I cannot think [my Lord] your son is dead.

Why should 'my Lord,' asks Mr. Donnelly, be inclosed in brackets? And yet if it was not the count of both 836 and 900 would fail.


If there is a cipher thus cunningly adjusted to the pagination of a book printed seven years after Shakespeare's death it follows, he argues, that Shakespeare could not have written this text. He holds that the man who read that proof must have written the play, Shake-

speare could not have read the proof, for he was dead, and therefore Shakespeare did not write the play. This, Mr. Donnelly claims, decides the whole controversy. If Mr. Donnelly never published his book he claims to have demonstrated by this discovery alone that the plays contain a cipher and that Shakespeare was not the author of them. 'It may be asked,' he adds, 'what does this "found out" mean? It is part of two narratives—one in which 836 is the cipher number, and a totally distinct one in which 900 is the cipher number.' The reader can form some conception of the marvelous nature of the work when the same words 'found' and 'out' are thus made to do double duty in two different counts.—*Chicago Tribune*.

A CHRISTIAN SHYLOCK.—In Rome during the Pontificate of Sixtus V, (1585-90) says a writer in the *Jewish Record* of 1863, a wager like that of the *Merchant of Venice*, was actually made between a noble and a Jew, only, in this case, it was the Jew who was to forfeit the pound of flesh if he lost the wager. He lost; the noble demanded the forfeit; the Jew offered money instead in vain; the case was brought before the Pope, and Sixtus decided for the noble, with the provision that he should cut off exactly a pound of flesh, no more, nor less, on pain of being hanged. The noble declined to take this risk, and the Pope fined both parties in heavy sums for making such a wager.

SPENSER'S 'MERRIE BOND.'—In an unpublished letter from Edmund Spenser, the poet to his friend Gabriel Harvey, of Walden, he signs himself thus: 'He that is faste bownde unto thee in more obligations than any merchant in Italy to any Jewe there.' This letter was a reply to one from Harvey, dated 1579, and enclosed a whimsical bond between the two friends in allusion to the bond of the Jew. In this same year was produced at the Bull Theatre a play callnd *The Jewe*, which was the original source of Shakespeare's play first published in 1600. Spencer and his friend evidently had lately together paid a visit to the *Bull*, had enjoyed the representation of the piece and it had made such an impression on their minds, that their correspondence of this time is full of allusions to it.

PORTIA AND THE OFFICE OF WOMAN
*IN THE SERIOUS COMEDIES.**

HAKESPEARE, it is often said, was not remarkable for his power of inventing incident. His facility in the creation of character was unbounded; but, having found a situation which interested his imagination or was successful on the stage, he recurs to it again and again. Yet it would be difficult to prove that the great dramatist was not in this, as in most other things, acting wisely. He well knew that outward circumstances have no meaning in themselves, that it is the characters that give significance to a situation, and therefore he perceived the advantage of occasionally placing in the same position, beings of widely different natures, in order that, by noting the various courses they would pursue from the common starting-point, he might the more readily compare them, and estimate the relative importance of each, as factors in that grand problem of humanity, which no mere man ever grasped and solved, as he did.

Nor does such a method involve any danger of monotony. We have only to observe a few of the many variations cited by Mr. Dowden, of the 'incident of a trick, or fraud practised upon one who is a self-lover,'—to mark the consequences which respectively follow Maria's deception of Malvolio, the ensnaring and disgrace of the boastful Parolles by his fellow-soldiers, the painful discovery, by the craft of the Duke, of Angelo the self-deceiver, to the eyes of others, and to his own heart,—to be convinced that, given Shakespeare's power, the same incident may be repeated indefinitely, with new, and ever changing results.

* Read before the Montreal Shakespeare Club, Dec. 13, 1886.

Another course sometimes adopted by Shakespeare is the assignment of the same, or a similar duty, to very different individuals, and, by allowing each to accomplish the task in his own way, to gain once more an opportunity for the observation and comparison of nice distinctions of character.

This latter plan is one, among others, of which he makes use in his analysis of woman; and, accordingly, its consideration brings us naturally to the study of one of his early, but, at the same time, one of his most charming creations—*Portia*.

Let us note her carefully, for a few moments.

As she goes, all hearts do duty
 Unto her beauty;
 And, enamored do wish, so they might
 But enjoy such a sight,
 That they still were to run by her side
 Through swords, through seas, whither she would ride.
 Do but look on her eyes, they do light
 All that Love's world compriseth!
 Do but look on her hair, it is bright
 As Love's star, when it riseth!
 Do but mark, her forehead's smother
 Than words that soothe her:
 And from her arched brows, such a grace
 Sheds itself through the face,
 As alone there triumphs to the life
 All the gain, all the good of the elements' strife.

How well do Jonson's inimitable lines revive the impression produced by the Lady of Belmont, with her dainty, lissome, airy form, whose beauty, great though it be, is surpassed by that yet rarer and finer beauty of heart and mind, that sheds itself through the face, and gives to the smooth forehead and arched brows the grace which makes 'The Hyrcanian deserts, and the vasty wilds of wide Arabia' to be counted but as 'thoroughfares for princes to come view fair *Portia*.'

Indeed, were I to compress into one word, my estimate of this lady, that word would, I think, be *beauty*: beauty which because of its completeness, includes, while it far exceeds mere external loveli-

ness. There is a passage in the *Poetics* which if I recollect aright, is to the effect that '*the beautiful*' consist in *order*, or,—as we might paraphrase it,—in harmony and due proportion.

Whether this definition be in accord with modern ideas or no, it may assuredly be predicated of the beauty of Portia. Her fair form is but the goodly temple that is inhabited by many a bright priestess. Yet many though they be, they dwell together in the most perfect amity and concord. And hence results that exquisite poise, which imparts to Portia much of her strength of character, and which enables her to endure, almost without flinching, the trials of a situation that to many a woman would prove well nigh unbearable. For with all her wealth, and strength, and beauty, she has her trials too. Before ever our eyes beheld her, her eyes had looked upon Bassanio. And she still remembers him, and, praise him as we may, she remembers him worthy of our praise. Yet what avails this admiration? She is left by the will of a dead father, a veritable prize in a lottery, and is liable to be carried off in triumph by any one of a dozen or more suitors, whose very names are odious to her. Nor is the situation rendered any the less trying to the sensitive, spirited woman, by the notoriety she has gained through being, as it were, advertised as a popinjay at which any princely adventurer, whatever his qualifications, may tilt, with as good a hope as the best of hitting the mark and making his fortune.

Her depression and anxiety are apparent at the outset, when she enters with the words, 'By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is a-weary of this great world;' and her, seemingly, rather heartless exclamations, after the unsuccessful attempts of the prince of Morocco and the prince of Arragon, are, in reality, nothing but the perfectly natural expression of the relief she feels, when the tension is over in which she had remained, pending the decision of those worthies—a relief so keen and delightful, that, for the time, it completely obliterates every other sensation.

But in the interview with Bassanio, before he essays his fortune with the caskets, the suspense in which she is held becomes still more strongly apparent, and she pleads with her lover to delay a little

longer, lest, if he choose amiss, she should lose him forever; while, during the time that he occupies in actually making his choice, she regards him in silence, with an anxiety that is absolutely breathless.

Yet, despite the load she has constantly to bear about with her, so perfectly does she control herself, so bright and cheery is she, so kind, gracious, and thoughtful in her treatment of those who are around her, that, were it not for the few moments when she is alone with Nerissa, or with Bassanio, we should hardly be conscious that she had a load to carry. Indeed, it is not until the suspense finally and forever passes away, when Bassanio is successful, having chosen the leaden casket, that we learn from her excessive joy and delight the full measure of the torment to which she was formerly subjected.

How all the other passions fleet to air,
As doubtful thoughts, and rash-embraced despair,
And shudd'ring fear, and green-eyed jealousy!
O love, be moderate; allay thy ecstasy;
In measure rein thy joy; scant this excess.
I feel too much thy blessing: make it less,
For fear I surfeit!

—III, ii, 108.

Such an outburst from the usually reserved Portia proves more eloquently than much argument how strong the revulsion of feeling has been. But, once again, her remarkable power of self-control asserts itself, and almost before her lover has time to claim her for his own, she has regained her equilibrium, and proceeds, in the most exquisitely tender and modest language, to surrender not merely herself, but her house, her servants, and all that she possesses to him, 'to be directed, as from her lord, her governor, her king.'

Portia does nothing by halves. When she loves, she loves with her whole being; when she ridicules, she does so unsparingly; and, remembering the charming episode in which she wins from her lord the ring that she had made him swear he would never part with, and the use to which she puts the ring when won, we may well admit that, even in the matter of a jest, she is no less whole-hearted, while, at the same time, she is too true a lady to carry her sport far enough to wound the most sensitive feelings.

There is, however, another trait of Portia's character, and that, too, perhaps the most obvious one of all. I mean, of course, her brilliant powers of intellect. I say the most obvious, but this does not necessarily imply that her intellect is her dominant quality. A true woman, it will be readily admitted, is always ruled more from the heart than from the head; and herein lies, in great measure, her difference from man, who is guided rather by his reason than by his feelings. Portia is every inch a woman, and her heart is her true ruler, but she is endowed with a quick and ready wit, and with a comprehensive, logical mind that fit her for the part she fills, while they compel our admiration at every turn.

Nor has nature alone been lavish with Portia, art and training have done their utmost for her as well; while the ultimate result of this interworking of art and nature, is the production of that which is rare in even the most gifted and accomplished women—a truly reflective and philosophic temperament. This is apparent on many occasions, and seems, once or twice, to be carried almost to the point of sententiousness. For example:—

If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages princes' palaces. It is a good divine that follows his own instructions: I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching. The brain may devise laws for the blood, but a hot temper leaps o'er a cold decree.

—I, ii, 13.

A speech which sounds very like an assemblage of proverbs.

But Portia usually assumes a much loftier tone than this, as witness the following, besides very many others that might be adduced:—

I never did repent for doing good,
Nor shall not now: for in companions
That do converse and waste the time together,
Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love,
There must be needs a like proportion
Of lineaments, of manners and of spirit.

—III, iv, 10.

And again:

Portia. How far that little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

Nerissa. When the moon shone we did not see the candle;

Portia. So doth the greater glory dim the less :
A substitute shines brightly as a king
Until a king be by, and then his state
Empties itself, as doth an inland brook
Into the main of waters.

—V, i, 90.

‘Fair sentences, and well pronounced,’ which serve not merely to show how readily the simplest natural objects suggest to Portia the profound thoughts with which she is so familiar, but also to reveal to us those high powers of imagination that invest with grace and beauty all the coinage of her brain.

Yet it is at the trial that we must see Portia, if we would see her at her best. In it, all her qualities of heart unite and shine resplendent: in it, too, we have the most complete evidence of the powers of her mind, and of the thorough training to which that mind has been subjected.

She has a double object in view: the voiding of Shylock’s claim to the pound of flesh, by proving that to carry out the letter of the bond is an impossibility; and the punishment of the Jew’s cruelty by showing that he has been plotting against Antonio’s life, and is therefore liable to death, with confiscation of property.

In this latter task lies her only difficulty, and to this she first addresses herself. It is characteristic of Portia that she approaches all things from above. And she now begins with that eloquent appeal to Shylock’s better nature, that noble eulogy upon ‘the quality of mercy’ which, powerless as she expected it to be, and as it is, to touch the hard Jewish heart, nevertheless stirs her own generous nature to the very depths. She tries him next by his love of money, and, in the end, completely unmasks his true design, as she draws forth the refusal to allow even the assistance of a surgeon to prevent Antonio’s death from loss of blood. Having thus convicted Shylock, out of his own mouth, of the crime of plotting against the life of a citizen, she quickly, on technical grounds, disposes of his claim to the pound of flesh, and then proceeds to mete out to him that justice which has been his constant plea, but which, to his surprise, makes his own life, not

Antonio's, dependent upon the mercy to whose voice he had so recently turned a deaf ear. This is an outline of the purely intellectual side of the trial. Yet its very statement is an injustice to Portia, leaving out of account, as it does, the constant exhibitions of generosity and lofty purpose that give warmth and life to the whole scene, and make it one of the most attractive in the play.

Why Portia should have been at such pains to conduct the trial herself, rather than leave it in the hands of Bellario, whose advice she took the precaution to ask, in order to guard against possible mistake, is, I think, easily explained. Several motives were present. Reluctance to lose sight of her love, when he had just been gained, the desire of rendering him a service, and the conviction, too, that to render him such a service could not fail to raise her, however high she stood already, still higher in his love and esteem. But, besides all this, we must remember that the mere exercise of her mental powers was in itself a positive delight to Portia; while her love of adventure, and the necessity of assuming a part, in order to the fulfilment of her plan, would but have added to the desire to put it into execution. Whatever may have been her motives, the upshot of the whole matter was that the tragedy which must infallibly have resulted from the errors of judgement and other mistakes of Bassanio and his friend, was, through the wisdom and discernment of this brilliant woman, converted into happiness and prosperity.

This brings us to the consideration of the office or duty which Portia and other heroines perform in not a few of Shakespeare's plays.

The Merchant of Venice, though an early production, contains at least one point of resemblance to work of six or eight years later, and even to two of Shakespeare's very last compositions. I refer more particularly to *Measure for Measure*, *A Winter's Tale*, and *Cymbeline*; and the resemblance lies in the office of woman in them all.

In *The Merchant of Venice* there may be said to exist two leading motives. The Portia-motive and the Shylock-motive. Bassanio, through his love for Portia, and his friendship for Antonio, serves to bring these two mainsprings of action into connection, and causes them

to operate upon each other. Now, the Shylock-motive is inherently what may, with no great license, be called a tragic motive, and this, too, without reference to the estimate we may have formed of Shylock as a man. Both Antonio and Bassanio committed a terrible mistake: the one, in offering as security for the loan of a sum of money that which transcended all money in value—his life; the other, in allowing his friend to give such security for his sake. Further, they utterly failed in their attempt to fathom the character of Shylock, and the result of their blunders could, in itself, have led to nothing less than the death of Antonio, and the total destruction of Bassanio's happiness.

But the action is not allowed to proceed thus uninterrupted. Portia crosses the paths of the unfortunates, and, in a moment, all is changed. Wrong and oppression steal discomfited away, peace and happiness return, and harmless jests, and the sounds of mirth, and the strains of sweet music, gently efface all thoughts of tragedy from our minds.

The case stands much the same in *Measure for Measure*. There, Isabella, solely by her own efforts, saves her brother from death, herself from shame, and, ultimately, pleads for and saves the life of even Angelo, who had wronged her. In *A Winter's Tale*, too, it is to the character of Hermione, and of her assistant, Paulina, that we must look for the restoration of happiness. While in *Cymbeline*, although it is primarily a man (the servant of Posthumus) who defeats the purpose of the jealous husband, in reality the catastrophe is averted by Imogen's noble bearing in the presence of her intending executioner, which makes it impossible for him to obey his master's commands to put her to death. Moreover, throughout the scene of reconciliation, Imogen is certainly the central figure.

In the great tragedies, the issue is the result of the weakness, folly, ambition, or malignant cruelty of man, and involves innocent as well as guilty in the universal ruin. But it is noticeable, to say the least, that these dramas nowhere exhibit woman in her highest excellence. Woman in the tragedies is either wicked or (comparatively, at all events) weak; she is not the equal of man either intellectually or in strength of character.

On the other hand, *The Merchant of Venice*, *Measure for Measure*, *A Winter's Tale*, and *Cymbeline* all afford what are apparently tragic

opportunities in so far as man is concerned. There are the same errors of heart and of judgment. We find men to whom action is as distasteful as it is to Hamlet, men as jealous as Othello, but instead of an Ophelia and a Desdemona, we see associated with them a Portia and an Isabella, a Hermione and an Imogen—women crowned with all the most tender and exquisite feminine virtues, yet endowed with an exalted character and a strength of purpose that enable them to exert a real influence upon the action of the drama. No mere satellites these, as are their weaker sisters of the tragedies! Their orbit is not the narrow round of daily duties and simple attendance upon their lords. They move in larger circles, and they shine with no reflected light. Their lustre is their own: it comes from within and sheds its beams upon all who approach, brightening their every step with its gentle radiance.

Can we imagine the play of *Hamlet* with Ophelia replaced by Portia? Would Othello's deed have been possible if Imogen had been the wife instead of Desdemona? I think not. And the reason has been already anticipated. Although the situations, both in the tragedies and in these comedies that we have been discussing, are, at the outset, fraught with equally grave possibilities to all concerned, there are at work in the comedies beings of a higher intelligence and a finer fibre than in the tragedies. We find that the women of the comedies, unlike their tragic compeers, possess a power of thinking and acting as from themselves, which without rendering them in the slightest degree unfeminine, enables them to become, in the strictest sense of the word, companions and helpmeets of man; the equals, nay, rather the superiors of man in all but physical strength. And hence it arises that, as an offset to the four great tragedies, in which we see woman, in common with man, brought to irretrievable suffering and death, through the action of man, we have these four comedies, or romances, where we find the exact converse,—man, in common with woman, saved from ruin and death, through the endurance, the affection, and the deep, true wisdom of woman.

This, then, I conceive, is the office which Shakespeare in these serious comedies assigns to woman; the task of righting wrongs; of avert-

ing misfortune, of ushering in peace, contentment, happiness. A noble office truly ! A part which he seldom, if ever, permits man to assume ! But it is one, perhaps the chief one, among many other duties, for which he shows woman's special fitness.

It is no small honor, surely, to gain admission to the glorious sisterhood which claims among its members Hermione and Imogen ; and it is, perhaps, the best of all the good things that may justly be affirmed about the subject of this paper, that she, too, is a member of that sisterhood, and that, as we record their names, the first, if not the brightest to be inscribed, is that of Portia.

C. H. GOULD.

THE EDITORS OF SHAKESPEARE.

XV. JAMES BOSWELL.



JAMES BOSWELL, the subject of the present sketch, was born in 1779, in England. His father was the James Boswell who has acquired such celebrity as the biographer of Dr. Johnson. The son was educated at Westminster, and afterwards at Brasenose College. He read law and was called to the Bar, and was afterwards a Commissioner of Bankruptcy. He died on February 24, 1822, and was buried in the Temple Churchyard, London.

He was selected by Edmond Malone to act as his literary executor, and to edit the edition of Shakespeare which the former did not live to see published. This was a delicate and laborious undertaking, and occupied him for some time. It was published, in 1821, in twenty-one volumes octavo, and has long been known as *The Variorum*. The title-page of Volume I reads :—

The Plays and Poems of William Shakspeare, with the Corrections and Illustrations of Various Commentators : Comprehending a Life of the Poet, and an enlarged History of the Stage, by the late Edmond Malone. With a new Glossarial Index.

ΤΗΣ ΦΥΣΕΩΣ ΓΡΑΜΜΑΤΕΥΣ ΗΝ, ΤΟΝ ΚΑΛΑΜΟΝ ΑΝΘΡΩΠΙΝΟΝ ΕΙΣ ΝΟΨΝ.—*Vet. Auct apud. Suidam.*

Vol. I. London : Printed for F. C. and J. Rivington ; T. Egerton ; J. Cuthell ; Scateherd and Letterman ; Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, and Brown ; Cadell and Davies ; Lackington and Co. ; J. Booker ; Black and Co. ; J. Booth ; J. Richardson ; J. M. Richardson ; J. Murray ; J. Harding ; R. H. Evans ; J. Mawman ; R. Schaley ; T. Earle ; J. Bohn ; C. Brown ; Gray and Son ; R. Pheney ; Baldwin, Cradock, and Joy ; Newman and Co. ; Ogles, Duncan, and Co. ; T. Hamilton ; W. Wood ; J. Sheldon ; E. Edwards ; Whitmore and Fenn ; W. Mason ; G. and W. B. Whittaker ; Simpkin and Marshall ; R. Saunders ; J. Deighton and Sons, Cambridge ; Wilson and Son, York ; and Stirling and Slade, Fairbairn and Anderson, and D. Brown, Edinburgh. 1821.

In the preface Boswell refers to the long and intimate friendship which had existed between his father and Malone, and of his own subsequent acquaintance with the latter. After referring to the fact of his having been chosen by Malone to edit the materials which the latter had accumulated for an edition of Shakespeare, Boswell continues as follows:—

I am far from pretending to say that, with all the advantages I enjoyed, I can hope to remedy the many imperfections which must unavoidably occur, when the mind which collected information can no longer superintend its disclosure ; and in some of the most important parts of his investigations, a chasm must be left which I am unable to supply ; yet still I can, with confidence, assert, that enough will remain to justify the publick expectation, and gratify the admirers of our greatest poet. Whatever may be the defects that shall be discovered in that portion of the work which has devolved upon me, which, I am aware, are many, and fear that more may be found, yet I trust to the candour of the reader, that he will keep in his recollection the circumstances which I have stated, [*i. e.* the fact that Malone left his voluminous notes in much confusion, on scraps of paper, and often adopting a species of short hand,] and will not consider me as having thrust myself upon this employment from any over-weening confidence in my own abilities ; but as having undertaken it as a task in compliance with the last wishes of an ever dear friend.

He further states that in some cases he does not agree with the opinions expressed in the work, but that he felt bound to give Malone's and not his own, and that only in a few instances has he recorded the latter. Next he defends the great care he has taken in the collation of the text, and shows how Steevens was often very careless in this respect. He then tells of the great superiority of the

First Folio to the Second, which Steevens had adopted as his authority, while Malone rightly preferred the former. The remainder of the preface treats of various matters.

Following the preface Boswell printed an excellent biographical memoir—excellent in composition but giving few facts of Malone's life; and then gave the prefaces of Pope, Theobald, Hanmer, Warburton, Dr. Johnson, Capell, Steevens, Malone and Reed, besides Dr. Farmer's Essay on the Learning of Shakespeare, Malone's Essay on Shakespeare, Ford and Johnson, Rowe's Life of Shakespeare, commendatory poems on the poet, and an Essay on Phraseology and Metre. All the above are contained in the first volume. The second commences with Malone's history of the stage, which occupies 528 pages. Following this are articles on Shakespeare's coat of arms, the conveyance from Walker to the poet, his mortgage, declaration of trust, Shakespeare's will, extracts from the Stratford Register, entries on the Stationer's books, list of early editions of Shakespeare, dedication and preface of the First Folio, modern editions, plays ascribed to and altered from Shakespeare, etc. The third volume embraces Malone's history of the stage, additions from Henslowe's Register, additions by Steevens, appendix from Malone's papers, Chalmer's account of the stage, etc. The fourth volume commences with the plays, which are printed in what Malone considered their chronological order to be. Following the plays are printed the poems, memoirs of Lord Southampton, *Pericles*, *Titus Andronicus*, and an index.

The notes are printed at the bottom of the page, and are by all the commentators and editors. They are very voluminous though Boswell added comparatively very few of his own. He improved the text however, and is entitled to great credit for the careful manner in which he performed his duty. His was not a task which many would have cared to undertake, but the world of letters owes him much for giving it in such a complete form the vast stores collected by Malone.

J. PARKER NORRIS.

A School of Shakespeare.

For his bounty,
There was no winter in't; an autumn 'twas
That grew the more by reaping.

—*Antony & Cleopatra*, V, II, 86.

KING RICHARD II.



HIS royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise,
This fortress built by Nature for herself
Against infection and the hand of war,
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands,
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,
This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,
Fear'd by their breed and famous by their birth,
Renowned for their deeds as far from home,
For Christian service and true chivalry,
As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry
Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's Son,
This land of such dear souls, this dear dear land,
Dear for her reputation through the world,
Is now leased out, I die pronouncing it,
Like to a tenement or pelting farm :
England, bound in with the triumphant sea,
Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege
Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with shame,
With inky blots and rotten parchment bonds :
That England, that was wont to conquer others,
Hath made a shameful conquest of itself.
Ah, would the scandal vanish with my life,
How happy then were my ensuing death!—II, i, 40-68.

The vehement, despairing patriotism of dying Lancaster, 'gaunt for the grave,' fasting for 'his children's looks,' writhing before the shameful degradation of his shameless nephew-king, is, like the closing cry of the Bastard Faulconbridge, (*King John*, V, vii), another trumpet-note of honor to England, preluding the splendid song of her praise in *Henry V.* Indeed, England is hardly less the theme of *Richard II.* than of *King John.* We pardon and commend Bolingbroke's deposition of Richard, his lawful sovereign, because we feel that he is therein the protector of society, 'plucking away the caterpillars of the commonwealth;' and when we do sympathize with Richard finally, it is as a suffering fellow-creature rather than as a dis-crowned king. Throughout the play runs the idea of the obligation of unselfish patriotism, a duty incumbent upon all citizens, the more incumbent upon a king than upon others in that he is the representative of all others. (See Tennyson's *Love thou thy land*,* and the fiercely patriotic spirit of Dante's *Inferno*, and of *Piers the Plowman*). The indignation which men who could remember Poitiers and had served with the Black Prince, felt at the unkingly conduct of Richard must have been very great, and with that feeling Shakespeare was in hearty accord; we of to-day indeed find ourselves strongly moved by the story of Cressy and Poitiers, and sympathize with the good knight Sir Roger de Coverley, as, with his hand upon the pommel of Edward the Third's sword, he gives us the story of the Black Prince (see *The Spectator*, No. 329); and so, too, we sympathize with the indignant shame of time-honored Lancaster that England should be 'leased out like to a tenement or pelting farm' to feed the extravagant waste of 'light vanity, insatiate cormorant.' Between the characters of Richard II. and John there are points of resemblance, but the England of Richard was quite another country than the England of John. 'The thirteenth century,' says Mr. Freeman (*General Sketch*, p. 183), 'was a time of great changes; a time, so to speak, of beginnings and endings

*According to the London *Academy*, (March, 1881), these lines, as well as 'Of old sat Freedom on the heights,' and 'You ask me why tho' ill at ease' (also, I think) were due to the suggestion, direct or indirect, of Mr. James Spedding, the editor of Bacon, who was the friend and college-mate of Tennyson at Cambridge. See 'To J. S.' and 'On a Mourner.' All these pieces are printed in the last Macmillan edition of Tennyson as forming a series apparently.

throughout the world; . . . the Constitution of England began to put on the shape which it has kept ever since.' Thus the Barons and the clergy compel John to sign Magna Charta; Richard II. is deposed by his Parliament, which includes the Barons and the clergy, but is not composed exclusively of them. Whence and what is this Parliament? To answer this question we should read English history from John to Richard II. (See Green's *Short History of the English People*, chap. III., sec. v. to chap. V., sec. vi., and Hallam's *Middle Ages*, chap. VIII., sec. iii.); and, through the struggles of Earl Simon de Montfort for the freedom of the Magna Charta; through the law-giving reign of Edward I.; the weakness and disorder of Edward II.; the long glory and suffering of Edward III.; and of the minority of Richard II.; we should follow the story of the amalgamation of the Norman and the Saxon into a great people, of the rise of the splendid English speech, and of the birth and gradual growth of what was to become the greatest deliberative and legislative body that the world has yet seen—the English House of Commons. Freedom had found her sanctuary, none the less a sanctuary because sometimes violated; thence slowly 'broadening down from precedent to precedent,' her sweet influences were in future times in an undiscovered country beyond unknown seas to infuse themselves into the life-blood of another great nation sprung from English loins. This history of the struggle for parliamentary government under the three Edwards, under Richard II. and his successors, is the ancestral history of us Americans of to-day; we are engaged to-day in this same struggle for free, enlightened parliamentary government; and therefore should we learn and take to heart the lesson of patriotism taught by Shakespeare and by the history of England. (See Tennyson's *England and America in 1782*.)

'There is not,' says Hume, 'a reign, among those of the ancient English monarchs, which deserves more to be studied than that of Edward III., nor one where the domestic transactions will better discover the true genius of that kind of mixed government, which was then established in England.' (Hume's *History of England*, chap. XVI.) From the fifth century to the thirteenth 'society contained,' says Guizot, 'all that I have already found and described as belong-

ing to it—kings, a lay aristocracy, a clergy, citizens, husbandmen, civil and religious authorities; the germs, in short, of everything necessary to form a nation and a government; and yet there was no government, no nation. . . . Let us, on the other hand, survey Europe in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. We everywhere see two great objects make their appearance on the stage of the world,—the government and the people. . . . This, if I am not deceived, is the essential feature which distinguishes Modern Europe from the Europe of the early ages; and this was the change which was accomplished between the thirteenth and the sixteenth century.' (Guizot's *History of Civilization*, VII., p. 175.) In this process of change the fourteenth century bore a most conspicuous part, and for England its influence was decisive as to the essentials of nationality. The Hundred Years' War with France, begun by Edward III., would, even if unsuccessful, have had important consequences; the great and decisive victory at Cressy was a revelation of the English people to themselves as a people, stirring to its profoundest depths their patriotism and their nationality. Their heroic Black Prince won his people's spurs as well as his own on that fateful 26th of August, 1346. 'The fall of France,' says Green, 'was hardly so sudden or so incomprehensible then as the fall of Chivalry. The lesson which England had learned at Bannockburn she taught the world at Cressy. The whole social and political fabric of the Middle Ages rested on a military base, and its base was suddenly withdrawn. The churl had struck down the noble; the bondsman proved more than a match, in sheer hard fighting, for the knight. From the day of Cressy feudalism tottered slowly, but surely to its grave.' (Green's *Short History*, p. 244.) 'The first instance of the use of artillery in field warfare' was at Cressy, (Green, p. 243), a statement the full import of which it is hard for us to realize, even as we think of Balaklava and the Charge of the Light Brigade. (See 'The Musket as a Social Force,' *Popular Science Monthly*, Feb. 1886; Creasy's *Decisive Battles of the World*.)

The history of the Church will help us to form some idea of the difference between the time of John and of Richard II. At the beginning of the thirteenth century, Innocent III., with the terrible weapon of the Interdict in his hands, forces Philip Augustus, in

France, and John, in England, to submit to his sway. At the beginning of the fourteenth century both Philip the Fair, of France, and Edward I., in England, are too strong separately for Boniface VIII., in spite of interdict and excommunication; then the Papal See is removed to Avignon, in France, a scandal for three quarters of a century; then, when Richard II. comes to the throne, there are elected, more scandalous still, two Popes, one at Avignon, one in Rome, each recognized in part, each rejected in part, both ready to excommunicate; whereat Chaucer, representing his age, laughs and, rolling the morsel under his tongue, makes his Summoner say (*Prologue to Canterbury Tales*) that a man need not mind excommunication unless his soul be in his purse, and then, with virtuous innocence, he scolds his Summoner for saying so; while Langley in *Piers the Plowman*, representing also his age, lifts a deep voice from the bosom of the people against the licentiousness of the priesthood and the untruth of the Church; and John Wiclif, also representing his age, from his professor's chair at Oxford thunders against fundamental doctrines and, worse still, teaches the people to appeal from the Church to Conscience by putting into their unclerical hands the Bible translated into their own English tongue. Evidently we are far from the time when John, the King, could kneel before the legate of the Pope, could swear to be his man, and thus consent to hold his kingdom as the vassal of an Italian over-lord. See Guizot, *History of Civilization*, Lectures VIII. and X.; Hallam, *Middle Ages*, Chap. VII.; Green, *Short History*, Chap. V., Section III.; Freeman, *Outline Sketch*, Chap. XII.

As to the progress of the people themselves, see, for the Rise of Cities and the Growth of Commerce, Guizot, *History of Civilization*, Lecture VII.; Hallam, *Middle Ages*, Chap. III. Part II., Chap. VIII. Part III., Chap. IX. Part II.; Green, *Short History*, Chap. IV., Section IV.; for the English farmers and peasantry see also Green, *Short History*, Chap. V., Sections IV. and V.; Mackintosh's *History of England*; for the King and the Baronage, Green, Chap. IV., Sect. V., and Chap. V., Sect. V.

As to the Condition of Contemporary Europe, see Hallam, Guizot, Freeman, and Gibbon.

For Manners, Customs, Learning, see Hallam, Chap. IX.; *Early English Meals and Manners* (ed. by Mr. Furnivall for *Early English Text Society*); also Chaucer; and *Piers the Plowman*; Froissart's *Chronicles*.

For the English Language, see Lounsbury's *English Language*; Marsh's *Origin and History of English Language*; and the discussions of Chaucer by Green and Hallam.

For Contemporary and Related Literature, see Green, Chap. V., Sections I., III. and V., and the authorities there cited; see also sketches and lives of Chaucer, Langley (or Langland) and Wiclif in the encyclopedias, in the handbooks of English Literature, in Morley's *English Writers*, in Taine's *English Literature*, in Brooke's *Primer of English Literature*, in *English Men of Letters* (Chaucer); see Gilman's *Chaucer*; Skeat's edition of *Piers the Plowman*, Morris's *Prologue and Knights Tale*, Skeat's *Man of Lawes Tale* and *Prioresse's Tale*—all in the *Clarendon Press Series* (Macmillan). The Preface and Notes of these editions are of very great value. See Lounsbury's *Parlament of Foules*.

It would be idle here to attempt to throw any light upon the illustrious name of Geoffrey Chaucer. Let those who are sceptical about him as a poet get Dr. Morris's edition of the *Prologue* and read—without disturbing themselves too much over the forms of his words—Chaucer's description of his pilgrims on that famous Canterbury journey.

Dante, as one of Chaucer's masters, belongs here, and also Petrarch and Boccaccio. Barbour's *Bruce* is the work of a contemporary; see Scott's *Lord of the Isles*; Aguilar's *The Days of Bruce*; Porter's *Scottish Chiefs*; Gray's *Bard*; see also Scott's *Fair Maid of Perth*, and *Castle Dangerous*; Bulwer's *Rienzi*; Byron's *Marino Faliero*; the Drama of *Edward III.*, sometimes attributed to Shakespeare; *Edward II.*, and Greene's *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay* (Clarendon Press Series, edited with valuable Introductions and Notes); and see Green's section on Roger Bacon in the *Short History*, Chap. III., Sect. IV. The origin of the unexplained quarrel between Bolingbroke and Mowbray, with which the play of *Richard II.* opens, is happily treated of by Mr. Hudson in *Shakespeare's Life, Art and*

Characters and in the Introduction of his school edition of this play. See also Hallam, *Middle Ages*, Chap. VIII., Part III.; Dowden's *Shakespeare: His Mind and Art*.

For the Characters in the Play see the historians already referred to; also Miss Strickland's *Queens of England*, the Notes in the editions of the play, the encyclopedias, and the genealogical tables prefixed to the histories.

To Chaucer, as to some other matters, we shall recur again in connection with *Henry IV*.

It may be of assistance, perhaps, to some of our fellow-students to give a brief summary of the reading of *Richard II*. by our little Hollins Shakespeare Club, particularly if, like ourselves, they are reading more for general information and amusement than with any very serious student aims.

First Meeting: Act I. read—Discussion of the Characters as historical persons (Duchess of York and Wife of Bath matrimonially considered); Hudson's account of the quarrel between Bolingbroke and Norfolk read aloud. *Second Meeting*: Acts II. and III. read—Discussion of Condition of the Peasantry; Origin of English Towns; Universities. *Third Meeting*: Acts IV. and V. read—Discussion of Origin and Growth of Papal Power; Condition of Church in Richard II.'s time; Friars; Monks and Monasteries; Wiclif; The Inquisition. *Fourth Meeting*: English Parliament; Introductory Chapter to Gilman's *Chaucer* read aloud; Extracts from Chaucer read: *The Lady Prioress*; *The Wife of Bath*; Wife of Bath's *Prologue and Story*; The Ale-house in *Piers the Plowman*, Part V.

WM. TAYLOR THOM.

Open Court.

That's a question; how shall we try it?

—*The Comedy of Errors*, V, 1, 421.

In this I'll be impartial; be you judge
Of your own cause.

—*Measure for Measure*, V, 1, 166.

Twelfth Night, III, i, 65 :—

Clown—I will construe to them whence you come; who you are and what you would are out of my welkin, I might say 'element,' but the word is overworn.



PON this passage Mr. Aldis Wright, the Clarendon Press editor, notes 'element being sometimes used for "sky"; the Clown makes "welkin" synonymous with it, to avoid the more familiar word. See III. iv. 117.' I think it is possible to go further than this. In these words there is probably an allusion to a well-known scene familiar to all frequenters of the theatre. Let us first pay attention to the dates. *Twelfth Night*, we know from John Manningham's Diary, was acted in February, 1602. *Satiro-mastix*, the first quarto of which bears the date of 1602, had been acted in the previous year (see Mr. Fleay's *Shakespeare and Marston* in SHAKESPEARIANA, I, 106). In *Satiro-mastix* Dekker repeatedly puts the obnoxious expression in the mouth of Horace (Ben Jonson). Speaking of Captain Tucca he says, 'tis out of his element to traduce me: I am too well ranked, Asinius, to be stabbed with his dudgeon wit' (Pearson's ed. p. 195). Asinius, Horace's friend, also uses the expression as a favorite one with 'his ningle (*i. e.* Horace): 'Marry, for reading any book, I'll take my death upon't (as my ningle says) 'tis out of my element' (p. 196). Lastly, the words are among the things that Horace is forced to abjure (p. 262).

Sir Vaughan—Thirdly, and last of all saving one, when your plays are misliked at Court, you shall not . . . say you are glad you write out of the courtiers' element.

Tucca—Let the element alone, 'tis out a thy reach.

If, as seems probable enough, Shakespeare in *Twelfth Night* is alluding to the ridicule bestowed upon the expression in *Satiro-mastix*, additional point is given to the Clown's remark. It is interesting to find the words occurring later on in the mouth of the city gallant, Lipsalve, in Middleton's *Family of Love*: 'Not I, I am too shallow to sound her; she's out of my element' (II. iii. 69, Bullen's edition).

Montreal.

R. W. BOODLE.

Shakespeare Societies.

Such a holy witch
That he enchants societies into him;
Half all men's hearts are his.

—*Cymbeline*, I, vi, 166.



JANUARY MEETING OF THE SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY OF NEW YORK.—The society met on the 27th of January, the President, Appleton Morgan, Esq., in the chair. On motion of W. H. Wyman, Esq., a non-resident member, Mr. Samuel Timmins, of Hill Cottage, Arley, Coventry, England, was elected an honorary member in the room of Dr. C. M. Ingleby, deceased. Mr. A. R. Frey read the paper of the evening, on *The Taming of the Shrew*. Mr. Frey said that two years ago he should not have ventured to declare that the old comedy of *The Taming of a Shrew* was (as Capell had asserted) by William Shakespeare; but that after considerable critical study of both, he certainly was of that opinion now. He believed, moreover, that if the author of *The Taming of a Shrew* was not William Shakespeare, he was a man well acquainted with Stratford-on-Avon, with Wilmecote, with the Sly family, with the tinker himself; that if this author was not Shakespeare, he (Shakespeare) must have pirated an enormous number of lines from some other writer, not (as was Shakespeare's wont), adorning and vivifying what he borrowed, but absolutely purloining the exact material in its exact dress—good, bad, or indifferent. And when he borrowed not only lines and passages, but entire scenes,

it is hardly probable that, surrounded by enemies as Shakespeare was (or at least, by envious rivals, eager always to annoy and accuse him), some of them should not have recognized the piracy, and raised a hue and cry again about the 'upstart crowe,' beautified with another's feathers. Again, Busby in 1606-7, sold three plays to Ling, all of which were then recognized as Shakespeare's, and one of them was this older comedy. Neither buyer nor purchaser in this transaction was blind or careless, as we happen to know. They knew very well what they were buying and selling. If the play as it now stands was not written before 1609 and after November 19th, 1607, all the contemporary evidence of Greene, Dekker, Henslowe, Kyd, Beaumont, Fletcher, and Rowlands must be considered as worthless; we must assign an earlier date to *Hamlet* than the one now usually received, and ignore the remarkable circumstance that Southwick bought the old play in 1607 and lent the proprietors of the first folio an improved version of it in 1622 or 1623.

Mr. Frey was aware that these propositions were novel, and (since whatever is once supposed settled about Shakespeare ought reasonably not to be disturbed) perhaps revolutionary; but they were the result of his own convictions, and he respectfully submitted them. That the induction to the present play was by Chettle assisted by Fletcher; the first act by Cyril Tourneur assisted by Shakespeare; the second by Marlowe assisted by Dante or the ghost of Hamlet's father, and so on, he did not believe. We must draw the line somewhere, even with the analytical tests which modern criticism has so liberally supplied us, perfectly in hand.

Mr. Reynolds being in the chair, Mr. Price deprecated the tendency to poke fun at the verse tests—the run-on lines, stopped and unstopped endings, etc.—and thought we had better wait a bit before pronouncing upon their entire absurdity. He had been very highly gratified by Mr. Frey's paper, and moved its reference to the Committee on Publication. The motion was seconded and carried. Mr. Morgan was very glad to hear Mr. Price speak as emphatically as he had in favor of the verse tests. He (Mr. Morgan) confessed that he saw nothing in them whatever of practical value; but he recognized the tendency in himself, and in his own methods, of going too far, and he

was glad that in this society each gentleman should feel it his duty to check the other. When in St. Paul, Mr. Ignatius Donnelly said to the speaker, 'Mr. Morgan, there is a cipher in the Shakespeare plays, and I have it' He replied, 'There are two distinct propositions: first, that there is a cipher; and, second, that you have it correctly and exactly.' Just so I answer Professor Price. Doubtless the style of a writer changes by lapse of time; but can we be sure that we know how and on what lines? Take a capital instance. Here is *Locksley Hall*, written by Alfred Tennyson of fifty years ago. Here is *Locksley Hall* written by Baron Tennyson. If Professor Price and I were alive in the year 2100, and I should submit these two to him, would he be able from mere verse tests to say which was written first, and how far apart they were written? The first *Locksley Hall* is much more highly polished, and more accurate in its scansion than the second. In the Shakespeare Plays, the critics seem to think that care and polish betoken maturity. Mr. Price said that the president's question was a subtle one; but that without preparation for debate at this time, he must still adhere to his belief that chronology could be settled by verse tests. Mr. Hibbe, President of the Cleveland Shakespeare Society, who was present as a guest, addressed the chair and hoped that this society would be able to perfect a scheme by which all the societies on this side of the Atlantic might be put into a close correspondence. The chair announced that on the fourth Thursday in February, the society would have the pleasure of listening to a Paper on *Shakespeare's Sonnets: Some New Inferences from Old Facts*, by Mr. W. J. Rolfe, of Cambridge. If he should be able to read his paper in person on that evening due announcement would be made of the fact. The society then adjourned.

LONDON.—NEW SHAKESPEARE.—JAN. 14.—Mr. R. Garnett in the chair. Mr. R. G. Moulton read a paper 'On Shakespeare's *Tempest* as an Illustration of the Theory of Central Ideas.' After pointing out that a central idea must be based not upon the authority of the expounder, nor even on the beauty of the idea itself, but upon the degree in which it associated itself with the details of which the play was made up, Mr. Moulton proceeded to state the central idea in *The*

Tempest as the exhibition of enchantment as an engine of personal providence. The chairman assented to Mr. Moulton's view, but thought we ought not to disregard the question of the external circumstances under which the play was written. He believed it to have been written for performance at Court on the occasion of the marriage of the daughter of James I. with the Elector Palatine, the circumstances of the event and the characters and the incidents of the play agreeing in a manner too remarkable to be incidental.

The Drama.

Betwixt mine eye and heart a league is took,
And each doth good turns now unto the other.

—Sonnet XLVII.



R. EDWIN BOOTH.—Ay, every inch an actor! As Richard, Macbeth, Iago, Shylock, Hamlet, again this season Booth's royal grasp and ease, the unerring naturalness of his art have swayed familiar audiences as though that ripened mastery were young, and new, and first suspected. His interpretations have such an air of largeness, such an absence of anxiety and effort that the relaxed and free attention follows them as the flow of a majestic mood rather than as the ingenious contortions of a conscious, contriving effectiveness. Content springs up in the mind of the auditor before his judgment has weighed the qualities of this art and pronounced them sufficing. The full stature of an actor born, and made, is evident, and the measure of his height is a question of kind, perhaps, but not of degree.

* * *

In none of his Shakespearian personations is he less the Booth we know and less the Booth of photographs and of cuts in shop-windows than in Shylock. The dark eyes, the mournful mouth, the restrained, almost haunted expression—if one may attempt to define a certain peculiar, personal impression of which his face gives glimpses—are lost in the long-bearded, sordid Jew whose quickness and sensitiveness has

no possible native trait of softness or sensibility that has not hardened into a jealous watchfulness that waits to serve absorbing avarice and revenge.

It is shabby old Jew Booth presents to our eyes. He wears but one sign of wealth and power, a great ruby, which glows upon his clutching finger. He is a savage Shylock, repressed, not fawning, but there is little of the contained and stately, patient though revengeful sufferer who appeals directly to modern sensibilities as the representative and scapegoat of a persecuted race. The wrongs of his people only go so far in this picture as to authorize the dramatic action and to bring out Shylock's own hard and bitter spirit, apt for returning injury with injury, and ready to have it go hard but he shall 'better the instruction.'

* * *

At his very first appearance a mounting of motives in Shylock's crafty mind is indicated in Mr. Booth's representation, of which all the rest of the play is merely an enlargement developed by the events that precipitate the Jew toward his defeated revenge.

The first conjecture of a possible plan shows blindly in his repetition of Antonio's name as the surety Bassanio offers him. Antonio is not to him as good a surety as another man of his wealth; that 'Antonio shall become bound' strikes his humor at once. And that though 'Antonio is a good man, yet his means are in supposition,' that his ventures are 'squandered abroad,' that 'ships are but boards, sailors but men,' that there be pirates, and 'perils of water, winds and rocks,'—the successive thought of all this is the second gleam of a possible purpose that animates the progress of the story. The third glimpse of how ready Shylock will be to avail himself of any advantage chance may yield him is unmistakably revealed in Booth's action of Shylock's first aside. Antonio comes, and the two Christian gentlemen meet and greet apart, while the Jew stands and describes the 'fawning publican,' and gives his reasons for hating him. In the midst of this speech these two lines stand out like pulses on an angry brow:

If I can catch him once upon the hip,
I will feed **FAT** the ancient *grudge* I bear him.

The hand clutches, rigidly as a claw, at the word *catch*, and dashes its prey toward a devouring maw as the idea of *feeding fat* upon it glances into the expression.

Later, his triumph, that Antonio breaks his custom neither to 'lend nor borrow upon advantage,' calms him and leads him to a kind of speculation on the nature of usury, from which he is roused by Antonio's contemptuous hit of the devil's citing 'Scripture for his purpose.' Booth's face responds at once, and shows how this rankles,—again while the two Venetians are not heeding him,—and disposes him to launch out into that vehement summary of past slights now gratified by the fact that Antonio has come to him for help. The expression of all this is rounded out in these words, whose every accent, modulation, and pause, on Booth's skillful lips, are weighty with significance:—

What should I say to you? Should I not say
 'Hath a DOG money? Is it possible
 A CUR can lend *three thousand ducats*? ' Or
 Shall I bend low and in a bondman's key,
 With bated breath and whispering humbleness,
 Say this :
 ' Fair sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last ;
 You spurned me such a day ; another time
 You call'd me dog ; and for these COURTESIES
 I'll lend you thus much moneys? '—I. iii. 121.

No sooner does Antonio reply in defiance and bid him lend this money, not to his friend, but to his enemy, than Shylock's plan flowers, the climax of his purpose is reached, the horrible possibility of the power he will come to wield is realized in his thought and passes silently over his face like a flash of lightning. Then, directly he is ready to make the possibility feasible and plausible; his manner changes swiftly, and with such craft, that one scarcely need think Antonio utterly silly, as well as headlong, to seal his single bond to this chuckling man's 'merry sport,' but only an impetuous friend so reckless of so mean a thing as a Jewish usurer, and a powerful merchant so used to being truckled to if he but nod disdainfully, that he can be easily gulled by Shylock's show of friendliness, and go skipping

to his fate with the words which Shylock must take as the last touch of insult and insolence—

This Hebrew will turn Christian, he grows kind—

while Bassanio's better sense, which likes not 'fair terms and a villain's mind,' lets itself run to waste with mere protesting.

As for the play, as a whole, little good can be said of this representation. The company, perhaps, is a shade or two better than Mr. Booth's support for several years past has been, but the picture and expression of this comedy of ruth and laughter, full of rich contrasts, and of close-worked action whose every stroke drives it on to Belmont and to that matchless lady who is the inspiration of it all, is so much larger and sweeter than this garbled piece, bereft, moreover, as usual, of the fifth act, that it is hard to do Booth's part in it the justice it has a right to demand.

Yet it is a magical bit of acting in itself, which Mr. Booth gives in the Trial scene, during Portia's appeal to him for mercy, and more magical in the subtlety of its reflex power upon the pitifully inadequate characterization of Portia.

Portia, impersonating Dr. Bellario's representative has asked Antonio if he confessed the bond, and at his answer that he does, has turned to Shylock with her first alternative, 'Then must the Jew be merciful,' and on his inquiry, 'On what compulsion must I?' she goes closer to him and addresses her benignant plea for mercy to him especially. He stands square about, facing the audience, motionless, regardless it seems of her and her sweet words, waiting, merely, like one whose mind is long ago made up, for this flow of speech to run its course, patient of it, meanwhile, only so far as to refrain from stopping it, till it stop itself, and let the deeper current of his revenge have way. So he stands, stolid, his eyes closed, every muscle still, in a quietude as fixed as stone and as impenetrable. He does not attend, except to know the end, it seems at first, when suddenly it is borne in upon you that after all he is listening intently, as one would listen to a half-remembered strain of music calling from a long way off. He is not the less unmoved, but he seems for an instant less unmovable. That instant is thick with spiritual possibilities for

a settled will and an abused heart. The voice stops. There is a pause. Then Shylock stirs, shakes his head free from the spell, and in the same breath, decides—‘My deeds upon my head! I crave the Law.’

But in these words a just passed consideration of a contrary decision is implied. Wonderful dramatic art—wonderful Shakespeare! ‘Harsh Jew; can no prayers pierce thee?’—Gratiano had asked him just before Portia came, and Shylock, stooping to whet his knife upon his shoe, had answered—‘No, none that thou hast wit enough to make,’ with so much point in the retort that the audience had laughed. And a moment later Shakespeare does not let him go till he has given him a chance to hear one whose prayers have wit enough to pierce him. It is Booth’s crowning glory in this part that he does not let it go, either, without thus, by the lightest touch, revealing that this appeal to the best of ‘a damned inexorable Jew’ has stirred him dimly within, and almost reached his case-hardened outside. C. P.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.—The revival of this play by Mr. Daly has scored a great success during the past month, far greater than his excellent presentation of *The Merry Wives of Windsor* last year, and, nightly, people crowd to see a performance in many respects admirable. It is seldom, to-day, that a chance is afforded of seeing a representation of this play which is in anyway complete, or does justice to its merits. David Garrick’s version, *Katharine and Petruchio*, presents only the main theme, and gives no chance for a display of the skillful arrangement of plot and counterplot for which the work is remarkable. The masterly handling of the several intrigues, of different nature but closely related, and the weaving and interweaving of incident which preserves the unity of the play, render it extremely difficult to give a partial version which will be in any degree satisfactory. We fear Mr. Daly’s long habit of adapting has led him to take a few unnecessary liberties with the text, omissions and changes which are not altogether improvements. It must be said, however, that, for the most part the alterations add to the smoothness of the action. That thorough harmony which always characterizes the work of Mr. Daly’s excellent company, together with a very elaborate and hand-

some stage setting, is the secret of its attraction. The play runs with the utmost smoothness, but individually there are numerous weaknesses. While we commend the conscientious efforts of the several actors, the symmetry of the whole performance, and the expense and pains to which Mr. Daly has put himself to insure its success, we are forced to say that there are members of his company who lack skill in handling Shakespeare language, and others have failed to fully grasp the nature of their characters. Mr. Skinner as Lucentio, while graceful always, does not show to advantage in Shakespeare, for his language does not appear as born of the thought, but as spoken lines; and even Mr. Drew, excellent as his portrayal of Petruchio is in some respects, renders an occasional line stiffly, and his performance of some scenes is extremely tame. We expect here the usual comment—'Mr. Drew's Petruchio is at any rate a gentleman.' This leads us to say that if Shakespeare's Petruchio, body and mind, should be lifted out of the past and placed in our nineteenth century society to play his pranks, we doubt very much his reception as a gentleman; while Mr. Drew does well as a portraiture of a mild—we might say nineteenth century Petruchio—as Shakespeare's Petruchio he is tame. Mr. Booth is frequently seen in *Katharine and Petruchio*, and has been this season, and he is too frequently criticized as offering too coarse a rendering, but a little thought will show that Mr. Booth manifests here as always his intelligent study of character. In the first place Garrick's very much garbled version, entitled *Katharine and Petruchio*, calls into play for the most part only the coarser and assumed side of Petruchio's character and hence does him little justice. This assumption of coarseness and roughness must be, however, borne out to the full, else we lose the whole sense and understanding of some scenes. Hence Mr. Booth's interpretation is correct. His is a Petruchio indeed to tame a shrew and one we can understand. If the coarseness of Petruchio's behavior jars on the over-refined sensibilities of some auditors, it is not Mr. Booth's fault. There, we say, is Petruchio and anything come short of that is tame. It is almost equal to asking for a refined interpretation of Falstaff. Miss Rehan's Katharine is also a little wanting in spirit, and allows herself to be tamed somewhat rapidly for one of her repute. The general uniformity of excellence

of the performance renders the above criticisms apparently severe but just nevertheless, for these two most prominent characters are extreme types and, falling a little short in the portrayal, leave unexplained the far fame of 'Kate the curst,' and the excessive fear of Hortensio who 'would not wed her for a mine of gold,' when simply a little boorishness wins the day. But on the other hand both characters being pitched in an equally lower key, the symmetry of the whole does not suffer, for if Katharine be less shrewish, Petruchio may be tamer. The induction is admirably rendered, particularly on the part of Mr. Gilbert, whose Christopher Sly displays his droll humor at its best. Of the other characters Mr. Lewis as Grumio is excellent, as he always is, and Mr. Bond is particularly noticeable for the easy and natural delivery of the lines of Tranio. Mr. Daly, influenced possibly by tradition, possibly by the necessity of providing for Mrs. Gilbert, has assigned her to the part of Curtis, although the eminent editors agree in considering Curtis a man. We have referred generally to the excellence of the setting, but cannot close without particular notice of the great beauty of scenery, costumes and grouping of the last scene—a really master work of art by Hoyt. On the whole it is an entirely enjoyable performance and well deserves its success.

New York.

W. D. M.

SHAKESPEARIAN RECREATIONS.

Unchain your spirits now with spelling charms.—*King Henry VI.*—

Most gratefully inscribed to Henry Irving, Shakespeare's great expounder.

I.

Sweet singer of the past, still oftenest sung!
Great bard, philosopher, and actor—all!
First dramatist of earth, whose fancy flung
O'er life a relish and o'er death a pall!
To thee we turn when weary of the din
And dire confusion of this sorry sphere
We seek to taste enjoyment without sin,
To smile at wit, with pathos shed a tear.

II.

When lost in love—and who is not so cursed
With mystic madness when the moon is high?—
We challenge Romeo to do his worst
At kneeling, ogling, heaving deepest sigh;
Pleasant it is by proxy thus to woo
While lolling lazily in cushioned chair,
For then a suitor feels by far less blue
And gentle Juliet is always fair.

III.

If morbid and to vapors given o'er
With Hamlet, scorning sleep, we haunt the night
Instead of harrowing friends with bootless bore
Until the foul fiend, routed, wings its flight;
Or haply have a joke with jovial Puck,
With sprightly Ariel soar above the cloud,
Like Bottom please Titania if in luck,
Or sup with Banquo in his bloody shroud.

IV.

What forest is so free from insect sting
As cool Ardennes where Rosalind abides,
And wronged Orlando makes the welkin ring,
And Jaques is bilious whatsoe'er betides?
Delightful thus to revel in the shade
With merry music 'neath the greenwood tree,
To roam in fancy over grass and glade,
And gaily chant a madrigal or glee.

V.

If prone to humor, blatant Falstaff's lacked,
The corpulent creator of rare fun,
That arrant knave who never city sacked,
Of sack sack'ful, too pursy e'en to run;
Away on Gadshill Poin and Pistol shout
For shillings good Dame Quickly's score to pay;
Stout English Hal has given the Welsh the rout
And conquering chanticleer crows loud to-day.

VI.

If tragic, here the green-eyed monster hies
From charnel caverns full of foul intent;
Iago whispers, Desdemona dies,
Othello falls upon his sword unbent:

Coriolanus, Roman to the bone,
With mad Mark Antony strides arm in arm,
While Cæsar stalks, imperial, alone,
By Brutus dogged to do him mortal harm.

VII.

If jilted, brave the storm with aged Lear,
Or scoff with Benedick at womankind;
With Timon snarl a covert cynic's sneer,
Or like the bland Malvolio go it blind;
If reckless, doughty Don Armado slight,
Or romp with Jaquenetta on the green;
With Philip Faulconbridge engage in fight,
Or on the fiery Hotspur vent our spleen.

VIII.

If vengeful, scowling Gloucester has the grasp
To drag us bodily to Bosworth Field,
Or Shylock whets his knife (a common elasp)
And bids us up a pound of sirloin yield;
With Wolsey moralize on weal and woe,
Or plot with red Macbeth to steal a crown
Try taming shrews with bold Petruchio,
Or chaff poor Touchstone, honest, motley clown.

IX.

Manly Mercutio! Sweet Cordelia chaste,
Thy virtues shed a sunshine in the mind!
Shorn of such beauty life were but a waste
For qualities like thine 'tis hard to find.
These images of Shakespeare are not forced,
In memory, gracious, grateful, are they pressed;
As incense from a censer lightly tossed
They rain refulgence on the reader blest.

X.

In scenes of sorrow thence fresh fountains spring
Of faith in frail humanity's great heart;
In hours of happiness such balm they bring
As no Elysian nectar can impart.
That ideal realm is far more real than this
For it abides a boundless precious mine,
While ours with dreary trials, transient bliss,
Buds, blossoms, fruits, and falls, yet leaves no sign.


DAVID GRAHAM, ADEE.

Reviews.

Observations,
Which with experimental seal doth warrant
The tenour of my book.

—*Much Ado About Nothing*, IV, i, 167.

THE AUTHORSHIP OF SHAKESPEARE.

UDGE NATHANIEL HOLMES is not the author of the theory that Bacon wrote the plays attributed to Shakespeare, but he is its most conspicuous advocate and his work the most painstaking and complete summary of the Baconian argument. The latest edition of his book* published nearly a year ago has been prevented, by one mischance or another, from receiving in these pages, the attention to which it was entitled. This however does not matter much, as the first edition was presented to the public twenty years ago. It has been reviewed again, and again, as the various editions have appeared and a summary of its contents is unnecessary for they are familiar to the entire class of Shakespeare readers. Its arguments may therefore be met point by point, without reproducing them.

To a close reader the most noticeable feature of Judge Holmes's book is the evidence which it bears on its face that its author had no confirmed faith in the theory which it advocates, nor in the reasons on which the theory is based. He nowhere asserts that more than a strong probability exists that the theory is founded on truth. In his 'theorem' published in Mr. Wyman's excellent *Bibliography of the Bacon-Shakespeare Controversy*, he says that his book 'undertakes to demonstrate' that Shakespeare did not and that Bacon did write the plays. It gives, he says, facts and circumstances 'which are strongly suggestive' of Bacon as the real author. 'It gives some extensive proof that Bacon was a poet,' and 'it gives some evidence that Bacon

* *The Authorship of Shakespeare*. By Nathaniel Holmes. New and enlarged edition. In two vols. Crown 8vo; (\$4.00) Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin & Co.

was known to be the author by some of his contemporaries.' The volumes of the work are filled with similar conjectural arguments. On page 109 it is said that 'there is nothing remarkable in the fact that a barrister should be a poet'—as if the fact that a barrister might write poetry was proof that Bacon, a lawyer, did write the poetry of Shakespeare! On the next page we are told that 'we may safely imagine' Bacon's object in concealing the fact that he had written poetry and plays. But the truth is, that Bacon, did not conceal the fact that he had written poetry, nor that he had written masques and revels, which are a form of the drama. This certainly demolishes the entire flimsy fabric of inference and presumption based on the passage in Bacon's letter to Davis, relating to 'all concealed poets.' Bacon could not have referred to himself, for he was an avowed, not a concealed, poet. The Baconians also answer this argument themselves when, as one of their reasons for believing that Bacon wrote the plays, they allege that he was the author of poetry and of the light dramatic creations performed at the Court festivals. Of this more hereafter. 'We need not be surprised to learn,' 'it is easy to see,' 'there is nothing improbable in the supposition,' 'there is satisfactory evidence,' (without producing it), and so on to the end—scattered in lavish profusion on the successive pages of the book—are the forms of phraseology in which he clothes what he calls the 'circumstantial evidence' that is 'strongly suggestive' of the correctness of his conclusions.

The weakness of the Baconian theory in all its parts is not only that it rests solely on circumstantial evidence of this nebulous character, but that it rests on circumstantial evidence at all. The nature and availability of circumstantial evidence is well understood. It can be used to establish a conclusion when positive evidence of the facts is absent. But it cannot be used to disprove a fact established by positive evidence, nor to prove an allegation disproved by positive evidence. If a person is found with stolen money in his pockets it will go hard with him in case proof to convict the actual thief cannot be produced. But if there is credible, positive testimony to identify the real thief and to prove that he stole the money, he cannot be acquitted on the circumstances that in some way, by accident or conspiracy the

stolen money had been found on an innocent person. In the case of Shakespeare the direct evidence is abundant and unimpeachable. Ben Jonson, Francis Meres, Leonard Digges, the two actors Heminge and Condell, who published the 1623 edition of Shakespeare's works, these, to go no further, are direct, positive, unequivocal, witnesses of the highest credibility who testify that Shakespeare wrote the plays. Circumstantial evidence as voluminous as the subterfuges and fallacies of those who advocate the Baconian theory cannot cancel nor cloud with doubt a scintilla of this direct proof, nor the great fact it establishes.

But even if circumstantial evidence were available to prove the Baconian theory, that which is produced for the purpose is remarkable alone for its weakness. It is said that the dates when the plays were produced correspond to that portion of Bacon's life in which we can most easily suppose them to have been written by him, being the period of thirty-one years between the time of his coming to the bar, in 1582, and his elevation to the principal law office of the crown, in 1613. It is difficult to say in what terms this absurdity should be characterized. It is gross and palpable. Shakespeare was about the age of Bacon. The period described is that during which he also was in the prime of his powers—when his genius had arrived at its grand maturity and before its brightness had become dimmed by age. He was in daily sight of the world and all that it contained. The book of nature and of mankind was open to his clairvoyant vision. He was an actor and nurtured to the drama. He was an owner of theatres. He was as able and thrifty a man of business as he was gifted in literary capacity. He was profoundly interested in having his stage supplied with the best dramatic productions. It was a period when circumstances, his ambition, and even his necessities, called for the exercise of every power of his transcendent mind to sustain the business enterprises in which he had engaged. On the other hand, during this period Bacon was a studious, hard-working, mercenary lawyer, hunting for cases and fees, intriguing for political preferment, fighting ambitious rivals, occupied by pursuits in every way disconnected from the stage. If there is anything in circumstantial evidence on the

subject, it appears here to prove that Bacon did not write, and that Shakespeare did write the plays.

Again, on page 137 it is said 'there is nothing improbable in the supposition' that Bacon produced the plays 'for the edification of the Virgin Queen,' using for the purpose Shakespeare's theatre, 'which received the royal countenance and protection.' Whatever the 'improbabilities' of the case may be, it is far more probable that Shakespeare himself produced the plays in his own theatre, not only for the edification of the Virgin Queen, but for that of the profitable audiences that gathered to witness them.

On page 166, it is said that 'it is scarcely credible' that Ben Jonson should not have recognized Bacon's hand and genius in Shakespeare's plays. What shall be said to casuistry so feeble and so utterly unfounded as this? In many ways Ben Jonson says that Shakespeare wrote the plays. At intervals for twenty years after Shakespeare's death he reiterated his averment of the fact. He must have been the most prodigious liar and cheat in the history of literary crime if he told this story with damnable iteration, knowing all the time that Bacon was their author. But in making Ben Jonson an unconscious witness to the Baconian theory, the author of the work under review has at least introduced a new feature in the production of 'circumstantial evidence.' It is to first declare that a witness is a prodigy of craft and mendacity, and then to put him on the stand to prove the other side of the case.

As to the Baconian argument of 'parallelisms.' In most cases the alleged parallelisms are purely imaginary. In others they have but the faintest color of accidental similarity. In other cases they are mere commonplaces in use among all the authors of the age. In others they are such resemblances merely as might occur to contemplative minds, in pursuing such universal subjects of thought as the works of nature, the problems of life, the checkered contrariety of human vicissitudes, and the mystery of death. Most funeral sermons resemble each other in thought and language, but it would be as absurd to say that they were all produced by the same preacher who 'borrowed from himself' where inevitable resemblances occur between them, as to say that parallel, but shadowy lines of thought between

two great contemporary students of humanity and philosophy prove that the productions attributed to their different pens must have had but one and the same authorship.

In the section commencing on page 179 Judge Holmes gives the cause, or one of the causes, which he supposes made Bacon protect, as a dangerous or threatening secret, his alleged authorship of the Shakespearian plays. 'The low reputation of a play-writer in that age, and the mean condition of poor poets,' are said to have been the reasons why Bacon concealed his supposed authorship. The hypothesis is bad in every way. Play-writers, at least good play-writers, were not then held in low repute. Referring back again to page 137 it is there said that Shakespeare's theatres, for which, at least nominally Shakespeare provided the plays, were patronized and protected by royalty. One of the best authenticated of the Shakespearian traditions is to the effect that the *Merry Wives of Windsor* was written by command of Queen Elizabeth. Spenser, the poet, was a prime favorite of Elizabeth, and her uncommissioned laureate. Ben Jonson was so highly esteemed that the regular officer of poet laureate was created for his use, with a munificent salary, considering the value of money at that time. A generation after Shakespeare's death, when the frown of puritanism had driven the dramatic stage from England, Milton, the puritan poet, said of Shakespeare he,—

—so sepulchred in such pomp doth lie,
That kings for such a tomb would wish to die.

Neither were poets, even 'poor poets,' in that age held in disrepute. Bacon himself wrote very poor poetry, and published it with ostentation. His rhymed paraphrase of the Psalms of David would, but for its devout spirit, be regarded as ridiculous travesty. Some other shambling verses are attributed to his pen. The list of accepted English poets contains none poorer than Bacon. Yet he rose to the highest official rank and honor. To say that he hid his supposititious authorship of the Shakespearian plays and poems because he was afraid that an avowal of the fact would impair his reputation and hinder his political preferment, is contrary to every fact and circumstance of the case.

Such an hypothesis is also ludicrously inconsistent with another portion, and an important portion, of the same argument. In this theory, as in Gonzalo's Commonwealth, 'the latter end forgets the beginning,' (*Tempest*, II, ii.) It is intimated on page 138 that Bacon produced the play of *Henry VIII.*, with its magnificent tribute to the dead Elizabeth and to her successor, James I., for the purpose of procuring royal favor and advancement in office. The demands of the Baconian theory are contradictory and inexorable. On one page it tells us that Bacon held himself in ambush as the author of the plays because if the fact were known, it would bring him into discredit and defeat the objects of his ambition. On another page it tells us that he wrote one of the plays and produced it on Shakespeare's stage, for the purpose of gaining credit with royalty, and to procure an office which his ambition coveted.

The additional argument that Bacon guarded his alleged authorship of the plays as a secret pregnant with danger to himself, while injecting into them separate scenes, 'parallelisms' from his avowed works, answers itself and covers the whole theory with confusion. Bacon's books were to be procured everywhere. Shakespeare's plays were mouthed to crowded audiences every night at the theatre. If there are parallel passages in the works and in the plays so evident as to betray to this generation the secret that their authorship belongs to the same person, its discovery by his contemporaries would have been inevitable. He had written a book on cyphers, and had explained their interpretation. He had hinted that there were other practicable forms of crypto-grammatic art. He had pointed out to every political rival, to every angry suitor whom he had betrayed for a bribe, to every enemy of whatever character, to every curious critic and ingenious gossip the plain way by which, if the shallow charade existed, it was to be explained. If there was a secret about the authorship of the plays it would have been 'unfolded' by those around him, and would not have been preserved from the search of scholars and critics of every degree for two hundred and forty years.

A crowning absurdity of the Baconian theory is the allegation that Shakespeare's lack of exalted birth, his want of extraordinary culture and the other disadvantages under which he labored in youth render

it improbable that he should have written the plays and poems bearing his name. A single illustration, or 'parallelism' will show the fragility of this part of the argument. The birth and early life of Abraham Lincoln were surrounded with greater obscurity than those of Shakespeare. The parentage of Shakespeare, the time and place of his birth, the period of his school attendance, the fact that he knew 'a little Latin and less Greek' are of established record. The exact time and place of Lincoln's birth are unknown. Whether he was born in lawful wedlock has been disputed. Where he went to school, or whether he went to school at all, is uncertain. He knew nothing of either Latin or Greek. At an age when Shakespeare had entered on the active business and literary pursuits of life in London, Lincoln was splitting rails for meagre day wages in the backwoods of Illinois.

Yet Lincoln, with not a tithe of Shakespeare's early advantages, became a greater lawyer, a greater orator, a greater statesman, and a more astute politician than Bacon, though, of course, not so great a scientist-philosopher. He probably never studied the Inductive Philosophy, but he was a more adroit and skilled inductive reasoner than Bacon. In view of this single instance no casuist can say that Shakespeare's obscured birth and lack of early training render it improbable that he produced the greatest works of dramatic genius in any literature. The history of human greatness since the beginning of time glows on every page with the names of those who, by the force of genius and the power of will, have risen from the lowliest estate to those towering heights on which the sun of fame sheds a flood of everlasting radiance.

But this process is as fatiguing to the mind as kicking against nothing is to the leg so employed. To expose all the fallacies and refute all the assumptions in this work would require a volume of equal or greater size, not that it is difficult to refute them, but because they are as numerous as they are petty. It can only be said that the book does not contain a particle of credible testimony, the record of an authenticated fact nor a plausible argument that casts a cloud on the title of Shakespeare to the authorship of his plays.

There is nothing in the history of the times in which Shakespeare lived, in the eulogies or satires of his contemporaries, in the traditions

of poetry and the stage, in the admitted events of his life, in his own works or the works of others, in what we know of him or do not know of him, that should lead an intelligent mind for a moment to believe that the legend of his authorship is fictitious in any degree or in any sense. There is infinitely less testimony, if less were possible, to prove that Bacon wrote the plays than there is to prove that Shakespeare did not write them. There is absolutely no evidence whatever to prove the truth of the Baconian theory, or of any other theory regarding the Shakespearian plays, except that which attributes their authorship to the illustrious poet of all time in whose name they stand.

E. A. CALKINS.

SHYLOCK, A RACE TYPE.—Take usurers individually and no one of them is that fierce merchant of Venice crying, 'Go, Tubal, fee me an officer, bespeak him a fortnight before; I will have the heart of him if he forfeit.' Take all the usurers together, from the crowd of them is evolved a total—Shylock. Sum up usury, you have Shylock. The metaphor of the people, who are never mistaken, confirms unawares the invention of the poet; and while Shakespeare makes Shylock, the popular tongue creates the bloodsucker. Shylock is the embodiment of Jewishness; he is also Judaism—that is to say, his whole nation, the high as well as the low, faith as well as fraud; and it is because he sums up a whole race, such as oppression has made it, that Shylock is great. The Jews are, however, right in saying that none of them—not even the mediæval Jew—is Shylock. . . . Yet—this is the marvel—the type lives. Were it but an abstraction, men would not recognize it, and would allow this shadow to go its way. . . . A lesson which is a man; a myth with a human face so plastic that it looks at you, and that its look is a mirror; a parable which nudges you; a symbol which cries out 'Beware;' an idea which is nerve, muscle and flesh—which has a heart to love, bowels to suffer, eyes to weep, and teeth to devour or to laugh; a psychical conception with the relief of actual fact, which, if it be pricked, bleeds red,—such is the type.—V. Hugo's *Shakespeare*. Anderson's Translation.

Literary Notes.

When comes your book forth?
Upon the heels of my presentment, sir.

—*Timon of Athens*, I, i, 26.



THE book Victor Hugo, in 1864, dedicated to England, as a glorification of her poet, and addressed to France, as the introduction to an Academy-ruled public, of 'Shakespeare without a muzzle,' or the *Œuvres Complètes de Shakespeare traduites par François Victor Hugo*, is the most bizarre yet glorious piece of literary hospitality that ever a great man of one nation offered another. His own son invites Shakespeare to France, and Hugo *Père* stands in the doorway nobly eager to do the honors. His open-handed welcome is fine, and his glance full of essential sympathy; though it does ignore details, and his every word reveal the polite host's misapprehensions of the every-day customs of the stranger's home life. The comparatively small number of pages devoted exclusively to Shakespeare's life are brim-full of just such wholesale inaccuracies as the enthusiastic tourist will make his talk of after a few days run in a new country. But when broader considerations are reached, then there are cosmopolitan ground principles where his enthusiasm stands him in good stead. In questions as to the nature of art, and of the great magicians of the ideal; in inspiring declarations of the office of power and beauty to serve the humblest uses of humanity and aid its progress; here, the great Frenchman is truly at home, and the sweep of his realization is prodigious. Who does he not invite to meet the English Dramatist, on the common ground of greatness? What, does he not talk of *Apropos de Shakespeare*. All art and all artists are included in the review.

Professor Anderson brings it all before us again in the very fair and effective translation he has just made;—(*William Shakespeare* by

Victor Hugo, trans. by Melville B. Anderson, 16 mo., pp. xxiv & 424; A. C. McClurg & Co. Chicago. 1887. \$2.00.)

No reader should go to this attractive volume to find in it information or guiding advice on Shakespeare, and though here and there are glimpses of insight that make their own mood and show their own fitness, these pages are in the main valuable for their very warm and human ideality. An ideality peculiarly modern, much more intense, and much more democratic in its reach, it may be noted, than was Shakespeare's. In his easy humoring of the populace, and in the fun he never scrupled to poke at the dullness or the stupid rages of the mob there is scarcely anything but a neutral foreshadowing, quite unprophetic, of the ardor for the people which is Hugo's creed.

A concise statement of the sources in legendary record of the Hamlet myth, and of all the traceable links that unite the story of the stalwart hero, who feigned madness for the sake of revenge, with the events of Danish history, together with the legend itself, as Saxo tells it, will be found in a well-printed little pamphlet, *The Legend of Hamlet*, 57 pp., issued by C. H. Kerr & Co., Chicago. (25 cts.) The authorities are not new to the special scholar, but the material for this account was freshly gathered by the late Mr. Hansen during his residence in Elsinore as U. S. Consul, and the account itself may be commended as giving the general reader in cheap and convenient form all the details of interest concerning the old story, which the great Dramatist used mainly as a point of departure.

Part II. of the *Digest Shakespeariana* prepared under the direction of the Shakespeare Society of New York is in press. The completed work will be soon ready for issue, and will form an Index, arranged alphabetically by topics, of English book and pamphlet publications, and magazine papers, on Shakespeare, covering, under certain rules of selection considered advisable, the period from the beginning of interest in the subject of Shakespeare's Life and Work to Jan. 1st, '87. (Paper, Part I, \$1.00; Part II, \$2.00—for review of Part I, see SHAKESPEARIANA, Sep. '86, p. 421.) The Society projects furthermore the issue during the year of an addenda of Ger-

man and Foreign Titles, carried to the same date; and thereafter of annual or semi-annual supplementary Indices to all Shakespearian matter appearing, whether English or Foreign. The scheme is large, but perhaps not so difficult of satisfactory attainment as it might at first seem, for the subject-classification of printed matter is a branch of the Science of the Library which the multiplication of books and magazines is pushing toward the summit of convenience and efficiency, so that in many cases the work is already roughly blocked out, and moreover, in the particular field of Shakespearian bibliography, aside from the old helps, and the recent select bibliography in the last volume of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, there is, notably, the excellent summary of contemporary titles, English and Foreign which Mr. Albert Cohn collects for the Weimar Shakespeare Gesellschaft, and for which the Shakespeare world at large cannot be too grateful. This work and project of the most active, at present, of the American Societies has chosen a most useful ground of exercise, and one in which it seems feasible to reach a serviceable measure of completeness.

Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps proposes to publish for private circulation a monograph on 'The Visits of Shakespeare's Company of Actors to the Provincial Cities and Towns of England,' illustrated by 'Extracts gathered from Corporate Records.'

The attention of students of English,—who do not yet know a strong tool has been beaten into shape for their use, by the joint labor of two of the most accomplished of English Scholars in this Country,—should be called to the Dictionary of Anglo-Saxon words used in Poetry, issued by A. S. Barnes & Co., New York and Chicago. (Price \$3.00.) This work of Professor James A. Harrison, of the Washington and Lee University, and of Professor Wm. Baskervill, of the Vanderbilt University, should be welcome to every student of English to whom Grein's Lexicon is not so available as it would be if it were in English instead of German. Professors Baskervill and Harrison have based their work on Groschop's revise of Grein and have added several new features; an outline of Anglo-Saxon Grammar, and lists of irregular verbs.

The announcement of the publication of a new edition of Dr. Schmidt's Shakespeare-Lexicon should be of the greatest interest to every reader of Shakespeare who has not yet got that indispensable volume of reference on his handiest shelf, and who, moreover, may have found recently that it was not the easiest book to secure. This new issue of his learned work is, as Dr. Schmidt says in his preface, merely a re-impression. 'The first issue being stereotyped, there was scope only for correction of misprints and such small additions as room could be got for by expunging what seemed less important.'

Shakespeare-Lexicon: A Complete Dictionary of all the English words, phrases and constructions in the works of the poet, by Alexander Schmidt, LL.D., Second Edition., Vol. I, A-L, Vol. II, M-Z. Berlin: George Reimer; London: Williams & Norgate; New York: B. Westermann & Co. Paper, 1450 pp., (\$8.80).

A second and enlarged edition of Sir Philip Perring's *Hard Knots in Shakespeare* has been issued by Longmans, Green & Co.

Old and Middle English, by T. L. Kingston Oliphant, M.A., of Balliol College, published in 1878 by Macmillan & Co., is followed by *The New English* by the same author.

Illustrations of Shakespeare, from the stage side of his art, are always timely, and Mr. Austin Brereton knows how to collect material for such a volume of descriptive notes on the plays and players from Betterton to Irving, as is *Scenes and Characters of Shakespeare*, furnished with many engravings, and published by Cassell & Co., London and New York.

Shakespeare is the artist's inspirer as well as the actor's and the reader's, and the illustrations our portfolios and books owe to him are always receiving accessions. But no pictures can be more charming—in truth, scarcely any are as good, as redolent of force and life and meaning, of the intelligence and grace of characterization, as a series of photographs taken of Mr. Augustin Daly's Company in the very act, it seems, of playing *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. No better illustrations of this play need be looked for than these vivid photographs.

Miscellany.

To knit again

This scattered corn into one mutual sheaf.

—*Titus Andronicus*, V, iii, 70.



AMONG the extra lectures delivered in the Columbia Library School of New York were two given Jan. 24th and 31st, by Appleton Morgan, President of the New York Shakespeare Society on 'Shakespeare in Libraries.'

Professor C. T. Winchester, of the Wesleyan University, delivered at Norwich, Conn., on the 8th of Feb., as the final lecture of a series which has awakened great interest, a lecture on '*A Midsummer Night's Dream*,' which was full both of quiet pleasantry and scholarly appreciation.

Professor W. M. Baskervill gives his classes at the Vanderbilt University one-half session, three hours a week almost exclusively to the study of Shakespeare. Shakespeare is offered as an elective also in genuine University work.

At the Montegle Summer Schools the Shakespeare class has been the most popular, and its 50 to 60 members attest the interest Shakespeare study excites in the educational centres of the South.

By the way, Professor Baskervill himself, in the department of *Literature and Education*, which he conducts in the Nashville *Daily American*, is disposed to claim that the attention given in the South to the study of English is greater than that given it in the East. And he notes that 'in Wulker's celebrated work, giving the names and the works of everyone who has done any work at all in Anglo-Saxon, the name of a Harvard or of a Yale graduate, so far as I have been able to determine, does not appear in the book.' The true study of

English, he continues, had its rise in Randolph Macon College, Va., and its author was Professor T. R. Price, at that time Professor of Greek there, now of Columbia College, New York.

Washington's Birthday for the year of 1887 was to have been celebrated in Chicago by a lecture, at the Central Music Hall, on 'American Politics,' but Mr. Lowell surprised the large audience assembled by shifting to Shakespeare for his subject.

On behalf of the Union League Club, Gen. Geo. W. Smith, introducing Mr. Lowell, explained that the address was the first of an annual series under the auspices of the club, the idea being to inaugurate, if possible, a revival of the general recognition of the birthday of Washington, and create among the people a higher political culture. Mr. Lowell on coming forward was greeted with prolonged applause.

Mr. Lowell said he had prepared an address on politics, but had concluded not to deliver it, as he would stand in a delicate position, the club being composed of members of both political parties, and he speaking by custom his mind pretty strongly. I shall therefore, Mr. Lowell continued, ask you to listen to a few words on Criticism and then apply them to the play of *Richard III.*, and to the absence of certain things in that play which seem to indicate to my mind it is not Shakespeare's work. It appears to me that an examination plainly indicates that it is a play which Shakespeare adapted to the stage, making additions, sometimes longer and sometimes shorter, and toward the end he either grew weary of his work or was pressed for time, and left the older author, whoever he was, pretty much to himself.

To say that the audience was greatly surprised is to put the situation mildly. A few people left the hall, but the address received from the majority of the audience close attention, and at its conclusion Mr. Lowell was loudly applauded.

The Chicago papers sharply criticise this criticism of Mr. Lowell's. The *Journal* says that the same line of reasoning might be used to prove that Mr. Lowell did not write the *Biglow Papers*. Professor David Swing, the noted Chicago liberal preacher, also publishes an article for the purpose of refuting Mr. Lowell's conclusions.

Mr. W. H. Wyman's valuable *Bibliography of the Shakespeare-Bacon Controversy* is almost out of print. Two different fires, in which a large part of the edition was destroyed, have contributed to this result, and the demand for the book has done the rest. We hope that Mr. Wyman will soon get out another edition.

ENGLISH ARTISTS AND SHAKESPEARE'S HEROINES.—A number of leading artists have just accepted commissions from the proprietors of the London *Graphic* to paint an important series of pictures, illustrating the chief female characters of Shakespeare. Each artist has, as far as was possible, selected his own subjects. Sir Frederick Leighton, P.R.A., will paint Desdemona; Sir J. E. Millais, R.A., has chosen Lady Macbeth. Mr. Luke Fildes, A.R.A., and Mr. H. Woods, A.R.A., from this intimate knowledge of and sympathy with everything Venetian, have chosen respectively Jessica and Portia. Ophelia falls to the lot of Mr. Marcus Stone, A.R.A., and Juliet to Mr. P. H. Calderon, R.A. Portia, wife of Brutus, is the choice of Mr. L. Alma-Tadema, R.A., whilst Mr. H. Herkomer, A.R.A. is fortunate in securing Titania.

ANECDOTE ATTRIBUTED TO SHAKESPEARE.—Shakespeare having purchased a quantity of wine, and being remiss in payment, the vintner, after repeated applications which gave him the opportunity of being charmed with his company and conversation, told him he would forgive him the debt provided he satisfactorily answered four interrogatories he would propose. To this Shakespeare readily enough consented, and attended the wine merchant on the following morning, when these four questions were made:—1. What pleases God best? 2. What pleases the Devil best? 3. What pleases the world best? And, 4. What pleases me best? To this Shakespeare immediately replied—

God is best pleas'd when men discard their sin;
Satan's best pleas'd when they persist therein;
The world's best pleas'd when you do sell good wine,
And you're best pleas'd when I do pay for mine.

The merchant being thus fully answered, relinquished all claim to his bill against our Bard.—*Shakespeariana Memoranda*, 16th Oct., 1807, by R. B. Wheler, as given in *Stratford Herald*.

BROWNING ON SHAKESPEARIAN CONTROVERSIES.—In a recent catalogue of autographs is the following from Robert Browning to Mackay:—‘M’ch 2, ’81. My few shelves groan already under the dead weight of books about Shakespeare, mostly unexamined. I can not think of adding yours to the number. Besides, the very name of Shakespeare is made a terror to me by the people who just now are pelting each other under my nose, and calling themselves his disciples all the while!’

WALL STREET AND THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.—A friend in New York sends us the following, which is too good to keep out of print, though it may have been printed somewhere already:

I have just heard the following story, which I think you will appreciate. A young man doing business in Wall Street, and moving in at least what calls itself good society, was overheard saying to his sister: ‘Oh, there was the best play performed the other night. I can’t remember the name of it, or who wrote it, but it was all about an old Jew who wanted to get a pound of flesh. The heroine of the piece acted the part of judge. She was very handsome. I haven’t got the story all straight, but anyhow it was splendid! One of the best things I ever saw!’

Wall Street ought to be better posted on literature in its own special line.—MR. ROLFE’S *Shakespeariana* in *Literary World*.

SHAKESPEARIAN SLANG.—The Rochester *Post-Express* charges up another slang phrase to Shakespeare. It says:—

The 144th sonnet closes with this startling couplet:

Yet this shall I ne’er know, but live in doubt,
Till my bad angel fire my good one out.

Shakespeare’s use of card table phrases is no less startling in its modern air, and, so far as is remembered, no one has called attention to Gloucester’s speech in 3 *Henry VI.*, v. i. 42:—

Alas! that Warwick had no more forecast,
But, whiles he thought to steal the single ten,
The king was slyly fingered from the deck.

SELECTED REPRINTS.

A SERIES OF SHAKESPEARE ILLUSTRATIONS

FORMING SUPPLEMENTS TO

SHAKESPEARIANA.

PART III.—PROLEGOMENA ORIGINALLY APPEARING

IN THE FOLIO OF 1632.

ON WORTHY MASTER SHAKE-
SPEARE AND HIS POEMS.



Mind reflecting ages past, whose cleere
And equall surface can make things appeare
Distant a Thousand years, and represent
Them in their lively colours just extent.
To out run hasty time, retrieve the fates,
Rowle backe the heavens, blow ope the iron gates
Of death and Lethe, where (confused) lye
Great heapes of ruinous mortalitie.
In that deepe duskie dungeon to discerne
A royall Ghost from Churles; By art to learne
The Physiognomie of shades, and give
Them suddaine birth, wondring how oft they live.
What story coldly tells, what *Poets* faine
At second hand, and picture without braine
Senseless and souleless showes. To give a Stage
(Ample and true with life) voyce, action, age,
As *Plato's* yeare and new Scene of the world
Them unto us, or us to them had hurld.
To raise our auncient Soveraignes from their herse,
Make Kings his subjects, by exchanging Verse
Enlive their pale trunks, that the present age
Joys in their joy, and trembles at their rage:
Yet so to temper passion, that our eares
Take pleasure in their paine; And eyes in teares
Both weepe and smile; fearefull at plots so sad,
Then laughing at our feare; abus'd, and glad
To be abus'd, affected with that truth
Which we perceive is false; pleas'd in that ruth
At which we start; and by elaborate play
Tortur'd and tickled; by a crab-like way
Time past made pastime, and in ugly sort
Disgorging up his ravaine for our sport——
——while the *Plebian* Impe from lofty throne,
Creates and rules a world, and workes upon
Mankind by secret engines; Now to move
A chilling pittie, then a rigorous love:
To strike up and stroake down, both joy and ire;
To steere th' affections; and by heavenly fire
Mould us anew. Stolne from ourselves——

This and much more which cannot bee exprest,
But by himself, his tongue and his owne brest,
Was *Shakespeare's* freehold, which his cunning braine
Improv'd by favour of the nine fold traine.
The buskind Muse, the Commicke Queene, the graund
And lowder tone of *Clio* ; nimble hand,
And nimbler foote of the melodious paire,
The Silver voyced Lady ; the most faire
Calliope, whose speaking silence daunts.
And she whose prayse the heavenly body chants.

These joyntly woo'd him, envying one another
(Obey'd by all as Spouse, but lov'd as brother)
And wrought a curious robe of sable grave
Fresh greene, and pleasant yellow, red most brave,
And constant blew, rich purple, guiltless white
The lowly Russet, and the Scarlet bright ;
Branch't and embroydred like the painted Spring
Each leafe match't with a flower, and each string
Of golden wire, each line of silke ; there run
Italian workes whose thred the Sisters spun ;
And there did sing, or seeme to sing, the choyce
Birds of a forraine note and various voyce.
Here hangs a mossey rocke ; there plays a faire
But chiding fountaine purled : Not the ayre
Nor cloudes nor thunder, but were living drawne
Not out of common Tiffany or Lawne.
But fine materialls, which the Muses know
And onely know the countries where they grow.

Now when they could no longer him enjoy
In mortall garments pent ; death may destroy
They say his body, but his verse shall live
And more than nature takes, our hands shall give.
In a lesse volumne but more strongly bound
Shakespeare shall breath and speake, with Laurell crown'd
Which never fades. Fed with Ambrosian meate
n a well-lyned vesture rich and neate.

So with this robe they cloath him, bid him weare it
For time shall never staine, nor envy teare it.

The friendly admirer of his
endowments,
I. M. S.

UPON THE EFFIGIES OF MY WORTHY
FRIEND, THE AUTHOR MASTER WILLIAM
SHAKESPEARE, AND HIS WORKS.



Spectator, this Lifes Shaddow is ; To see
The truer image and a livelier he
Turne Reader. But, observe his Comicke vaine,
Laugh, and proceed next to a Tragicke straine,
Then weepe ; So when thou find'st two contraries,
Two different passions from thy rapt soul rise,
Say, (who alone effect such wonders could)
Rare *Shake-speare* to the life thou dost behold.

AN EPITAPH ON THE ADMIRABLE DRAMATICKE
POET, W. SHAKESPEARE.



What neede my *Shakespeare* for his honour'd bones,
The labour of an Age, in piled stones
Or that his hallow'd Reliques should be hid
Under a starre-ypointing Pyramid?
Deare Sonne of Memory, great Heire of *Fame*,
What needst thou such dull witenesse of thy Name?
Thou in our wonder and astonishment
Hast built thy selfe a lasting Monument :
For whil'st to th' shame of slow-endavouring Art
Thy easie numbers flow, and that each part,
Hath from the leaves of thy unvalued Booke,
Those Delphicke Lines with deepe Impression tooke
Then thou our fancy of her selfe bereaving,
Dost make us Marble with too much conceiving,
And so Sepulcher'd in such pompe dost lie
That Kings for such a Tombe would wish to die.

BIBLICAL AND RELIGIOUS ALLUSIONS IN THE
PLAY OF RICHARD II.



F, in the play of *Richard II.*, Shakespeare had designed to define the limitations of the doctrine of the divine right of kings, he could hardly have been more explicit.

The powers that be are ordained of God—they are sovereigns by the grace of God, but justice and truth are the habitations of His throne, and king and peasant alike must obey the eternal laws of the King of kings. When they are trampled upon by anybody, the friendship, aid, and support of the great Ruler are forever forfeited.

The rise and progress of the sect of the Lollards had a great deal to do with the prevalence of these opinions. Their chief doctrine was personal accountability to God—their armor, Wicliffe's Bible. Neither church, priest, nor pope, could interpose between the soul and its God. With ever increasing numbers, until every third person you met was a Lollard, they fought against the corruptions of the church, and the wealth and luxury of the clergy. Among its devoted adherents were John of Gaunt and the Earl of Salisbury, while they enjoyed the toleration of Richard, and the patronage of his first queen—Anne of Bohemia.

In the midst of this religious ferment the play opens, and we have first a bitter quarrel, in which the astute and politic Bolingbroke plots indirectly against the king by accusing Norfolk, the true and faithful friend, of murder and treachery.

Notice his impressive appeal, his pious perjury cannot be surpassed in modern times, 'Heaven be the record to my speech, and for what I speak my body shall make good upon the earth, or my divine soul answer it in Heaven.' He seems to have no doubt that his 'divine

soul' shall have a first-class chance in that august tribunal. Norfolk retorts, 'God and all good men hate so foul a liar' (Scripture truth that), and goes on to declare his innocence, although he owns to attempting the life of the Lord of Lancaster. However, he says he confessed, and obtained absolution, and received the sacraments, and according to the easy conscience of the times thus squared all accounts 'twixt Heaven and earth.

Bolingbroke must have learned of the first murder which stained the fresh and innocent earth, for he speaks pathetically of the eloquent blood of Abel, and its striking likeness to the Duke of Gloster's ruddy streams.

In the interview between the Duchess of Gloster and Old Gaunt (I, ii), Old Gaunt refuses to espouse her cause, but lazily shuffles it off on the Almighty,—

God's is the quarrel ; for God's substitute,
His deputy anointed in His sight,
Hath caused his death : the which, if wrongfully,
Let Heaven revenge,—

and then magnanimously commends her 'to God, the widow's champion and defence.' When the two combatants enter the lists for mortal combat (I, iii), their appeals to Heaven are as plentiful as those of a Lollard prayer-meeting. The Marshal says,—'In God's name and the King's, say who thou art.'

Norfolk replies :—

My name is Thomas Mowbray
Which God defend a knight should violate! . . .
And by the grace of God and this mine arm,
To prove him
A traitor to my God, my King, and me.

Bolingbroke says :—

Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby
Am I ; who ready here do stand in arms,
To prove by God's grace
That he's a traitor
To God of Heaven, King Richard, and to me.

Old Gaunt prays :—

God in thy good cause make thee prosperous !

While the heralds declare they both stand there for their God and sovereign. When the King interferes in this delectable business of killing each other, their disappointment knows no bounds. Bolingbroke says, regretfully:—

Norfolk,

By this time had the King permitted us,
One of our souls had wandered in the air,

thus showing his belief in the soul's separate existence. Norfolk refuses to confess a crime he has never committed, and exclaims with visions of the great judgment day rising before him—

If ever I were traitor,
My name be blotted from the book of life,
And I from Heaven banished.

In the fourth scene of the first act, hearing of Old Gaunt's serious illness, King Richard offers an extraordinary, but evidently sincere prayer—

Now put it God, in the physician's mind,
To help him to his grave immediately!

evidently believing in the efficacy of second causes.

Notice again how, in the first scene of the second act, the dying Gaunt in that lofty description of his beloved England, speaks of her as renowned

For Christian service and true chivalry,
As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry,

and emphasizes his belief in the atonement when he refers to 'the world's ransom, blessed Mary's Son.'

When Bushy and Green, the King's sycophants, are told they must die (III, i), we hear no whining—

My comfort is, that Heaven will take our souls,
And plague injustice with the pains of hell:
a faith worthy of a better cause.

The handsome ease-loving King returns from Ireland to find a disaffected country and a tottering throne. Carlisle assures him (III, ii)

That Power that made you king,
Hath power to keep you king in spite of all.

Poor Richard finds himself in the woods, and whistles to keep up his courage. 'Who's afraid,' says he,—

Not all the water in the rough, rude sea,
Can wash the balm off from an anointed king,—

and then, with the vision of the twelve legions of angels which the Father has in reserve for the protection of his beloved Son, he adds:—

God for his Richard has in heavenly pay
A glorious angel : then, if angels fight,
Weak man must fall ; for Heaven still guards the right.

Every word shows his conviction of the unity of his cause with God's. When told of the treachery of some of his friends, he exhausts his vocabulary by calling them the 'three Judases.'

Terrible hell make war
Upon their clotted souls for this offence!

In the third scene of the third act, when he finds himself in the presence of Bolingbroke, Northumberland, and others, his waiting eyes are still unto Heaven—

Yet know, my master, God omnipotent,
Is mustering in His clouds, on our behalf,
Armies of pestilence.—

evidently remembering the intervention of Jehovah in wrenching his chosen people from the grasp of Pharaoh.

In the first scene of the fourth act, when Bolingbroke speaks of his magnanimous resolve to recall Norfolk, Carlisle tells him it is too late; he briefly sketches the Christian soldier, whose pure soul has 'gone unto his Captain Christ, under whose colors he has fought so long.'

Bolingbroke replies with the most engaging resignation, 'Sweet peace conduct his sweet soul to the bosom of good old Abraham,' the reference undoubtedly being to our Lord's parable of Lazarus. The Bishop stands nobly by his King, calls him

the figure of God's majesty,
His captain, steward, deputy elect,
Anointed, crowned, planted many years,

and prophesies dire disaster, and a new name for happy England—it is a Scriptural name, Golgotha, or the place of skulls. But all is of

no avail. Richard finds the divine right of kings a man of straw, his own unworthiness proves an impassable barrier to even the help of Heaven. In pathetic strains he laments his loneliness.—

So Judas did to Christ: but he, in twelve,
Found truth in all but one; I in twelve thousand none.

Further on he notes the strong resemblance of some of his friends to the old Governor of Judea—

Though some of you, with Pilate, wash your hands,
Showing an outward pity; yet you Pilates
Have here delivered me to my sour cross,
And water cannot wash away your sin.

—IV, i, 239.

The venerable York, when describing the entry of the two cousins into London, shows his strong belief in an over-ruling Providence.

Then had not God, for some strong purpose, steel'd
The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted, . . .
But Heaven hath a hand in these events.

—V, ii, 34.

At last the pliable Richard is safely landed in a dungeon; he soliloquizes in a sweet and touching melancholy over his hard condition; speaks of the difficulty of thoughts of things divine; and says:—

It is as hard to come, as for a camel
To thread the postern of a small needle's eye.

—V, v, 16.

His meditations are rudely broken, he has to fight for his life; slaying two in self-defence, he falls by the hand of a third, with the words—

Mount, mount, my soul! thy seat is up on high;
Whilst my gross flesh sinks downward, here to die;

—V, v, 112.

In this play, which has been called the first and most admirable of the historical plays, one cannot but perceive how thoroughly it is saturated with the religious spirit and opinions of the time. The people were evidently beginning to think for themselves. We have not far to go for the reason of this profound change.

The word of God had been given to the people in their native tongue. One writer says that, in every town and hamlet in England, bibles

were to be seen chained to lecterns in public places. The people read with wonder and delight the pastoral poems of the Pentateuch, the songs of David, the visions of the prophets, and the stories of the New Testament. Whether they were interested in theology or not, it permeated their speech, and influenced their lives. This is especially noticeable in *Richard II.* But, after all, our Shakespeare remains first and last a poet. The spirit of prophecy never possesses him. Already the dawn of the glorious Reformation was beginning to flush the eastern horizon, but having eyes he saw not; already a few sweet notes were ringing out on the expectant air, which ere long would swell from a thousand throats the great chorus of liberty, but having ears he heard not. As has been truly said, 'Man and man's nature remains to the last the one inexhaustible subject of Shakespeare.'

ANNA E. HENION.

THE GUNTHER FOLIO AND AUTOGRAPH.

175 DEARBORN ST., CHICAGO, December 6th, 1886.

C. F. GUNTHER, ESQ.,

DEAR SIR:—



AT the request of the Shakespeare Society of New York, I some time ago endeavored to investigate the early history of the copy of the second folio edition of Shakespeare's works (1632) now owned by you, which copy has an inscription upon one of the fly-leaves, signed 'John Ward' and pasted to which leaf there is a strip of paper bearing the name 'William Shakspeare.'

It seems to me proper that the results of such investigation should be communicated to you, and I, therefore, take this method of doing so.

Attached to the book is a letter dated 'Bath, Feb. 16, 1839,' signed

'Charles Godwin,' and addressed to 'Dr. Charles Severn,' in which the writer refers to 'the autographs of Ward and Shakespeare,' and, mentioning a volume which was sent with the letter, says: 'You will perhaps be of opinion that the volume once belonged to the John Ward whose books and records you have.'

In 1839 there was published in London a book entitled *The Diary of Rev. John Ward, A.M., Vicar of Stratford-upon-Avon—extending from 1648 to 1679—arranged by Charles Severn, M.D.*

On page 33 of this work occurs the following passage: 'In a copy of the folio edition of his (Shakespeare's) works, formerly in the possession of the Rev. J. Ward, "W. Shakspeare" is written on a slip pasted in, probably a genuine autograph obtained by Mr. Ward.' It, therefore, appeared that, if the letter addressed to 'Dr. Charles Severn,' signed 'Charles Godwin' and attached to your volume was a genuine document, you unquestionably had in your possession the identical volume referred to by Dr. Severn in his publication, and that the slip attached to your book, and bearing the name 'William Shakspeare,' was the one which Dr. Severn thought to be 'probably a genuine autograph' of Shakespeare's. Mr. Godwin's letter requests that the volume be returned to him through Messrs. Hamilton, Adams & Co., 33 Paternoster Row, London. That firm is still engaged in business at the same place, and an inquiry addressed to them as to Mr. Godwin, elicited the reply:—

He has been dead many years. Our old ledgers show him to have been a highly respectable bookseller at Bath, who bought largely from us, and for whom we acted as agent. After ten years we destroy old orders, but if you like to send us a tracing of the letter, we will put it before a gentleman who was well acquainted with Mr. Godwin's handwriting, and who describes it as a neat, small hand, generally written with a thick pen. Mr. Godwin's son became Librarian to the Marquis of Bute, and he may possibly hold that position now.

A photograph of Mr. Godwin's letter was then sent to Messrs. Hamilton, Adams & Co., who forwarded it to Mr. John Stark of 12 Busby Place, Camden Road, N. W., London, who returned it with the following comment:—

In returning you the 'photo,' I've no hesitation whatever in recognizing the handwriting to be that of the late Charles Godwin of

Bath, and the fact of my seeing so much of his correspondence with your firm, spreading over years, will entitle me to be an authority.

Inquiries made in Bath, through the kindness of Mr. Alfred Allen, editor of *The Journal of Microscopy and Natural Science*, also developed the facts that Mr. Charles Godwin had been a bookseller in Milsom street, Bath, and a man of literary repute; that on retiring from business he went to Barnstaple, a small seaport town in Devonshire, and afterwards came to live in Norfolk Crescent, Bath; and that his son was still the Librarian of the Marquis of Bute.

The evidence, therefore, seems to be conclusive that the letter attached to your book was written by a reputable and well-known bookseller to Dr. Severn, and that the book accompanying it was the one referred to by the latter in his edition of the *Rev. John Ward's Diary*.

It now seemed desirable to learn, if possible, whether Dr. Severn was correct in his supposition that the attestation in the volume signed 'Jno. Ward,' was in the handwriting of the Vicar of Stratford-upon-Avon of that name.

By the courtesy of Mr. Richard Savage, Librarian of Shakespeare's Birth-place at Stratford-upon-Avon, we were furnished with a careful tracing of a specimen of the Vicar's handwriting, including his signature. This demonstrated the fact that the memorandum in your book was not in his handwriting.

My attention was, however, called to the fact that in the year 1748 the Stratford bust of Shakespeare was carefully repaired, and the original coloring as far as possible preserved or restored, at the expense of Mr. John Ward, the grandfather of Mrs. Siddons. His theatrical company performed *Othello* at the Old Town Hall, Stratford, in September, 1746, and the proceeds of the entertainment he gave for the above object.

It seemed not impossible that he might have been the John Ward who once owned your book. Upon application to Mr. J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps, it appeared that in his matchless collection he had the original correspondence between this Mr. John Ward and the authorities of Stratford-upon-Avon as to the entertainment above mentioned.

We sent him a photograph of the memorandum contained in your book, and he sent us a tracing of some of the writing of this John Ward, the eighteenth-century actor, and not only Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps but all who have seen and compared the two specimens are unanimous in the conclusion that the handwriting is unquestionably the same. It certainly cannot be reasonably imagined that a copy of the second folio was 'cooked,' to correspond with the one described by Dr. Severn in his preface, for fraudulent purposes. For, even if a motive could have existed anywhere for such a proceeding, the fact that Dr. Severn himself was deceived by imagining the signature of John Ward, the actor, to be that of John Ward, the vicar, would instantly have exposed the fraud.

Your book contains a number of annotations signed 'C. L.' in some cases, and with the name 'Charles Lomax,' in full, in others. One of these is dated 1781, showing that the book was at that time in his possession.

Through the son of the late Mr. Charles Godwin, we learned that, although he was but nine years of age at the date of his father's letter, 1839, he remembered having heard the book frequently mentioned, and at that time it belonged to the Rev. Iltid Thomas of 5 Camden Place, Bath, and that Mr. Thomas and Mr. Godwin made many inquiries as to the autograph pasted in the book; and that it was finally sent to London and sold for a small sum of money.

It was found that the Rev. Iltid Thomas left several children, among them a son named *Charles Lomax Thomas*, who was a clergyman, who held a living at or near Bradford in Yorkshire, and who died there some years ago.

Another son was found who stated that 'Charles Lomax' was the name of his maternal grandfather. It would, therefore, appear that the book was in the possession of a member of the family in 1781, and was still in the possession of the family in 1839, and that the possessors then knew nothing as to how the slip bearing the name of 'William Shakspeare' became pasted in the book.

These facts would seem to remove all possibility that the signature can have been one of the Ireland forgeries, as it does not seem prob-

able that such a book would pass from Mrs. Thomas' family to Mr. Ireland's possession and then back again to the family formerly owning it, while there was no recollection of such a fact by any of the members of the family and when the fact, if it had occurred at all, must have occurred but a few years before. Moreover, the signature has none of the peculiarities of the Ireland forgeries, and I believe that few would think of classing it with them.

In this statement, I have endeavored to avoid everything that could well be the subject of controversy or difference of opinion. The facts that have been proved in regard to your book, beyond all controversy, show that some time during the last century it was the property of a well known actor, named John Ward, who was one of the first to take any interest in the personal relics of Shakespeare; that in 1781 it belonged to a certain Charles Lomax, and that in 1839 it had descended by the death of a former owner to the Rev. Iltid Thomas, of Bath, whose wife's father was named Charles Lomax. That the Rev. Mr. Thomas consulted Mr. Charles Godwin, a well-known bookseller of Bath, as to the book, and that the latter sent it for examination to Dr. Charles Severn, who was preparing the diary of the Rev. John Ward, once Vicar of Stratford-upon-Avon for publication.

Dr. Severn arrived at the erroneous conclusion that the inscription in the book had been made by the Vicar, and so stated in his publication. There seems every reason to believe that the slip was pasted in the book prior to the beginning of this century, and the probability is very strong that it was John Ward, the actor, who placed it there.

Two theories may be entertained as to the signature:

One, that John Ward, who evidently took a great interest not only in Shakespeare, but in his personal relics, may have obtained some letter or legal document bearing Shakespeare's signature, and cut the autograph off and pasted it in his copy of Shakespeare's works for preservation. This theory is strengthened by the fact that he is almost the first man who visited Stratford-upon-Avon with such a

strong personal interest in Shakespeare's personality as to be likely to make a diligent search for such a relic, and by the further fact that from Mr. Godwin's letter it appears that a *seal* formerly accompanied the book, and was supposed to be connected with the signature. So much might be urged in favor of this view, that—however easy it may be to doubt—it will appear upon investigation that there are as many difficulties in doubting as in believing it.

The other theory is that John Ward, having failed to find a genuine signature of the poet, took some opportunity to copy the last signature of the poet's will, and pasted this in his book as some little memento, even if a poor one, of the great dramatist. This would, of course, be done only for his own satisfaction, and without any thought of deceiving any one else in regard to it. Nothing but a careful comparison, by experts, of the signature in your book with that appended to Shakespeare's will, can definitely settle the question as to which of these two theories is true. I cannot pretend to be an expert in a comparison of signatures, and do not wish to express any opinion on the subject, as most of those who may examine the book will probably be at least as competent as myself to come to a correct conclusion on the subject.

Leaving this question in abeyance for the present, I believe that it is fully proved :

I. That the copy of the Second Folio now in your possession, is the one referred to by Dr. Severn in his Preface to his Edition of Ward's Diary, published in London in 1839 ;

II. That there is no presumption—and no claim possible—that a fraud or forgery has ever been attempted on the part of anybody in connection with your copy of the Second Folio ;

III. That the slip pasted on the fly leaf of your copy of the Second Folio was so pasted there prior to the beginning of the present century.

Yours very truly,

E. P. VINING.

I concur in the statements made in the within letter, and in each and all of Mr. Vining's three conclusions therein arrived at.

New York, Dec. 10, 1886.

APPLETON MORGAN.

RECENT SHAKESPEARE-BACON LITERATURE.

III.

- 323 RECENT SHAKESPEARE-BACON LITERATURE. By W. H. WYMAN.
In *Shakespeariana*, Philadelphia, for March, April, and July,
1886. In all, 24 pages. Unc.

The three articles above form a continuation of the *Bacon-Shakespeare Bibliography*, and include Titles 256 to 322, all that were published in *Shakespeariana* in 1886. They are titled here for purposes of reference.

- 324 SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS. Chapter VII of E. A. HITCHCOCK'S *Remarks on the Sonnets of Shakespeare*. 8vo. New York, 1865. Unc.

This title belongs, chronologically, to the original Bibliography, but was not discovered in time for insertion in it.

General Hitchcock refers to this question only on pages 87 to 89. We quote:

'The author of these *Remarks* had the pleasure of being well acquainted with the late talented and most unfortunate Miss Bacon, prior to the publication of her volume on the works of Shakespeare, and while her peculiar views were germinating in her mind. He had much conversation at the time with that accomplished lady, and heard with more curiosity, as he confesses, than interest, some of her opinions. He remembers particularly that *Midsummer Night's Dream* was one of the dramas selected by Miss Bacon for illustrating her theory, not indeed as to the authorship of the dramas, but as to their interior signification. He has, however, no distinct recollection of her interpretation of the plays, nor has he read her volume on the subject subsequently published. The writer remembers that she attributed the plays to Lord Bacon, and was of the opinion that the dramas, or some of them, were designed to express certain philosophic opinions in esoteric form, that form being selected because the age would not tolerate an open publication of them. In this connection it is proper to refer to the 66th Sonnet, which contains an enumeration of the many evils of the time, among which one was that Art was tongue-tied by authority; which may be thought some confirmation of Miss Bacon's views.'

- 325 NOTES AND QUERIES. London.

a—Review of Mrs. Pott's *Premus*, 6th Series, Vol. VII, pp. 359-60, May 5, 1883.

b—Review of Wyman's *Bibliography*, 6th S. X, 19, July 5, 1884.

c—Review of Mrs. Dall's *What We Really Know About Shakespeare*, 7th S. I, pp. 99-100, January 30, 1886.

d—Query. *Did Francis Bacon Write Shakespeare?* From Alfred Gatty, D. D. 7th S. I, p. 289, April 10, 1886.

- e—Four answers to the above, by A. Hall, M. H. A. V., Este, and E. E. B. 7th S. I, pp. 397-8, May 15, 1886. *Unc.*

The remarks on the *Promus* and *Bibliography* are decidedly unfavorable, and each is sharply criticized. Mrs. Dall's book is more favorably mentioned.

This completes the record of all mention in *Notes and Queries* up to the present time

- 326 WHO WAS THE AUTHOR OF SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS? By FRANZ LUDWIG LEHMANN. In the *Argus*, Bath, England, January 9, 1886. 2 columns. *Pro-Sh.*

Herr Lehmann, treating the Sonnets as autobiographical, instances Sonnet XXIX as one that, with its complaint against fate, could not have been written by Bacon.

- 327 BACON VERSUS SHAKESPEARE. By R. M. THEOBALD. In the *Era*, London, March 7, 1886. Answered by J. G. WALLER, in same paper, March 28, 1886. 1 column each. *Unc.*

Mr. Theobald instances 'the mass of facts accumulated' in support of the Baconian theory, and regards it as proven. One point that Mr. Waller makes is this: 'Bacon was a scholar in the usual acceptation of the term. In that sense, Shakespeare was not.' In evidence of it, he calls attention (from Farmer's book) to the fact that Shakespeare follows literally the errors in the translations, such as 'Lydia' for 'Libya,' and 'this side Tiber,' for 'beyond the Tiber,' errors which it was utterly impossible that Bacon could have adopted.

- 328 THE BACON CIPHER. An account of a lecture by Hon. IGNATIUS DONNELLY, before the Hermean and Delta Sigma Literary Societies of the University of Minnesota. In the *Tribune*, Minneapolis, Minn. June 1, 1886. *Anti-Sh.*

Mr. Donnelly says:

'Francis Bacon said it was wrong to speak of the ancient ages as the old ages of the world. They were the childish ages. To-day is the old age. We are justified in attacking former beliefs by the fact that all human progress is based on exploded human error. Every advance has had to face the prejudices of the day.'

In this lecture, Mr. Donnelly did not confine himself to the cipher, but gives a general résumé of the arguments in favor of Bacon.

NOTE.—Mr. ROLFE has a two-column article, *News from Donnelly*, in the *Literary World* of June 20, 1886.

In the *Terre Haute*, Ind., *Daily Express* of August 29, 1886, is an article on *The Donnelly Cipher* by Mr. HORACE B. JONES. It gives a summary of Mr. Donnelly's claims, with a short account of the drama and stage in the days of Shakespeare. The writer seems to favor the cipher theory.

- 329 MR. DONNELLY AND HIS WONDERFUL CIPHER. By W. H. W. [W. H. WYMAN.] In the *Commercial Gazette*, Cincinnati, June 4, 1886. 1½ columns. *Pro-Sh.*

This communication is written from the supposed standpoint of a printer and proof-reader. The writer gives a statement of the errors in pagination of the *First Folio* (which is made the basis of the cipher), and claims that, self-evidently, they are ordinary blunders of the printer, such as were very common in the books of that day.

Further, that the irregular use of capitals, brackets, hyphens and italics were a part, only, of the utter carelessness shown in every page of this abominably-printed book, and that for their use, or misuse, 'there seems to have been no known rule, except in the will of the compositor, or the want or surplusage of material.'

The main point of the article, however, is that a cipher such as Mr. Donnelly outlines was a mechanical, or typographical impossibility—that it was equally so, whether, as Mr. D. suggests, the cipher was first inserted in the manuscript to be reproduced in type, or whether it was inserted in the printed and numbered page from the proof. The latter the writer regards as by far the least impracticable of the two, but either one is hedged in by so many typographical difficulties, in view of its elaboration and its mathematically exact requirements, that no practical printer would believe in its possibility.

- 330 WHO WROTE THE PLAYS ASCRIBED TO SHAKESPEARE? The substance of Lectures on the Bacon-Shakespeare Controversy, by CHAS. H. HIGGINS, M.D. Liverpool: Henry Young, 12 South Castle street, 1886. Pamphlet, 8vo. pp. 54. *Pro-Sh.*

These lectures were delivered by Dr. Higgins before the literary societies of Birkenhead and Penrith. The first was devoted to showing the impossibility of Lord Bacon's connection with the plays; the second, to proving that they were the work of William Shakespeare. In the latter, amongst other reasons, the writer instances the contemporary evidence, the testimony offered by his early poems as to his ability, his familiarity with rural life in all its aspects, and the frequent use of Warwickshire names and phrases.

A full account of the lectures is found in the *Advertiser*, Penrith, England, Nov. 17 and 24, 1885.

- 331 WHO WROTE DICKENS? In *Macmillan's Magazine*, London, for June, 1886. 4 pp. *Pro-Sh.*

This is a travesty on the Baconian claim, the writer assuming the same line of argument and supposition to show that the novels of Dickens were written by Mr. Herbert Spencer. The illustrations and parallelisms are mainly from *Pickwick*.

In this connection, it may be mentioned that a recent number of the *Saturday Review*, February 5, 1887, contains an amusing poetical notice of a pamphlet *Wer Schrieb das Novum Organon*, by Herr Eugen Reichel, to prove 'that Bacon did not write the *'Novum Organum,'* but stole it from some Originalverfasser, and spoilt it in the stealing.' (Stuttgart: Bonz. London: Nutt.)

- 332 JOURNAL OF THE BACON SOCIETY. No. 1. Published periodically. London: June, 1886. 8vo. pp. 35. *Anti-Sh.*

This pamphlet opens with an account of the formation of the Bacon Society at No. 81, Cornwall Gardens, London, on 18th December, 1885. The objects of the Society are stated to be *first*, to study the works of Francis Bacon, his character, life, etc., and *second*, to investigate his supposed authorship of Shakespearean or other works unacknowledged by him. The officers are William Henry Smith, President; Mr. Alaric A. Watts, Vice-President; Mr. Henry Pott, Honorary Treasurer; Mr. Francis Fearon, Honorary Secretary; with a Committee of Management of seven members.

At a subsequent meeting, April 15, 1886, Dr. R. M. Theobald read a paper on *Bacon*, as viewed by his *Biographers*, highly eulogistic of Lord Bacon.

Mrs. Pott also read a paper on *Mr. Donnelly's Shakespeare Cipher*. In this, the writer gives a very complete account of Mr. Donnelly's claims, but takes care not to commit the Society to them in advance. A short extract:

'We await Mr. Donnelly's disclosures with eager interest, but we are not yet in a position to endorse them. The topic is ours; and if Mr. Donnelly makes good his professions, we shall share in his triumph, and accept him as our most distinguished ally. But Mr. Donnelly's chickens are not yet hatched, and we must decline the responsibility of tabulating the statistics of his poultry-farm before the process of incubation is completed. * * * * * We are apparently on the eve of a great literary discovery, and although the Baconian authorship of Shakespeare does not

depend upon any one proof, however forcible, yet nothing so conclusive has yet appeared, and we know very well that as soon as the cipher disclosure is complete, all other Baconian researches will take a new place in the public estimation.'

- 333 BURTON-SHAKESPEARE. A NEW GUESS. By G. W. S. [GEO. W. SMALLEY.] In the *Tribune*, New York, June 20, 1886. 1 column.
Pro-Sh.

In Mr. Smalley's London letter, he calls attention to a new aspirant for Shakespearian honors. This is founded upon the following advertisement, which appeared in several numbers of the London *Times*. We take it from the issue of June 4, 1886.

NOTICE.—Burton—Shakspeare.—ROBERT BURTON, having been in all probability the author of the writings known as Shakspeare's, all BOOKS, &c., used by him will have a peculiar value, and should be carefully PRESERVED.—Mulum in Parvo.

Just one year before this, on June 2, 1885, a communication appeared in the *Tribune*, Denver, Colorado, *Who Wrote Shakespeare?* (See title 309.) It was signed, as the advertisement is, 'Mulum in Parvo,' and advocated the claims of Robert Burton. Probably they were from the same source.

- 334 SHAKESPEARE, BACON, MOSES, AND THE CIRCULATION OF THE BLOOD. In the *Commercial Gazette*, Cincinnati, July 11, 1886. 2 columns. EVOLUTIONS OF SHAKESPEARE—GROWTH OF THE PLAY OF HAMLET. In same paper, August 28, 1886, 3 columns.
By S. R. R. [S. R. REED.] *Pro-Sh.*

The first of these papers was brought out by a letter of Mr. Duff G. Reed, of Washington, printed in the *New York Sun* of July 4, 1886. This letter and the answer to it discuss the question as to whether the author of the plays knew of the circulation of the blood, previous to its announcement by Harvey, and as to its bearing on the question of the authorship.

The paper on the *Growth of Hamlet* is an elaboration of the difference between the *Hamlets* of 1603 and 1604—a difference unexplained by any theory as to the authorship, but giving some color to the statement that Shakespeare, the theatre-proprietor, 'kept a poet.'

'Self-evidently, the play that was printed in 1603 had come under the hand of a man of great poetical genius as printed in 1604—a genius not so much for ideas as for the euphonious selection of words, and for their musically flowing arrangement, and for taking an idea crudely expressed and transforming it into a grander and more artificial expression and a more poetic form.'

- 335 THE MYSTERY OF SHAKESPEARE REVEALED. SIR FRANCIS BACON THE REAL AUTHOR. By WILLIAM HENRY CHURCHER. Detroit, 1886. 8vo. pp. 110. *Anti-Sh.*

The writer announces in his introduction that he has two objects in view: *first*, to discover the truth in regard to Shakespeare's authorship; and *second*, to assist in removing the blot upon the fame of Bacon. He derives his information entirely from the plays and the works of Bacon, having had no opportunity to read any of the works on the disputed authorship. His ideas are therefore original, and such as have not hitherto been met with in these discussions. One of these is that the dash, or line over a letter, which was used in the First Folio to denote the omission of the letter which should follow it, was placed there by Bacon to conceal a hidden meaning.

'The self-conceit of the author is equalled only by his ignorance, which is something stupendous.' Mr. ROLFE, *Literary World*, Nov. 11, 1886.

- 336 THE SAGE OF NININGER. A VISIT TO IGNATIUS DONNELLY. In the *Tribune*, Chicago, September 13, 1886. 4 columns. Also THE MINNESOTA AUTHOR CLAIMS THE CONTROVERSY IS SETTLED. In same paper, Sept. 25, 1886. 1½ columns. *Anti-Sh.*

The first is an interview with Mr. Donnelly in his country home. The explanation of the cipher is much the same as given in former articles. After explaining that his work was practically completed, only needing retouching here and there, a preface and a title-page, Mr. Donnelly 'then drew from their hiding-place four large bundles of cleanly written manuscript, neatly bandaged off into chapters. The writing is bold and clear—excellent copy for the printer. There are few erasures. Mr. Donnelly at once began to describe the form of his book. It will consist, he said, of four parts. The first part is intended to prove that Shakespeare could not possibly have written the plays; the second part to prove that Bacon did write them; the third part will consist of parallel passages from the plays and the works of Bacon, which will indicate identity of thought, style, composition, feeling, knowledge, purpose, and of language to express the same ideas; the fourth part contains a full elucidation of the cipher which, he says, will prove conclusively that Bacon claims, in the plays themselves, their authorship.'

In the article of Sept. 25, there is contained a memorandum (furnished the *Tribune* by Mr. Donnelly) of proof of the existence of a *Cipher* in the second part of *Henry IV*, showing how he arrived at the words 'found out.'

This memorandum is reproduced in SHAKESPEARIANA for February, 1887, pp. 94-5. A short article by Mr. JOHN BANFIELD doubting the correctness of the computation can be found in the same number, pp. 69-71.

- 337 HISTORY OF THE SHAKESPEARE-BACON CONTROVERSY. By E. A. CALKINS. In the *Times*, Chicago, Dec. 25, 1886. 2 columns. *Pro-Sh.*

Col. Calkins gives a short and succinct history of the controversy from its inception to the present time. In summing it up he characterizes it as 'A Discussion for Lawyers,' and calls attention to the fact that nearly all the eminent men who have adopted the Baconian theory are lawyers, and that a vigorous *esprit de corps* has much to do with it. We give the closing paragraph:

'Intellectual pride has also much to do with this phenomenon. A good lawyer instinctively loves a bad cause for the sake of making the best of it. Many of the greatest lawyers that ever lived have lost cases of the greatest magnitude through their ambition to pile up a splendid fabric of logic and argument in preference to building a more humble but more secure structure of plain law based on low but solid facts. E. G. Ryan and Matt. H. Carpenter both possessed this singular weakness and obliquity of mind. It was to them, as to many other distinguished advocates, a fascinating object to'

Make the worse appear
The better reason, to perplex and dash
Maturest counsels.'

To the names of Messrs. Ryan and Carpenter, the author might have added that of Hon. Geo. B. Smith—all residents of Wisconsin in contemporary practice, and all decided Baconians.

- 338 DELIA BACON'S CRAZE. THE FACTS IN THE CASE. Anonymous. [By G. O. SEILHAMER.] In the *Times*, Philadelphia, December 26, 1886. 4 columns. *Pro-Sh.*

A lengthy article, with a general review of the controversy, but principally in regard to the episode in Miss Bacon's life described in Miss Catharine E. Beecher's

book, *Truth Stranger than Fiction*. The writer traces its effect in the devotion of Miss Bacon's subsequent life to the development of the Baconian theory. The author intimates that Col. Hart (title No. 1) may have got his inspiration from the conversations of Della Bacon. The dates do not seem to bear out this opinion. Col. Hart's first publication was in 1848, Miss Bacon's in 1856; and it is claimed on the part of Col. Hart, as well as Miss Bacon, that these opinions were matured and expressed long before they were announced to the public.

- 339 REVIEW OF *The Pilgrimage to Parnassus, with two parts of The Return from Parnassus*. (By Rev. W. D. MACRAY, Oxford, Clarendon Press.) In the *Athenæum*, London, November 13, 1886. 5 columns. *Unc.*

While this does not refer directly to the authorship, it is titled here owing to its bearing on the question. The review, and the book itself, is very interesting in new examples of the contemporary mention and appreciation of Shakespeare.

The book consists of a trilogy of comedies performed in St. John's College, Cambridge, A.D. MDXCVII-MDCI. The third part, *The Return from Parnassus, or the Scourge of Simony*, is well known, having been originally printed in 1606. The two other parts are now in print for the first time, having been recently discovered amongst the Hearne MSS. in the Bodleian Library, where they have lain for more than a century.

The *Athenæum* says that the newly-discovered passages deal a death-blow to the ancient fiction that Shakespeare lacked all just appreciation in his own age, and further, that the praise is unlike that offered by any other Elizabethan or Jacobean in Shakespeare's lifetime. Several examples of this are given, the most marked being where *Ingenioso* attempts a parody on *Venus and Adonis* 'in Mr. Shakespeare's veyne' and draws this comment from *Gullio*.

'Noe more! I am one that can judge accordinge to the proverbe, *bovem ex unguibus*. Ey marry, Sir, these have some life in them! Let this duncified worlde esteeme of Spenser and Chaucer, I'll worshipp sweet Mr. Shakespeare and to honour him will lay his Venus and Adonis under my pillowe, as we reade of one (I do not well remember his name, but I am sure he was a kinge) slept with Homer under his bed's heade.'

- 340 JOURNAL OF THE BACON SOCIETY. No. II. London: December, 1886. 8 vo. pp. 76. *Anti-Sh.*

This contains the records of a meeting of the Society, held in London on 2d July, 1886.

Mr. Francis Fearon read his paper, *Did Francis Bacon write Shakespeare?* With some slight alterations, it is the same as read by him before the Dulwich Eclectic Club, and heretofore noticed in this series as Title 301. The pamphlet concludes with an article by Mr. R. M. Theobald on Mr. O'Connor's *Hamlet's Note Book*, and the subjects to which it refers.

W. H. WYMAN.

A School of Shakespeare.

For his bounty,
There was no winter in't; an autumn 'twas
That grew the more by reaping.

—*Antony & Cleopatra*, V, 11, 86.

HENRY IV.—PART I.



AS Henry IV regarded by his contemporaries as having usurped the throne of England, and did he in fact usurp it? The question is of interest in itself, as bearing upon the growth of constitutional government in England, upon the public sentiment of England at that time—if we can with propriety speak of fourteenth century public sentiment—and upon Shakespeare's view, as representing the sentiment of his England.

Shakespeare, in *Richard II* (IV, i, 272), makes Northumberland rely upon the Parliament—he refers particularly to the Commons—to accept and ratify Richard's abdication. 'The Commons will not then be satisfied;' and the implication is that the choice of Parliament gives Henry his title. So in *2 Henry IV* (I, iii, 87), the Archbishop of York says: 'The commonwealth is sick of their own choice.' On the other hand, Hotspur and Worcester in *1 Henry IV* (I, iii; IV, iii; V, i), and the king himself in *2 Henry IV* (III, i; IV, v), seem to regard his title from the feudal point of view, as imperfect; and the king takes great comfort in the thought that Prince Hal will be the heir by hereditary succession. King Henry's life is portrayed as successful, though troubled and wearying, and successful, apparently, because he represents the integrity of the people's life. That would seem to be the standard by which Shakespeare estimates the divinity of a king's right to rule. John sins against this law of national life by delivering up his kingdom to the Pope's legate, and fails; Richard II squanders his kingdom's resources, and is cast out as unworthy;

Henry IV claims to act, and does act for the good of the commonwealth, and he is successful. The national well-being is then the highest of national principles, so far as government goes. Compare the lives of King Lear, Macbeth, Richard III.

As to constitutional government, the election of Henry by the representatives of the people, marks strongly the advance to power of the Commons (Hallam's *Middle Ages*, chap. VIII, iii), and seems to mark the recurrence in the national life of the English as opposed to the Norman influence. The Teutonic monarchy had always been elective in principle (Guizot, *History of Civilization*, Chap. IX, p. 201; Hallam, Chap. VIII, i, ii, iii). Edward I is generally regarded as the first *English* king of England after the conquest; the others are either Normans or Frenchmen. The re-Englishing of England, beginning in his youth with Simon de Montfort's parliament, goes on under his son Edward II—appearing in the merely formal but significant mention of the Commons in the act of Parliament deposing him—and becomes an accomplished fact during the national wars of Edward III. In accordance with that theory, the deposition of Richard and the election of Henry, would be the ancestral and natural way of asserting the nation's right to be ruled by its own choice. Due allowance being made, the theory of the Revolution of 1688 seems to apply well to the revolution of 1399 (see Hallam, Chap. VIII, iii; Green's *Short History*, Chap. V, v, 277-78).

As to the public sentiment which sustained the election of Henry IV, it does seem that among the people of England, not merely the nobles and the ecclesiastics, but among all classes there was a feeling of dissatisfaction which vented itself upon the general worthlessness of Richard, and welcomed his formidable supplanter. To discuss the sources of this feeling of dissatisfaction and unrest would be to discuss the fourteenth century—too large a subject. The reader is referred to the topics suggested in SHAKESPEARIANA for March, 1887, under the play of *Richard II*, and to the various authorities there cited. In addition thereto, the conclusions of Guizot (Chap. VIII) as to the effects upon Europe of the crusades should be reconsidered. They not only revealed Europe to itself, he tells us, but they revealed the

separate nations of Europe severally to themselves, and then, and therefore, they ceased, so soon as that was thoroughly accomplished.

The principal effect of the crusades was a great step towards the emancipation of the mind, a great progress towards enlarged and liberal ideas. Though begun under the name and influence of religious belief, the crusades deprived religious ideas, I shall not say of their legitimate share of influence, but of their exclusive and despotic possession of the human mind.—Guizot *Hist. Civ.* p. 182.

Europe, having graduated in that school of experience, began to investigate and apply the ideas therein acquired. During the twelfth century new universities were founded, those in existence were enlarged, and, mainly under the impulse of the contact by the crusaders with the Greeks and the Arabs: in these universities men were studying, in the fourteenth century, medicine, mathematics, Aristotelian metaphysics, astrology and astronomy, alchemy, civil law, theology. Men were busy ransacking and adapting the great storehouse of Latin literature; they were beginning to study Greek (Hallam, Chap. IX). It was an age of the diffusion of ideas; but ideas traveled slowly, like the men who pondered them. (Only fifty years ago it took Macaulay four months to sail to India.) The great genius of Dante, flaring like an enormous beacon-light out of the abysmal depths of his 'Hell' with an intensity never since surpassed, must have influenced and stimulated the daring thought of his century as powerfully as he has that of succeeding times. In the dread torments of Hell all men are equal so far as earthly rank goes, Dante gives us to understand; the only inequality is native ability and opportunity to choose and to do good or evil; a pope may lie howling far below a peasant; the man and not the rank is what Minos looks at. If so in Hell, why not so on earth? Here is one of Chaucer's speculations, instigated, it is believed, by Dante. He is in the talons of the mighty eagle, soaring up far above the earth on the way to the House of Fame. The eagle says:—

Sound is naught but air broken,
And every speech that is spoken,
In his substance is but air.
Throw on water now a stone.
Well know'st thou it will make anon

A little roundel like a circle. . . .
That circle will cause another wheel,
And that the third, and so forth, brother,
Every circle causing other,
Wider than himself was—
(Till) that it at both banks be. . .
And right thus every word, iwis,
That loud or privy-spoken is,
Moveth first an air about,
And of this moving, out of doubt,
Another air anon is moved,
As I have of the water proved,
That every circle causeth other.
Right so of air, my dear brother,
Every air other steereth
More and more and speech up-beareth,
Or voice, or noise, or word, or sound,
Ever through multiplication,
Till it be at the House of Fame!

A most philosophical fowl; and does he not set forth a crude form of the 'wave theory' of sound? (See the whole passage in the *House of Fame*, ll. 257-314, Gilman's *Chaucer*.) But it is not as the learned theorizer, but as the story-teller, as the portrayer of his age, as the poet, that we admire and delight in Chaucer. (See James Russell Lowell's beautiful Essay on Chaucer in *My Study Windows*; also, Taine's *English Literature*.) Like Dante he pierces through the rank or profession to the man beneath and holds him up for scorn or admiration, 'the man's the gowd for a' that.' His Monk, 'to ben an abbot able,' is self-indulgent, a voluptuary, a disgrace to his profession; his Friar is so plainly a knave that he hardly pretends, in the presence of knowing people, to conceal it; his country Parson, poor in the world's pelf, is 'riche of holy thought and werk,' 'Cristes lore he teaches, but first he follows it himself;' his noble Knight he admires not because of his rank, but because 'he lovede chyvalrye, trouthe and honour, fredom and curteisie;' he thinks, perhaps, as he writes, of the Black Prince and Sir John Chandos. Christ, he tells us elsewhere, is the true gentleman; those most like him, then, are most gentlemen. His Griselda, a sort of half-divine Joan of Arc of the moral world, has to work hard in the dirt, with scarcely a decent frock to her back;

but her pure and true woman's heart rises easily to the gracious bearing of the wife of the great Marquis Walter. She stands before him like one of Raphael's Madonnas stepped out of the canvas. Is he worthy of her? no matter; she loves what is noble in him with a love that glorifies him. Did Christ stop to ask if men were worthy of his love? 'Love will conquer at the last.' And man is worthy in himself, and worthy of being loved; that is the conclusion of Chaucer.

This idea underlay Chivalry, but was dwarfed and deformed into a class-idea. What was true of the knight need not apply to the commoner, still less to the villain. Chaucer saw that it should apply to all. The commons and the villains of the time of Richard II were no longer what they had been a generation before. 'Through the reign of the three Edwards, two revolutions, which have been almost ignored by our historians, were silently changing the whole character of English society. The first of these, the rise of a new class of tenant-farmers, we shall have to notice hereafter in its connection with the great agrarian revolt which bears the name of Wat Tyler. The second, the rise of the craftsmen within our towns, and the struggle by which they won power and privilege from the older burghers, is the most remarkable event in the period of our national history at which we have arrived.' (Green, *Short History*, Chap. IV, v, 213.) The Merchants (see *Prologue, Canterbury Tales*, 270-284) and the Craftsmen (*Prologue*, 361-378) having wealth, influence, and intelligence, felt themselves, as well as the gentry, entitled to some of the rights of manhood; but they looked down upon the villains. But the villains in their turn had learned that their brothers and sons might, by going into the Church-schools, rise to very high places and sit by the side of, perhaps even above the knights; that they could drive their grey-goose shafts right through a knight's armor into his very heart, as they had done at Cressy; that the 'Black Death' had made them valuable to the kingdom as they never had been before; and they felt that they too were entitled to some of the rights of man—at least to be recognized as men. Why should the hind belong to his lord; why not to himself alone? By what right does anybody own anything? To such questions the masses of the people, commons and nobles, were feeling their way. The answer came naturally from the

Church which claimed to be the arbiter of all questions of moral right. But it was from the Church in revolt against itself, not from the time-serving, place-hunting Church that there went forth a voice destined to echo forever, it seems likely, in the hearts of Englishmen—and of Americans. John Wiclif answered from Oxford, in effect: 'Everything belongs to God alone;' all dominion is from God; the temporal dominion granted to the State is as sacred as the spiritual dominion granted to the Church, and neither subordinate to the other; he utterly denied the Pope's supremacy over the King. But going further he swept away the basis of a mediating priesthood. 'With the formal denial of the doctrine of transubstantiation, which Wiclif issued in the Spring of 1381, began that great movement of revolt which ended, more than a century after, in the establishment of religious freedom, by severing the mass of the Teutonic peoples from the general body of the Catholic Church.' He had before attacked the endowments of the clergy, as Dante had done (*Inferno* XIX, 115-120; see also Green's *Short History*, Chap. II, iii; Hallam, Chap. VIII, iii; *The English Works of Wiclif*, published by *Early English Text Society*). Wiclif's attack on the papacy found favor among the nobles; his assertion of the profound and noble radicalism of Christianity, bringing man directly into relation with God, was generally rejected by the upper classes. If his doctrines made their way directly among the peasantry, they found them ready for revolt and socialism. Their treatment had been cruelly harsh; their misery was great; so was their thirst for revenge; any doctrine that seemed to them to put men on a level, was like a signal to attack the higher classes—much as to the Paris mob 'Liberty, Equality,' meant the guillotine for the French nobility. They had already been listening to John Ball, the 'mad priest of Kent,' in whose preaching 'England first listened to the knell of feudalism and the declaration of the rights of man' (see Green, 'The Peasant Revolt'). The pure doctrines of Wiclif translated into popular action helped to produce a national convulsion which came on in terror and passed away in blood under Richard II, leaving Lollardry as a threat to the throne for years to come under Henry IV.

Let us look a little more closely at this peasantry and its condition. Some twenty odd years before Wat Tyler's revolt, a similar uprising

had taken place in France—the Jacquerie. Froissart describes its beginning thus:—

Some of the inhabitants of the country towns assembled together in Beauvoisis without any leader; they were not at first more than one hundred men. They said that the nobles of the kingdom of France, knights and squires, were a disgrace to it, and that it would be a very meritorious act to destroy them all; to which proposition every one assented, and added, shame befall him that should be the means of preventing the gentlemen from being wholly destroyed. . . . Among other infamous acts, they murdered a knight; and having fastened him to a spit, roasted him before the eyes of his wife and his children, and, after (nameless outrages) they forced her to eat some of her husband's flesh, and then knocked her brains out. They had chosen a king among them; . . . he was elected as the worst of the bad and they denominated him James Goodman (Jacques Bon-Homme). . . . They were by this time so much increased in numbers, that had they been all together they would have amounted to more than one hundred thousand.—Froissart, Book I, Chap. 181.

These are worthy forerunners of some of the 'citoyens' of the French Revolution (see Taine's *Ancient Regime*).

Froissart begins his account of Tyler's rebellion thus:—

There happened in England great commotions among the lower ranks of the people, by which England was near ruined without resource. Never was a country in such jeopardy as this was at that period, and all through the too great comfort of the commonalty. Rebellion was stirred up as it was formerly done in France by the Jacques Bons-Hommes, who did much evil and sore troubled the kingdom of France. It is marvellous from what a trifle this pestilence raged in England. In order that it may serve as an example to mankind, I will speak of all that was done from information I had at the time on the subject. It is customary in England, as well as in several other countries, for the nobility to have great privileges over the commonalty, whom they keep in bondage; that is to say, they are bound by law and custom to plough the lands of gentlemen, to harvest the grain, to carry it home to the barn, to thrash and winnow it; they are also bound to harvest the hay and carry it home (and to hew their wood and bring it home.—Lord Berners). All these services they are obliged to perform for their lords, and many more in England than in other countries. . . . The evil-disposed in these districts began to rise, saying they were too severely oppressed; that at the beginning of the world there were no slaves, and no one ought to be treated as such unless he had committed treason against his lord, as Lucifer had done against God: but they had done no such thing, for they were neither angels nor spirits, but were formed after the same likeness with their lords, who treated them as beasts. This they

would no longer bear, but had determined to be free, and if they labored or did any other work for their lords, they would be paid for it.—Froissart, Book II, Chap. 73.

Froissart's tone of ineffable superiority is most instructive. Rarely, as has been said, the peasant escaped from this grinding slavery through the Church and its schools. They educated the

Plowman's brother who was to be the parson, not often the plowman himself. Once, though, made a scholar and monk there, and sent by the Monastery to the University, the workman's, if not the plowman's, son, might rule nobles and sit by kings, nay, beard them to their face. . . There is one side of the picture, the workman's son turned monk, and clerk to a lord. Let us turn to the other side, the plowman's son who didn't turn monk, whose head *was* 'shet' in the straw, who delved and ditched, and dunged the earth, eat bread of corn and bran, worts fleshless (vegetables, but no meat), drank water, and went miserably (*Crede* l. 1565-71). What education did he get? To whom could he be apprenticed? What was his chance in life? Let the Statute-Book answer:

'A. D. 1388, 12^o Rich. II, Cap. V.

Item. It is ordained and assented, That he or she which used to labour at the Plough and Cart, or other Labour or Service of Husbandry *till they be of the age of Twelve years, that from thenceforth they shall abide at the same Labour*, without being put to any Mystery or Handicraft; and if any Covenant or Bond of Apprentie (*so*) be from henceforth made to the Contrary, the same shall be holden for none.'

'A. D. 1405-6, 7^o Henri IV, Cap. XVII.

. . . And whereas in the Statutes made at Canterbury among other Articles it is contained That (see Statute above): Notwithstanding which Article . . . the Infants . . . whose Fathers and Mothers have no Land nor Rent nor other living . . . to put . . . to serve and bound apprentices to divers Crafts within the Cities and Boroughs of the said Realm *sometime at the Age of Twelve years, sometime within the said Age*, and that for Pride of Clothing and other evil Customs that Servants do use in the same; so that there is great Scarcity of Labourers and other Servants of Husbandry *that the Gentlemen and other People of the Realm be greatly impoverished for the Cause aforesaid*: Our Sovereign Lord the King . . . by the advice and assent of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and at the request of the said Commons, hath ordained and stablished, That no Man or Woman, of what Estate or Condition they be, shall put their Son or Daughter of whatsoever Age he or she be, to serve as Apprentice to no Craft nor other Labour within any City or Borough in the Realm, except he have Land or Rent to the value of Twenty Shillings by the year at the least, but they shall be put to other labours as their Estates doth require, upon Pain of one year's imprisonment, and to make Fine and Ransom at the King's Will. . . Provided Always, that every Man and Woman, of what Estate or

Condition that he be, shall be free to set their Son or Daughter to take Learning at any manner School that pleaseth them within the Realm.'

A most gracious saving clause truly! for those children who were used to labour at the plough and cart till they were twelve years old. . . . The early practice of the Freemasons, and other crafts, refusing to let any member take a bondsman's son as an apprentice, was founded on the reasonable apprehension that his lord would or might afterwards claim the lad, make him disclose the trade-secrets, and carry on his art for the lord's benefit.—*Early English Meals and Manners. Forewords* (ed. Furnivall), pp. xliv-xlix; published by E. E. Text Society. See also *Statute of Laborers* in Green.

In the light of such fierce class-oppression, the words of Morton (*Henry IV*: I, i, 207-8)—'a bleeding land gasping for life under great Bolingbroke,' come to us with a new and painful force.

Mr. Furnivall continues:—

If rich men and masters were dirty, poor men and servants must have been dirtier still.

William Langland's description of Hawkyn's one metaphorical dress in which he slept o' nightes as well as worked by day, beslobbered (or by-moted, bemauded) by children, was true of the real smock; flesh-moths must have been plentiful, and the sketch of coveitise, as regards many men, hardly an exaggeration:

. . . as a bonde-man (by) his bacon his berd was bi-draveled,
With his hood on his heed, a lousy hat above,
And in a tawny tabard, of twelf wynter age
Al so torn and (filthy), and full of lys creeping,
But if that a lous (could), han (crept) the better,
She shode nought han walked on that (stuff) so was it thread-bare—(*Vision*,
Passus V, ed. Wright).—*Early English Meals and Manners*. Pp. lxiv-lxv.

Can we wonder that men so clothed, half-starved, so oppressed, were ready for rebellion, or that they should murder brutally the Archbishop of Canterbury as the head of their priestly oppressors? The Church had already tried to establish a caste, and failed; under Richard II and Henry IV, the upper classes seemed to be trying to force the English peasantry into the conditions of caste-life, and they failed—failed owing largely to the spread of ideas caused by the establishment of the national speech and literature through and in the works of Chaucer, Wiclif, and Langland.

In addition to Guizot, Hallam, and Green, see for this period *Edward III*, and the *Houses of Lancaster and York in Epochs of Modern History* (Scribner); Warton's *History of English Poetry*.

WM. TAYLOR THOM.

Shakespeare Societies.

Such a holy witch
That he enchants societies into him;
Half all men's hearts are his.

—*Cymbeline*, I, vi, 166.

THE NORWICH SHAKESPEARE CLUB.—In the winter of 1881, a little circle of some fifteen members gathered together at Norwich, Conn., for the purpose of studying the plays of Shakespeare. Most of us were members of a reading club whose studies did not extend beyond the elocutionary effect of the plays read. But in studying such effect in Shakespeare's plays, we naturally found new fields opening before us, and were thus led to band ourselves together in a very informal way, for the pursuit of these more 'desperate studies.'

It could not be called an organization, for there were no officers, no constitution, no by-laws. The plans for our course were simply discussed in an informal way, and adopted by common consent. We met fortnightly, each member having previously prepared a given topic or question in the play under consideration, while all were expected to be prepared to discuss all the topics or questions. There was no limit as to the age or sex of our members. We were contented to fast during our meetings, endeavoring, as we did, to find a sufficiency in a 'feast of reason,' although a few men, of somewhat Bohemian tendencies, would sometimes remain after the regular session was ended, when the meeting would be talked over amidst clouds of tobacco smoke and other improvised festivities. On the whole, it was an instructive and enjoyable circle—a nondescript in its way, for it could hardly be called either a class or a club. The results were naturally meagre. We made the mistake of thinking we could dispose of a single play in a session of about two hours; and rarely carried over a play to a second meeting. Still, an undefined sense of incompleteness often led to good results in the way of special study, outside of the circle.

We kept together with varying membership, missing one year entirely; and were encouraged to renewed efforts by the announcement that SHAKESPEARIANA would offer us suggestions as to study.

On the appearance of the October number, we met and read the general plan which was marked out and suggested for study and organization, and though, from force of habit, we did not organize in any more marked form than before, we determined to follow the SHAKESPEARIANA course as closely as possible.

Our first evening was wholly devoted to the questions on *Antonio*, in the November number, and though we had not specially prepared ourselves to answer these questions, still our familiarity with the play, under the advice in the October number, yielded good results, and the time was fully and profitably occupied in discussing these questions. It would have been well for us to follow the same course in the study of the other leading characters as a measure preparatory to the discussion of Prof. Thom's questions, but we concluded at our next meeting to take up those questions at once with only such preparatory study as the intervening fortnight would allow. As a natural result we simply took up selections from Prof. Thom's questions, which were discussed at our next meeting, leaving many of them for future reference. Finding that we needed closer study of the leading characters, questions on *Portia* were prepared on the plan suggested by the 'C. P.' questions on *Antonio*. This study of *Portia* involved also a study of *Bassanio*.

We next decided to take up the play as a whole, with a view to fixing in our memories the scenes and acts in order, their connection with each other, and their dramatic effects in these connections, involving, in each scene, the question of time, place and characters introduced, as well as the impressions which an adequate stage representation would leave on the mind at the close of each scene. For example, the questions in II, i, were:

Where is the scene laid? How much time has elapsed since the first scene? What new character appears? Do the impressions of the previous scene still indefinitely remain? Or definitely? The surroundings?

Such questions were really suggested by the course marked out in Prof. Thom's plan, and in the October number. Although we were all more or less familiar with *The Merchant of Venice* from study in former years, even those of us who were most familiar, found we had much to learn, and after five evenings devoted to the play, we leave it with the feeling that there is more to be done, and yet with a feeling of satisfaction at the results accomplished.

We now number seventeen members. Our way of working is for one member to read the questions, and usually ask an answer from some other member, leading, in most cases, to a general discussion, and sometimes to interesting arguments. We find no special difficulties in this way of working.

We do not, in any sense, look upon our circle as a model class, club or society, and it is, as has been said, strictly speaking, none of these. Yet we feel that in spite of the nondescript character of our gatherings, we are bound together by a common feeling of wholesome hero-worship, and that, with the aid of SHAKESPEARIANA's plans, new revelations are continually opening before us, in the works of the world's greatest dramatist.

THE LOCKE RICHARDSON SHAKESPEARE CLUB of Oakland, Cal., has just completed the first year of its existence, and since its organization and conduct have been deemed worthy of notice in SHAKESPEARIANA, it may not be amiss to give a brief report of progress. During the year the Club has made a study of three plays:—*The Merchant of Venice*, *As You Like It*, and *The Tempest*. It now proposes to turn from the romantic drama to the historical in *King John*, intending therein to avail itself of the valuable assistance afforded in the School of Shakespeare. Its method of study, perhaps somewhat desultory and tentative at first, has of late crystalized quite definitely about these objects:—(1) a firm basis of knowledge of the play itself in all the features of its embodiment—historical, textual, and linguistic—as the only sure means (2) to a knowledge of its art, its purpose, and its power. To this end the play is read in short sections, a scene usually occupying the whole of one evening. The parts (assigned

previously by lot, and changed from session to session) are rendered oftentimes with great individuality and spirit. At convenient pauses in the scene the reading is interrupted for a general interchange of question and answer, comment, criticism, and suggestion, the discussion thus started, often widening in its scope till it touches the deeper questions of soul and of art. Another and most delightful feature has been the rendering of the stage songs as they occur in the play, in their quaint and antique settings. In this way, individual ability, whether scholarly, dramatic, or artistic, finds full scope for its exercise, and is invited to set the tone, which generous emulation may be trusted to take up and sustain. Furthermore, the abstract features of study and criticism are thus continually relieved by the livelier dramatic impersonation and interpretation. At the conclusion of this detailed study of *The Tempest*, the Club devoted three sessions to the purpose of gathering up and unifying the results of its work. On one of these occasions, with a view to the *tout-ensemble*, the play was rendered as a whole by a cast specially selected for the purpose. On another, there was a general 'quiz'—not an examination by any means, but a device for reinforcing and strengthening the individual hold upon all the points developed during the study of the play. On the third, and by way of final summing-up, two or three of the larger questions, artistic and spiritual, concerned with *The Tempest*, were presented in brief papers, and were afterwards discussed by the Club generally. The study of this last play began October 2d, and continued till February 10th, occupying ten regular sessions. In addition to this, during the period named, a concert illustrative of English ballad music, and Shakespearian songs, and a public lecture upon *The Tempest*, were given under the auspices of the Club.

The membership has been maintained very steadily at about thirty. The meetings are held fortnightly at the houses of various members. The most noticeable feature of them perhaps is their spontaneity, and the absence of anything resembling formality or constraint. There are no refreshments, no stated dues, almost no running expenses. The only fine is a dime for tardiness, but the Club occasionally taxes itself to the extent of twenty-five or fifty cents apiece for the purchase of

new books. In this way, to its original nucleus of a library—the Furness Variorum Tragedies, and other volumes, presented by Mr. Locke Richardson—it has been gradually adding the more essential portions of critical apparatus, the Concordances, Lexicons, Facsimiles, Grammars, and Manuals. Thus newly equipped, and with the stimulus of a more concentrated purpose, the Club looks forward to a term of yet greater efficiency and interest.

C. B. BRADLEY, President.

Oakland, Cal., Feb. 12, 1887.

THE SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY OF SENECA FALLS, was organized November 6, 1883, mainly through the influence of Mrs. Silsby, who was chosen President of the Society, and has continued in that office ever since. The Society numbers twenty-eight members, and by its rules cannot pass this limit. It has an executive committee of five, including a President, Vice-President, Secretary and Treasurer. The payment of a small annual fee is slowly adding to the fund in the Treasury, which is to be used in purchasing books for the Library. Meetings are held every Tuesday evening, from October 1st to May 1st.

The general method of proceeding is as follows: Two evenings are devoted to reading a play, and then two evenings, either to answering an exhaustive list of questions, or reading original essays upon topics connected with, or suggested by the play, the subjects and writers being chosen by the President. Thus four weeks of study are given to each play. Although for some of the plays such as *Lear* and *Hamlet*, more than twice that number of weeks have been given.

Opinions and criticisms are in order at every meeting, and often animated discussions arise, and then the time passes away only too quickly.

For text books, the Society uses principally Rolfe's edition of Shakespeare, and its interest has been increased and its study very much aided by his invaluable little books which this Society cordially recommend to all Shakespeare students.

The Drama.

Betwixt mine eye and heart a league is took,
And each doth good turns now unto the other.

—Sonnet XLVII.



VERDI AND OTELLO.—The month of November, 1885, I spent a few days in Genoa, and during that stay I had several times the opportunity to see the most popular man of modern Italy, Guiseppe Verdi, in his studio at the famous palace of the Dorias. In the choice of this residence one perceives his love for contrasts. On the one side the noise of trains, continually coming and going, on the other side the majestic bay, smiling in sunshine. The old *maestro* can look from his windows over the city of beautiful villas and palaces, and at the vessels entering the harbor. He can contemplate under the clear blue sky, or under the starry vault at night; and if a tempest raves over the sea, he can listen to the harmonies of nature, which will sing with his genius a song of mystery in his soul.

At 1.30 o'clock yesterday afternoon (the performance commencing a quarter past eight) I was among the crowd which waited before the entrance of the gallery of *La Scala*, the only unreserved place of the theatre. Every place was taken, only the royal box was empty. In the stalls I perceived many distinguished people, foreign and native representatives of music, art, and literature; Ernesto Rossi stood for the drama. The performance was an immense success; composer, poet (Signor Boito, who wrote the libretto), and the principal performer were called before the curtain again, and again; there was no end to the shouting—*Viva Verdi!*—and the waving of handkerchiefs, and enthusiastic applause.

The music of this illustrious old man is the companion of our generation. His music will follow us around the world, caressing our hearts and ears. Verdi does not know the laughing sounds of

Pergolese, or of Donizetti, but his music lives, it weeps in joy and pain, and its passionate cries will have an immortal echo.

Otello neither resembles the German nor the Italian music. *Otello* is not Wagner, *Otello* is not Verdi, the Verdi of *Il Trovatore*, and *Aida*. It is something entirely new! Verdi, at the age of seventy-three, when other men rest on their laurels, has written his masterpiece, though it may never be as popular as his first compositions.

Let me point out a few of the beauties of which *Otello* contains no small measure.

Act I. The beginning is rough, a most powerful music of the storm, with lightning, thunder, and the roaring of winds. The drinking song of Cassio is full of character, and had an enormous success. It is followed by the duel between Cassio and Montano. In the last scene Desdemona and *Otello*, in fierce embrace, sing tender words of love, while the accompaniment of violins and harps grows softer and softer, till the last sounds are melted into the trembling air.

Act II. The *credo* of Iago, persuading Cassio to demand the protection of Desdemona, is a piece of horrible beauty, well sung by Mr. Maurel, a French baritone. A chorus of charming suavity, sung by young peasant girls, offering flowers to Desdemona, sounds still in my ears. The most remarkable part in the second act is the great quartet which rivals even that of *Rigoletto*.

Act III. The *trio* of the handkerchief deserves the name of a dramatic composition; it is wonderful with what simplicity Verdi has known how to express the different feelings, and yet every rôle conserves its musical character. The end of this act is grand, in music as well as in stage effect. *Otello* overpowered by his passion and despair sinks down to the feet of triumphant Iago, while the people outside still cry, 'Viva, the lion of Venice!'

Act IV begins with a sad prelude played by the flutes. Desdemona sings her Ave Maria, which she (Mme. Pantaleoni) had to repeat several times. *Otello* appears for the last time, and in the following scene the tenor, Tamagno, proved himself a lyric tragedian. As he, dying, pressed his lips once more against the cold lips of his well-beloved one, while the orchestra played softly the melody of the love duet, no eye was dry, at least not mine.

B. L.

Milan, 6th Feb.

SHAKESPEARE IN PANTOMIME.—At the Theatre Royal, Birmingham (England), a remarkably pretty display of Shakespearian characters and tableaux was introduced into the pantomime now performing there. The representation was the old nursery tale of *Cinderella*, and in the ball-room scene, where the Prince dances with Cinderella in her glass slippers, the tableaux take place. The scene was perhaps as unique and effective as was ever produced upon the stage, and the Shakespearian characters were mostly personated by children and young persons. After a dance, when sixty or seventy of the dancers are ranged around the stage, a diminutive Queen Elizabeth enters with a flourish of trumpets, and escorted by heralds and pages, takes her seat upon the throne. Then comes William Shakespeare in the well-known costume of trunk hose and short cloak, represented by a youth of about twelve or thirteen, holding a scroll in one hand, and a pen in the other. He makes his obeisance to the Queen, and stands aside. Then come in the characters enumerated in the twenty-seven following plays. Each set is preceded by a herald carrying a banner, on which is inscribed the name of the play from which the characters are taken, and each is accompanied by an appropriate selection of music. Thus, for *Twelfth Night* is played the well-known air 'Where the bee sucks,' and *King John* is introduced by 'Rule Britannia,' typifying that 'Britons never will be slaves.' The characters represented come in at the back of the stage, and advancing to the front, go through the pantomimic action supposed to exemplify the quotations given. They then retire and take their places at the sides of the stage, then the succeeding group follows in similar manner. After the introductory tableau of

SHAKESPEARE, QUEEN ELIZABETH, LORDS, LADIES AND
ATTENDANTS,

the plays are represented in the following order:—

1. *Hamlet*: (Hamlet, the Ghost).
Hamlet. I say away. Go on. I'll follow thee. —I, iv.
2. *Romeo and Juliet*: (Romeo, Juliet, Friar Laurence).
Friar Laurence. You shall not stay alone
Till holy church incorporate two in one. —II, vi.
3. *King Lear*: (King Lear, Cordelia, The Fool).

- King Lear.* Let it be so, thy truth, then, be thy dower. —I, 1.
4. *Julius Cæsar:* (Julius Cæsar, Brutus).
Julius Cæsar. *Et tu Brute?* Then fall, Cæsar. —III, 1.
5. *Antony and Cleopatra:* (Antony, Cleopatra, Attendants).
Cleopatra. If it be love indeed, tell me how much? —I, 1.
6. *The Merry Wives of Windsor:* (Sir John Falstaff, Mrs. Ford, Mrs. Page).
Falstaff. I am here a Windsor stag. —V, v.
7. *Much Ado about Nothing:* (Benedick, Beatrice).
Benedick. Tarry, good Beatrice—By this hand I love thee.
Beatrice. Use it for my love some other way, than swearing by it. —IV, 1.
8. *Twelfth Night:* (Orsino, Sebastian, Viola, Olivia, Malvolio).
Malvolio. I have limed her; but it is Jove's doing,
And Jove make me thankful. —III, iv.
Orsino. But when in other habits you are seen,
Orsino's mistress and his fancy's queen. —V, 1.
9. *Taming of the Shrew:* (Katherine, Petruchio, Grumio, Tailor).
Petruchio. Why this was moulded on a porringer,
What is this? mutton? * * 'Tis burnt. —IV, 1.
10. *Two Gentlemen of Verona:* (Proteus, Valentine, Launce and his Dog).
Proteus. All happiness bechance to thee in Milan! —I, 1.
Launce. Oh, 'tis a foul thing when a cur cannot,
Keep himself in all companies. —IV, iv.
11. *Merchant of Venice:* (Bassanio, Antonio, Portia, Shylock).
Portia. This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood. —IV, 1.
12. *Midsummer Night's Dream:* (Bottom, Titania, Oberon and Fairies).
Titania. What, wilt thou hear some music, my sweet love? —IV, 1.
13. *As You Like It:* (Rosalind, Orlando, Touchstone, Audrey, William).
Rosalind. O, my dear Orlando, how it grieves me
To see thee wear thy heart in a scarf! —V, ii.
Touchstone. I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways;
Therefore, tremble, and depart. —V, 1.
14. *Macbeth:* (Macbeth, Lady Macbeth, Three Witches).
Macbeth. If we should fail?
Lady Macbeth. We fail!
But screw your courage to the sticking place,
And we'll not fail. —I, vii.
15. *Comedy of Errors:* (The Two Antipholi, The Two Dromios, Adriana, Luciana).
Adriana. I see two husbands, or mine eyes deceive me.
Dromio of Ephesus. Me thinks you are my glass, and not my brother. —V, 1.

16. *Othello*: (Othello, Desdemona, Iago).
Othello. I'm glad to see you mad.
Desdemona. How, sweet Othello?
Othello. Devil! —IV, i.
17. *Cymbeline*: (Iachimo, Leonatus, Imogen).
Iachimo. The heaviness and guilt within my bosom
Takes off my manhood. —V, ii.
18. *Measure for Measure*: (Angelo, Isabella).
Isabella. I will proclaim thee, Angelo, look for't. —II, iv.
19. *Winter's Tale*: (Leontes, Hermione, Florizel, Perdita).
Hermione. You gods, look down,
And from your sacred vials pour your graces
Upon my daughter's head. —V, iii.
20. *Tempest*: (Prospero, Miranda, Ariel, Caliban).
Prospero. What ho! slave! Caliban! Thou earth, thou, speak! —I, ii.
21. *King John*: (King John, Salisbury, Pembroke, Essex).
King John. Why do you bend such solemn brows on me? —IV, ii.
22. *Richard II*:
Richard II. I have been studying how I may compare
This prison where I live, unto the world. —V, v.
23. 1 *Henry IV*:
Henry IV. And since this business so fair is done,
Let us not leave till all our own be won. —V, v.
24. *Henry V*: (Henry V, Catherine).
Henry V. An angel is like you, Kate, and you are like an angel. —V, ii.
25. 3 *Henry VI*:
Henry VI. And, if the rest be true which I have heard,
Thou cam'st—— —V, vi.
26. *Richard III*: (Richard III, Richmond).
Richard III. A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse! —V, iv.
27. *Henry VIII*: (Henry VIII, Queen Katherine, Wolsey, Anne Boleyn).
Queen Katherine. Sir, I do desire you do me right and justice. —II, ii.

After the last of the last of the groups had appeared and filed into place at the side, William Shakespeare again presented himself before the Queen and knelt. The Queen then descended from her throne, and placed a wreath of laurel on his brow, after which she withdrew, and all the little actors followed.

The whole of the characters were exceedingly well-dressed in appro-

priate costumes, and went through their pantomimic action in a very effective manner, which elicited loud applause. The appearance of so large a number of children in such a diversity of character, had an exceedingly novel and picturesque appearance, and Mr. M. H. Simpson, the lessee of the theatre, has been everywhere complimented upon his very unique production. R.

Birmingham, 19th February.

MR. IRVING'S READING OF HAMLET.—A *tour de force* was accomplished by Mr. Irving in giving on Wednesday evening (Feb. 23), before the Birkbeck Institute, a reading of the greater portion of *Hamlet*. Very moderate interest attends ordinarily the attempt to read a Shakespearian play. The readings of Miss Glyn are still pleasantly recalled, and individuals with long memories may recall those of Mrs. Kemble. A curious experiment was, moreover, attempted some years ago by the late J. C. M. Bellew, who gave with scenic and other embellishments, a rendering, half recitation, half performance, of *Hamlet*. From all these things, however, the feat accomplished by Mr. Irving differs. Standing behind a species of square column on which rested unused, what might have been and probably was, a first folio Shakespeare, he recited the greater part of the play, turning only in the case of subordinate characters to a small octavo volume of *Hamlet* which he brought in his hand. In the case of the characters generally, some attempt at impersonation was made; in the stronger scenes various parts were absolutely played. A feat more arduous in its class has seldom been accomplished, and Mr. Irving, though he did not falter or manifest signs of fatigue, grew perceptibly haggard before the conclusion was reached. Large portions were necessarily excised. The fourth act was omitted; the appearances of Ophelia were confined to the great scene with Hamlet and the play scene, with, of course the graveyard scene, in which her body is supposedly present. The parting of Laertes with his father and his sister, and the prayer of the King, were left out. From scenes that were played, moreover, portions of the dialogue were omitted. Mr. Irving's success was complete. Apart from the enthusiasm the read-

ing awoke in the audience, including many of his most devoted followers, it had signal interest for those most sceptical as to the value of this mode of illustration. Not only was the conception of Hamlet clearer and more convincing when the attention was concentrated upon delivery and facial play, and no distracting influence of scenery or pageantry was felt—other characters, even to the most subordinate, received an amount of illumination rarely accorded them. The character of Horatio is that, perhaps, on which the most light was thrown. Few play-goers can have obtained such insight into the personages frequently on the stage ‘unknown or light esteemed,’ as Mr. Irving, by mere recitation accompanied with slight, but significant gesture, constantly afforded. Polonius was also brightly interpreted, and what little there was of Ophelia was quietly, though effectively, rendered. The King, too, was well-played, and the gravedigger and Osric were excellent. It is to be regretted that the reading lasted longer than was anticipated, and towards the close Mr. Irving was disposed for the sake of his audience, to accelerate his pace. The whole was a highly intellectual treat, and the amount of emotion inspired in certain scenes was greater than has often attended a representation of *Hamlet* at the Lyceum.

—*The Athenæum.*

ADAPTING SHAKESPEARE.—Madame Modjeska proposed to give Shakespeare translated from the original English into good Polish. The President agreed to this innovation, and Madame Modjeska arranged to play Juliet on her first benefit night. When she went to the assistant manager about it, he exclaimed, ‘Oh, my dear Madame, it is impossible; it will not succeed. Plays that are adapted from operas never answer, I assure you!’—Collins’s *Story of Helena Modjeska*, as quoted in *Actors and Actresses of the Present Time*.

Reviews.

Observations,
Which with experimental seal doth warrant
The tenour of my book.

—*Much Ado About Nothing*, IV, 1, 167.

VICTOR HUGO AND SHAKESPEARE.*



HE life and fibre of Victor Hugo was his love for his kind. The trilogy of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity, was not carved more deeply upon Napoleon's façades by the Commune of 1870 than it was cut into his very soul. His muse dealt with the stateliest and the loftiest themes, with emperors and kings and the heights of tragedy as did Shakespeare's. But never did he miss, in its highest and stateliest, to speak a word for the proletariat and the poor, the masses in the faubourgs of poverty or the beggars at the gates. His ear listened and never lost the still sad music of humanity, and the cry of Triboulet,

Come hither, look on her, I will not hinder,
Tell me she is but swooning!

is just as poignant as that of Lear, 'Cordelia, stay a little!' although Lear was a king, and Triboulet but a jester who had naught to say when the king amused himself. However he blazoned his pages with courts and palaces, he never denied the right of every man to liberty and to bread, even at the cost of the red flag, the guillotine or the Commune. In *Les Misérables* he wrote the epic of poverty, and no more hesitated to spare himself in the cause of the masses than Jean Valjean hesitated to lay the white-hot metal upon his bare and quivering arm, in the Jondrette garret.

Shakespeare, on the other hand, never missed an opportunity to testify how he despised the people slurred, slandered and lampooned

* William Shakespeare. By Victor Hugo. Translated by Melville B. Anderson. Chicago. A. C. McClurg & Co. 1887.

them, denied their very right to lie side by side with men nobly born upon their country's battle fields. That the lowly has no right the lordly is bound to respect; the scriptural doctrine that to him that hath shall be given, while from him who hath not shall be taken away even that he hath; these are the only propositions upon which every one of Shakespeare's eight hundred personages agree: they speak their own thoughts (not Shakespeare's) as to everything else. But on these fundamentals they all preach in common, and always one way. Except in Adam (in *As You Like It*), Shakespeare never extols or praises virtue in anything less than a lord. But in Adam it is his willingness to give his noble master all his savings and to serve him without pay, that is pronounced commendable. In all Shakespeare, says Gov. Davis,—

There is nowhere a hint of sympathy with personal rights as against the sovereign, nor with parliament, then first assuming its protective attitude towards the English people, nor with the few judges who, like Cooke, showed a glorious obstinacy in their resistance to the prerogative. In all his works there is not one direct word for liberty of speech, thought, religion—those rights which in his age were the very seeds of time, into which his eye, of all men's, could best look to see which grain would grow and which would not.

The doctrine of Coriolanus, says Hazlitt,—

Is that those who have little shall have less, and those that have much shall take all that the others have left. The people are poor, therefore they ought to be starved, they work hard, therefore they ought to be treated like beasts of burden. They are ignorant, therefore they ought not to be allowed to feel that they want food or clothing or rest, or that they are enslaved or oppressed or miserable.

Says Gervinus,—

Shakespeare had a leaning to the aristocratic principle, inasmuch as he does not dwell on the truth he tells of the nobles in the same proportion as he does on those he tells of the people.

'Lords! lords! lords!' says Mr. Wilkes, 'and the people always and everywhere are scabs and hedge-born swains.' 'You will generally find that when a citizen is mentioned, he is made to do or say something absurd,' says Bagehot. Even in the comedies (where no political motive which can be construed as preaching that the people are better off if they suffer any indignity rather than meddle with the

order and sovereignty of class,) no opportunity is lost: 'Go bring the rabble' (*The Tempest*). Yet I have much to do to keep [the people] from uncivil outrages (*Two Gent. of Ver.*). 'What hempen homespuns have we swaggering here?' 'A crew of patches,' 'rude mechanicals that work for bread' (*Midsummer Night's Dream*). The sole title the reign of King John has to be remembered in history, is that it covers the grant of Magna Charta. Yet Shakespeare, in treating of that reign, never mentions it, but instead fills his pages with such fulsome lines as:—

Ha, Majesty, how high thy glory towers
When the rich blood of kings is set on fire !

—II, i, 350.

Out! dunghill, dar'st thou brave a nobleman ?

—IV, i, 87.

And even in *Richard II*, where opportunity for once, served to show that even kings were mortal, we have the moral twisted:—

Not all the water in the rough rude sea
Can wash the balm off from an anointed King ;
The breath of worldly men cannot depose
The deputy elected by the Lord.

—III, ii, 54.

Darest thou, thou little better thing than earth
Divine his downfall ?

—III, iv, 77.

In *1 Henry VI*.—A courtier prisoner of war refuses to be exchanged 'for base-born soldiers . . . who dare not take up arms like gentlemen.' And even in the stage directions, the people are brought in with such unnecessary stings as *enter the Ædile with a rabble of citizens* (*Julius Cæsar*), or *enter Cade with all his rabblement* (*2 Henry VI*). It taxes the complaisancy even of a patrician, to read the stinging and scathing characterising in *Coriolanus*, of a people who have only so far forgotten themselves as to ask for bread, as—'your herd,' 'knaves that smell of sweat,' 'multiplying spawn,' 'herd of broils and plagues,' 'you common cry of curs' 'that reek of rotten fens,' 'their thick breaths rank of gross diet,'—'they'll sit by the fire and presume to know what's done in the capitol'—'these rats,' etc. Isabella and Portia plead eloquently for mercy, one for a noble youth and the other for a rich man who was evading the judgment of a court for money bor-

rowed: but where is mercy bespoken for a commoner in all these glowing pages? Had Shakespeare cared for the people, their liberties, their rights and interests (as I notice a late volume* insists that he did), surely he might have put into the mouth of one of his eight or nine hundred characters a statement, hint or suggestion to that effect. But I cannot find that he ever did.

In *1 Henry VI*, we have the King's order to bring back his 'anointed queen' from France, and for his

expenses and sufficient charge
Among the people gather up a tenth.

—V, v, 92.

A process which recalls the custom of the miners in California, who, when in need of pocket money, proceed to levy a tax upon any Chinamen in the vicinity. Nay, most of all, when a character is represented as searching a battlefield 'to sort our nobles from our common men,' lest 'our vulgar drench their peasant limbs in blood of princes' (*Henry V*: IV, vii, 77), one is tempted to ask with deference if the commonest sentiment of humanity would not suggest that, whether nobly or obscurely, by dying in their country's cause a nation's soldiery had not earned the merit of an equal grave?

All this is bad enough. But Shakespeare went further and lied—gloriously lied—in order to make the uprising of Cade a treason, and Joan of Arc not 'the virgin mother of French liberty' (as Gov. Davis says), but a traitress to her country. Great as he is, he shows a mendacity utterly unsurpassed in literature—as proportionally great as he is himself. Cade led a respectful deputation. The King sent to ask 'why the good men of Kent had left their homes.' Cade answered that the people were robbed of their goods for the King's use; that mean and corrupt persons, who plundered and oppressed the Commons, filled the high offices at court; that it was noised abroad that the King's lands in France had been aliened; that mis-government banished justice and prosperity from the land; and that the men of Kent were specially ill-treated and overtaxed, etc. The rebellion was against the nobles, not the King; Cade's demands were reasonable, as every English historian admits; and the throne treated with him, and proclaimed a truce upon

* *What we Really Know about Shakespeare*, p. 83. But I notice that Mrs. Dall (SHAKESPEARIANA, III, p. 173), admits that this is only her opinion.

his kingly honor, during which, Cade was treacherously murdered by the King's own party. But he is represented by Shakespeare, in a story manufactured out of whole cloth, not only as a rebel and a traitor, but a robber of orchards, and as being lawfully shot by one Alexander Iden, a Kentish gentleman, whose enclosed orchard Cade is attempting to burglarize. And so dies 'this monstrous traitor,' who not only committed no treason, but was *consulted* with by the throne as to needed reforms in the general weal! And what woman can forge Shakespeare's treatment of Joan of Arc: with all her self-denying patriotism, enthusiasm and achievements, called by every vile name in Shakespeare's great catalogue, represented as perishing with a lie upon her lips as to her birth, while a brutal English bishop stands by and sneers at her dying agonies, crying—

Break thou in pieces and consume to ashes,
Thou foul, accursed minister of hell!

1 Hen. VI: V, iv, 92.

The further lie as to her condition of pregnancy (which, if true, even by English statutes would have entitled her to mercy) is not spared. But Shakespeare's plays must draw!

I know that the answer to this indictment is that Shakespeare loved his perquisites and theatrical concessions too well to imperil them by offending the courtiers who only had the legal right under Elizabeth's Statutes to license play houses; and that a playwright, making plays to be performed in London in a permanent theatre, must be careful not to interfere with questions of caste; that he had no charter at all, except from the protection and patronage of some particular nobleman (indeed, the law said, very explicitly, that without such an ægis he was a vagrant, a rogue by statute, and had no legal resting place except a gaol). But surely Shakespeare allowed his exuberance and respect for his own privileges to carry him a little too far in the case, at least, of Joan of Arc. Surely the grant of arms he purchased for his father would have won him the *soubriquet* of 'gentle' (though sometimes scholars forget the Elizabethan meaning of the word), without this!

It is one of the remarkable paradoxes of literature that two such politically antipodal men as Shakespeare and Victor Hugo should

have had so much in common, and that the last should have worshipped the first. Yet the book before us is a votive wreath.

M. Hugo's volume opens with a Proem in which we are shown the Hugos vomited, as Jonah from the deep—out of a volcano of fire and blood and tyranny—upon an island as free as Prospero's. At least the winds and waves were perfectly free to blow and beat and break upon it. The house in which they take shelter is bleak and square and colorless. But outside are the eternal ocean and the skurrying winds of heaven. To the brink of this ocean, Victor Hugo, the man of many human tempests, walks, and with the great breakers swathing to his feet, and head bared to the great gusts, we find him communing with Shakespeare. Reckless, irregular, inaccurate in almost every detail of William Shakespeare's personal history, is this book. But the reader will thank heaven nevertheless, that M. Hugo wrote it on a barren island, and not locked up in a closet, surrounded with shelves full of encyclopædias, grammars and dictionaries. Had he been in that closet he might perhaps have made a tolerable commentator. He would have told us of scansion and of terminals, of run-on lines and stopped endings; perhaps of the influence of Ovid and Dionysius of Halicarnassus upon the skylarking youth from Stratford, or the substantial proprietor of two theatres in Elizabeth's London; we should have had much light as to genitive plurals and gerunds ending in *um*; been posted as to which of the thirty-seven plays superabounded in adjectives, and in which the adverbs outnumbered the participles. In that case M. Hugo would have been better equipped in his dates, and figures would not have danced so strangely on his pages. We would have had a forest of items about Shakespeare's income and the fate of his first-best bed, no doubt. But the winds of heaven would have whistled, and the ocean would have thundered in vain!

As it is, we have plenty of oxygen in motion. No inventories of syllables in *Hamlet*, nor rhymed lines in *Lear*, no numbering of the breakers that crashed at his feet, or triangulations of the curve of their curl! Here at least Shakespeare and the ocean alike are spotless from 'inductive criticism!' It as little occurred to Victor Hugo to supply Shakespeare with motives for creating Lear and Timon and Othello,

as with framing periods and groups in which their tragedies were composed. Voltaire called Shakespeare a barbarian, because he overlooked—if indeed he had ever heard of—the unities. Victor Hugo, with the spur of genius and the illness should attend it, overlooked not only the unities, but those pregnant crookings of the knee that bent to queens and lords that thrift should follow fawning, and worshipped like the rest of us; worshipped with the poorest of us all, the majesty that dominated then, as it still dominates, the world.

M. Hugo could not have been less careless with dates and documents, records and chronicles, had he realized as we do, that William Shakespeare not only never printed, but never authorized the printing of a single line of his divine works,—was as innocent of responsibility for the text of quarto or folio as was blind old Homer for the text of the Iliad that was never put on visible surface until ages after the seven cities fought for the honor of starving him in their streets—and therefore, that it is for these years, and not for those in which he lived, to stop and unstop his endings, and run on and run off his lines, and peep and botanize over what may be the poor printer's and not the great dramatist's tergiversations, for all we know or ever can discover.

Whether Shakespeare's plays were written in the order of the quartos, or were never written at all, but only sketched for the actors, and so actually printed before they were written; whether his first success led to the printing of his later pieces; or whether (in the days when literature came from wherever the Stationer's Company listed, and was doled out to the public with a preface telling them to applaud or approve—a prerogative that Pope was to imitate one hundred years later),—or whether Shakespeare was only a mask for a ring of courtiers:—considerations such as these do not detain M. Hugo in the volume before us one moment. We have here in their place—gratefully be it avowed—flights of what seem to me the very highest criticism which one poet ever passed upon another. There is no criticism of other critics. Nothing oracular as to the dramatist's reasons and motives, still less of tendency to question the right of other dogs to bark. Only apotheosis that leads us to wonder at the majesty of Hugo and to revise, perhaps, M. Hugo's own dictum of *Æschylus* (p. 149).

'*Æschylus* raises to Orpheus a temple of which he might occupy the altar himself!'

APPLETON MORGAN.

Literary Notes.

When comes your book forth ?

Upon the heels of my presentment, sir.

—*Timon of Athens*, I, i, 20.



R. HALLIWELL-PHILLIPPS'S new book is the product of the devoted search of a skilled and conscientious investigator, during twenty years, for every trace, in the town archives of England, of the visits of Shakespeare's company of actors.

The Visits of Shakespeare's Company of Actors to the Provincial Cities and Towns of England, illustrated by Extracts gathered from Corporate Records. By J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps, F. R. S. (Privately printed.)—*The Athenæum*, commenting on the work, gives the following account of ascertained facts of Shakespeare's stage life and of the further light, here and there, that Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps's research has been able to throw upon it :

On St. Stephen's Day (26th of Dec.), 1594, Shakespeare acted at Greenwich Palace before Queen Elizabeth. He was then associated with Kempe and Burbage, and belonged to the company of the Lord Chamberlain's Servants. To that company, which on the accession of James was distinguished as the Company of the King's Servants, he continued to belong till the end of his theatrical career. There is no evidence to show with what company or companies he was connected before December, 1594. We know that the Queen's players, and the players of Lords Essex, Leicester, and Stafford, visited Stratford-on-Avon in 1587; and it is highly probable that Shakespeare was at Stratford in that year, as his assent was required for the proposed relinquishing of the Ashbies estate. It has been confidently suggested that Shakespeare either joined Lord Leicester's players at Stratford in 1587, or repaired to London shortly afterwards, with the object of attaching himself to that particular company. But Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps, with scholarly prudence, declines to theorize in this fashion. What he has done is to search the corporate records for entries relating to the Lord Chamberlain's Servants, bearing date between December 26, 1594, and May 17, 1603, and from the latter date onwards to 1614, or there-

abouts, for entries relating to the King's Servants. Although he has met with no actual mention of Shakespeare, he has much to tell us about the perambulations of the company to which Shakespeare belonged, and with which, we may be sure, he often travelled. Oxford seems to have been the spot to which the company was most frequently drawn. Visits were paid to Oxford in 1604, 1605, 1606, 1607, 1610, and 1613. . . .

In 1605 the King's players went as far west as Barnstaple, and in the Chamberlain's accounts is the entry, 'Geven to the Kynges players, beyng in towne this year, X s.' . . . In 1603 they were at Bath, probably during the rejoicings occasioned by James's accession, and they received a grant of thirty shillings. The same sum was given them in September, 1597, for playing in the Guildhall at Bristol. From Bristol to Dover was a tolerably long journey in those days; and, if the whole company came to Dover in September, 1597, the reward of 'xiiij. s. iiij. d.' can hardly be regarded as munificent.

But they were more handsomely treated at Dover in September, 1606, when they received no less than 2*l*. At Folkestone on September 8, 1612, they were rewarded with the paltry sum of 'ij. s.'; but Mr. Halliwell-Phillips generously suggests that the unusually small amount of payment here recorded leads one to suspect an error in the accounts for 'ij. li.' . . . At Saffron Walden, the home of Gabriel Harvey, in 1605-6, they received only 6*s*. 8*d*. To Shrewsbury they were frequent visitors; they were there in 1603, 1609, 1610, and 1612. On two occasions they were at New Romney, first in May, 1609, and again in April, 1612.

In the summer of 1606 they visited Leicester, and in the Chamberlain's accounts is the entry, 'Item in August, geven to the Kinges Majesties Playars, xl. s.'; but the entry is cancelled, and in the margin is added a stern '*quer.*,' which plainly shows that the auditors were not disposed to sanction the payment without a protest.

One most curious fact has been brought to light by Mr. Halliwell-Phillips's researches, namely, that Sir Thomas Lucy actually had under his patronage a company of itinerant actors. We should never have suspected that the grim old Puritan encouraged such 'caterpillars of a commonwealth;' but in the Chamberlain's accounts at Coventry for 1584, is the entry, 'To Sir Thomas Lucy's players, x s.'

It probably will not be long before another volume shall be ready to take its place in that magnificent and beneficent series of the Plays of Shakespeare — The *Furness Variorum* — which gathers up in its text with a faithful, painstaking, and liberal hand the results of past scholarship, and in the commentaries added, collects with wide knowledge and discriminating judgment everything it is good to know of in connection with the play, in whatsoever light the many-faceted dramatic gem may be regarded. The collation of texts and readings

for the coming volume—*The Merchant of Venice*—proceeded with ease and swiftness after the work on its predecessor, *Othello*, published last April, was completed, so that it looked almost within likelihood to get the new book out within the same year, but the labor connected with the latter part of the work, which is so full of interest and value to others than amenders and students of the bare text, had to be followed more slowly.

In the meantime, a second edition of *Othello* has been called for, and the opportunity is taken to correct some few slight misprints in the first edition.

The first two volumes of the promised *Mermaid Series*, the best plays, unexpurgated, of the old English dramatists, are now ready, and may be had of Messrs. Vizetelly & Co., of London, or Scribner & Welford, New York. Kit. Marlowe, the subject of the first volume, receives prefatory consideration, critical and biographical, from the editor of the series, Mr. Havelock Ellis; and to this initial volume Mr. J. A. Symonds prefixes a general introduction, covering the ground of dramatic literature to be brought before us in these successive volumes with all the freshness and seduction that new types and scholarly editing may confer. To Marlowe, and to Massinger who is the second figure in the Mermaid procession, Middleton will succeed and his attendant sprite will be a modern poet—Mr. A. C. Swinburne—whose literary insight and ardor, before now, has made his expression of his knowledge and estimate of the dramatic art of the times peculiarly attractive reading. The Middleton-Swinburne volume will be issued this month. The eighth work of this series to be edited by Mr. Arthur Symonds, who also edits the Massinger volume, will contain *Arden of Feversham* and other tales attributed to Shakespeare.

Messrs. Macmillan & Co. will publish soon Mr. Morley's recent address on the Study of Literature. The notes from which he spoke will be expanded and some new points introduced.

The New York Shakespeare Society will have some new music, suggested by thoughts of the great dramatist, especially dedicated to

it. The composer is Mr. M. Appleton Baker, of New York, who has written several other musical pieces; and his work will be called *The King Lear March*.

A pretty little book cased in gray boards with a red back, and called *Shakespeare Indexes*, comes to do an office for Shakespeare Reading Clubs, that they may find of frequent convenience. The maker of the two indexes the book contains, says it has been one of his duties, for some years, to cast the plays read in the club to which he belongs; he has known all the difficulties incident to the distribution among a few readers of the many parts of a populous drama, and in order not to require any one person 'to be "three gentlemen at once," like Mrs. Malaprop's Cerberus, or a round dozen, like Pooh Bah, the pluralist of Titipu,' he has found it advisable to set down the tables of the *dramatis personæ*, and lists of the personages with the act and scene where each one appears, noted alongside, and thence has been able at a glance, to allot and combine the necessary parts at pleasure.

The first index is made up of such tables of all the plays, in the order in which they usually appear in standard editions. The second index is an alphabetical list of all the characters—except those who are referred to, but do not come upon the stage at all—telling who they are and in what play, act, and scene they appear. The work seems to have been accurately done. (Published in York by John Sampson & Co., London: Simpkin, Marshall & Co., 1887. 116 pp. Price, 1s. 6d.)

Miscellany.

To knit again

This scattered corn into one mutual sheaf.

—*Titus Andronicus*, V, lili, 70.

RICHARD III.—At the meeting of the Royal Society of Literature, in London, two days after Mr. Lowell's Chicago address, a paper was read by Mr. F. Palmer on *Richard III* as showing the adolescence of Shakespeare's genius. After giving a summary of the metrical and other tests which, it is generally allowed, point to this play as being one of Shakespeare's earliest works, he went on to say that the psychological aspect of the play led to the same conclusion, presenting all the hyperbolic intensity characteristic of a youthful writer, besides showing signs of an increasing independence of thought, and a throwing off of earlier surrounding influences. The character of Richard highly colored and out-standing, but deficient in refinement of shading, held a middle place between the earlier and later methods of Shakespeare. Dr. Knighton, on the other hand, argued that the data Mr. Palmer cited, tended to show the play was the work of a mature rather than an adolescent writer. Mr. Highton claimed that Shakespeare's intention was dramatic rather than psychological; that the facts of history limited his treatment of the characters; and that his development of the female characters was in strict accordance with these facts. Richard himself was by no means the dramatic 'be-all and end-all' of the play, and had only been made so by the desire of the actors of the part to fill the stage.

THE NEW YORK SCHOOL OF ACTING.—An exhibition of the work of this Dramatic School was given in New York on the afternoon of March 16, and on the 23d of last month, a matinée performance of several short pieces, including an adaptation of Molière's *Les*

Precieuses Ridicules. The high aim which inspires the management of the School is leading it steadily on in better work and larger accomplishment, and now in its fourth year it has an established right to claim the notice and encouragement of all lovers of genuine and legitimate dramatic art. (For a succinct and authoritative account of this School, see *SHAKESPEARIANA* for October, '86, pp 466-70.) Professor Franklin H. Sargent, its able and well-known director, writes us that he has in mind the production of a complete play of Shakespeare, cast from the students of the School. There can be no question but that the study of the play necessary would be an inspiring force for all the students engaged in it, and there can be no Shakespearean who hears of the project but will wish Prof. Sargent may carry it to a successful issue.

THE NAME SHAKESPEARE.—‘It seems to me very unlikely,’ writes Mr. Henry Bradley to the *Academy* of Feb. 5th, ‘that the surname made illustrious by our great poet, originally meant “Spear-shaker.” Probably it was an etymologising distortion of something more in accordance with the analogies of English family nomenclature. I venture to suggest that it may be derived from the Anglo-Saxon personal name, Seaxberht, and that the well-known form “Shaxberd,” instead of being a mere blunder, was a colloquial survival of the original name, which the family so-called preferred, at least in writing, to render in a manner suggested by its assumed etymology. There are many unquestionable instances in which Anglo-Saxon personal names, other than those retained as Christian names, in later times have left traces in family nomenclature. The surnames, Winfarthing and Allfarthing, for example, are clearly derived from the names Wineferht and Ealferhth. There seems, therefore, to be no intrinsic improbability in the suggestion here put forward, though, of course, any actual proof of its correctness is out of the question.’

MADCAP HARRY AND SIR JOHN POPHAM.—It is well known by students of history that Shakespeare’s character of Prince Henry, afterward Henry V., is a gross libel upon one whose personal life was

singularly pure and upright. I am not quite clear that the prince can be exonerated entirely from robbing the king's mails; but he had this excuse, that his father withheld from him his income as Prince of Wales, partly from innate meanness, but more, perhaps, from the jealousy inherent in such natures toward his next heir—one who utterly surpassed him in nobleness of mind and popular gifts.

Who, then, was the original of Shakespeare's Madcap Harry? If I mistake not, he is to be found in Sir John Popham, sometime speaker of the House of Commons and Lord Chief Justice of England. At the time that Shakespeare was writing his plays and residing at Bankside, in Southwark, the circumstances with which he credits Prince Henry were being enacted in the borough, probably before his very eyes.

Sir John Popham was a native of Somerset. How far his being stolen by gypsies when a child and remaining with them some months, gave him a taste for a vagabond or Bohemian way of life, one cannot say. At Baliol College, Oxford, he bore a high character, and is said to have laid in a good stock of classical learning and dogmatical divinity, but on removing to the Middle Temple he appears to have fallen in bad company and utterly neglected his judicial studies.—CHARLOTTE G. BAGER in *Walford's Antiquarian* for Jan.

A NEW PORTRAIT.—Mr. Sam: Timmins in a private letter lately received, mentions a recent visit to Stratford. Of course he visited the Church, and the Memorial Hall, and all the familiar haunts. The Guildhall School he found in session and filled with young natives of Warwickshire, thronging in the places where once sat their compatriots—the boy Shakespeare and his forgotten chums. At the Birth-place he saw on an easel, prominently placed, a picture they had to tell him, since it bore no resemblance to suggest the possibility, was a new-discovered portrait of Shakespeare. 'The canvas is fresh varnished and the frame new-gilt, but it won't do,' is his comment.

THE DRAMA AND THE STATE.

DRAMATURGY to-day, among English-speaking nations, presents an anomaly strange in itself, and unprecedented in the history of this art. Formerly 'the drama' was held in high esteem, and 'the stage' in an equal contempt. For two hundred years, without fear of contradiction, we pointed to Shakespeare, writer of plays, as the greatest of all writers; on our literature of the stage, we based our claim to ownership of the world's greatest literature, while, at the same time, the stage itself was shunned by pious folk, repeatedly condemned by church and by council, and the poor players placed under social ostracism, sometimes even denied sacraments, funeral rites, and marriage by the clergy. Within the last decade, and especially during the last few years of it, a very marked change appears. Stage and actor are now honored, but the drama, as a form of literary expression, is out of repute. The most eminent of living actors, Mr. Irving, is invited to lecture at the high seats of learning, both in England and America, and chooses for his theme the praise of his art; an English clergyman recently dedicated a memorial window to Shakespeare in a London church; play-houses multiply rapidly; the week-day audience at a first-class theatre is as intelligent, as well-mannered, and probably as virtuous as the Sunday audience at the church;—but no writer of genius enriches contemporaneous dramatic literature.

Now if the final cause of the existence of the theatre be pleasure, if it serve only for the adornment and amusement of life; if the stage be independent of literature and can thrive without it, we have small need to concern ourselves with the present state of affairs. But history teaches a different lesson. From its rude beginnings as a part of the most solemn religious rites of Paganism, through its term of

service as a teacher of Christian doctrine and religious dogma, down to its present mission of furnishing pictures of actual human life, the theatre has ever been a powerful force in education. Wherever there has been a truly national stage, that is, a stage fed from the rich harvest of the national literature, there the theatre has played a large part in the development of national life. Far-sighted and patriotic statesmen have not failed to notice a fact so significant and to shape their policies accordingly. Greece and Rome furnish notable examples, but we do not need to go so far back. If a true and full history were to be written of Hungary's great constitutional movement begun in 1848, it is said that some of its most instructive pages would have to be devoted to the part played by the national stage in the resuscitation of the national spirit. No pains were spared to attract to it all the literary talent of the country, and thus the regeneration of the Magyar language and nationality began on the stage rather than in the Diet.

We need not be surprised at such a policy, nor at the results attending it, if we consider how many faculties and needs of human nature are met and answered by the drama in its best estate. Actual life, for the majority of mankind, passes in attention to little cares, little duties, little thoughts, is, in fact, an immersion in littlenesses. Opportunities for the exercise of the heroic virtues are rare, daily walks seldom lead among stirring examples of worth and beauty. To lift whole masses of men from their dreary or common-place surroundings into higher planes of thought and feeling by the sight of that ideal nature which threatens to be lost in the stress of every-day life;—this is the true purpose of the drama, and for this it addresses the whole nature of man,—taste, mind, heart, conscience, imagination. It is scarcely necessary to dwell upon its appeals to taste, since this far-stretching art calls into its service all other arts—eloquence, poetry, music, painting, even sculpture by setting the living body into poses and statues. Nor can any doubt its quickening effect on the mind, acting, as Lecky has said 'with equal power upon the opposite extremes of intellect.' The English Secretary of Embassy at Vienna, reporting a few years ago the social condition of the Austrian working classes, said:—

I do not think they are naturally as intelligent as our own working-classes; but what most struck me in my intercourse with them was their superior social refinement and their apparent literary culture. This, I afterwards discovered to be the result of their familiarity with the master-pieces of a *national stage* which includes amongst its most popular dramatists many of the greatest poets and thinkers of Germany.

If we can conceive of English literature without Shakespeare, or of popular education without the actors who have interpreted him to people who have never held in hand his written words, we can form some notion of the space already filled by the drama in the world's mental culture. Nor is its mission yet ended, if we may trust the voice of Professor Palgrave in his recent address at Oxford in praise of poetry :—

The drama stands in a peculiar region midway between prose and verse. But when it is either poetry pure, as at Athens, or mixed, as in the England of Elizabeth and James, whilst the dramatist is faithful to the higher traditions of his art, it yet fulfills its old Aristotelian office of purifying the passions, whilst it brings the past or present before us in an enchanted world of its own, and *adds a charm to poetry itself*.

Also, the drama is capable of being a great factor in morality. Dealing with life as it is lived by human beings like ourselves, moved to the same laughter and tears, thrilled by the same passions, yielding to the same temptations, triumphing over the same obstacles, crushed by the same misfortunes, what other medium can so teach the human heart that knowledge of itself needful to make it strong, earnest, gentle, just, and broad?

I have heard
That guilty creatures sitting at a play
Have by the very cunning of the scene,
Been struck so to the soul that presently
They have proclaim'd their malefactions,

says Hamlet. Who can doubt that such things can be or may be? I know that moral purpose is sometimes denied to the drama as to all art. But what drama that has met the approval of men and stood the test of time has not been full of a morality as certain and implacable as nature herself? It is this which has given and kept their hold;

albeit virtue be not always rewarded and vice punished with strict statute regularity.

Again, the drama brings rich stores to the imagination. There is probably no faculty in which people differ in degree more than in this indefinable somewhat that we call imagination,—a noble and precious power, which yet ever seems to flee from men and from races as they increase in knowledge. As nations advance in civilization, they find they must fan the spark to keep it from dying out altogether. Libraries, art-galleries and parks are opened for the people, because it is recognized that intercourse with nature, with good books, with great pictures, stimulates the imagination, makes life brighter by contact with the ideal, and thus elevates national character. But a well-acted play wields a quicker and more universal power than any of these. Lecky is doubtless right in his assertion that it has ‘probably done more than any other single agent to produce that craving for the ideal, that enthusiasm of intellect out of which all great works of imagination have sprung.’ We shall not care to have our actors emulate the old intensity—for we read of Greek actors who went into convulsions through excess of passion, of a Roman actor who, in the midst of frenzied recitation struck a slave dead;—but there is little danger of such things under our modern intellectual school, with its theory that a great actor, provided he have but enough penetration, may be, indeed must be, without any sensibility whatever.

Since then, our survey of the theatre shows that it has ever had, and still has, a high work to do in the world, what do we find lacking at present for the full accomplishment? Not actors and actresses, for these exist already, adequate in numbers and in genius; not play-houses and scenery, for these are nearly perfect; not audiences, for these are both large and worthy. No, it is the plays themselves that are lacking. It is true the old stores are rich and great; but if we accept that definition of the drama given by its best representative, that it shall show ‘the very age and body of the time his form and pressure,’ of this we have none or very little. Look at other literatures, French, German, Italian, or Spanish, and we find the names of their greatest imaginative writers and teachers on their

list of playwrights. But in English literature, whether we consider writers on this side the Atlantic or the other, it is not so; and since Sheridan and Goldsmith, scarcely a half-dozen names of distinction appear. We have had, and still have beautiful dramatic poems, such as those of Swinburne, Tennyson, and Browning, while novels have come to be such a favorite form for depicting human life that it has been surmised that if Shakespeare himself had lived in the Victorian age, he would have written novels rather than plays. These things seem to imply that dramatic power is not identical with play-writing power; that each may exist without the other; but that only when both are combined do we get a truly great drama. The writer of plays, however great his genius, must know the practical requirements of the stage before he can become a great dramatist. Brander Matthews says, 'For a poetic play to have a success, it must be the work of one who is both poet and playwright; who is indeed *playwright first*, and poet after'—like Shakespeare, Molière, and many lesser men. The Earl of Lytton says, that 'the best plays result from collaboration,' and that 'the best possible collaboration is that which insensibly results from the unreserved interchange of ideas and knowledge between a great author and a great actor.' Illustrating his theory by selections from the correspondence between Bulwer and Macready during the composition of *Richelieu*, he proves how many times and at how many points the writing was cast and recast, the play remodelled both in plot and in diction by the conference. In the actor, naturally, there was a disposition to subordinate everything to 'stage business,' and to regard the author's work as chiefly a vehicle for that business; in the author, a tendency to underrate the practical requirements and conventions of stagecraft, and to resent 'the tormenting conditions which his art as a dramatist imposed on his genius as a poet.' But, in the end, these claims proved not irreconcilable, and both contributed to the effectiveness of the final result of the play as it now stands.

Such instances, and many others which might be cited, indicate that some sort of collaboration, especially for beginners, is almost indispensable for success; therefore, in any efforts for the creation of

a national drama, a first necessity would seem to be to offer sufficient inducements to attract, not one or two but many men into this field of composition. It must be made conducive both to literary reputation and to pecuniary advantage. The extreme costliness of the modern stage-setting stands as a great obstacle to the proper remuneration of writers. As Mr. Irving has pointed out, the drama 'must thrive as a business before it can flourish as an art.' The running expenses of a first-class theatre, rent, salaries, etc., are seldom less than \$4,000 a week; add to this the cost of setting a new piece with appropriate costumes, scenery, etc., and it will be seen how much the manager risks in introducing a new play: the loss, in case of failure, being probably not less than \$10,000. Since a manager must invest so much in the decoration of a play, he is apt either to select some old one which is common property, or to pay as little as possible for the new one whose reception by the public is uncertain. Nor can he be expected to do otherwise, or to expend money and incur risk for the pure love of literature or for the sake of elevating popular standards.

To whom, then, should we look for the impetus to set the drama once more in its place among the highest forms in which English thought can utter itself? We have seen that the theatre has ever been, and still is, a powerful shaping force in all that goes to make up national character—the mind, heart and soul of its people; that all the elements necessary to the accomplishment of its high mission exist already, except one, namely, a living school of dramatists worthy of the national literature, and distinctive of the best intellectual features of the age; that these, under present conditions and in the lack of sufficient inducement of any kind, cannot be secured by the private and commercial relations which now alone exist. From what other power can we claim so reasonably the needed support and encouragement as from the power constituted expressly to meet the public needs for which individuals are not competent, namely, THE STATE. This is not a new question; Goethe asked it long ago in *Wilhelm Meister*. Speaking of a play he had just witnessed, Wilhelm says:—

In this little dialogue, we have a lively proof how useful the theatre

might be to all ranks; what advantage the State might procure from it if the occupations, trades and undertakings of men were brought on the stage, and presented on their praiseworthy side, in that point of view in which the State itself should honor and protect them. . . . Might it not be a worthy and pleasing task for a statesman to survey the natural and reciprocal influence of all classes on each other, and to guide some poet, gifted with sufficient humor, in such labors as these?

Seven years ago a similar question was pressed home to Englishmen by Matthew Arnold, following an engagement of several weeks played in London by the *Comédie Française*. This Society of the French theatre has always been under the patronage of Government, and has traditions reaching back to Louis the Fourteenth. Mr. Arnold, reviewing this history and using for a text the rare performances which had filled him and his countrymen with delight, drew this moral for the Londoners:—

Forget your clap-trap and believe that the State, the nation in its collective and corporate character, does well to concern itself about an influence so important to national life and manners as the theatre. Form a company out of the materials ready to your hand in your many good actors or actors of promise. Give them Drury Lane Theatre. Let them have a grant from your Science and Art Department; let some intelligent and accomplished man be joined to them as Commissioner from the Department to see that the conditions of the grant are observed. Let the conditions of the grant be that a repertory is agreed upon, taken out of the works of Shakespeare and out of the volumes of the modern British Drama, and that pieces from this repertory are played a certain number of times each season; as to new pieces, let your company use its discretion. . . . When your institution in the west of London has become a success, plant the second of like kind in the east. The people *will* have the theatre; then make it a good one. Let your two or three chief provincial towns institute with municipality subsidy and co-operation theatres such as you institute in the metropolis, with State subsidy and co-operation. So you will restore the English theatre, and then a modern drama of your own will also, probably, spring up.

Mutatis mutandis, is not this sound and practicable advice for our own country? It is the boast of America that she makes ample provision for all academies for the people. If we count these to be politics, schools, the lyceum, the press, the church, how can we deny a similar place to the theatre? Important as is each of these in its sphere, yet

all demand greater powers of serious attention than very many people can exercise. If we can do without this great school of enthusiasm of mind, sympathy of heart, and much-embracing imagination, we shall furnish the first instance in history of a great nation destitute of a national drama and neglecting to foster this powerful instrument for the nation's weal.

ANNA B. McMAHAN.

Quincy, Ill.

SHAKESPEARE AT SCHOOL.



ON a May morning in 1571 we may imagine young William Shakespeare wending his way for the first time to the Stratford Grammar School. If he was born on the 23d of April, 1564 (or May 3d, according to our present calendar), he had now reached the age of seven years, at which he could enter the school. The only other requirement for admission, in the case of a Stratford boy, was that he should be able to read; and this he had probably learned at home with the aid of a 'horn-book,' such as he afterwards referred to in *Love's Labour's Lost*, V, i, 49: 'Yes, yes; he teaches boys the horn-book. What is a, b, spelt backward, with the horn on its head?'

This primer of our forefathers, which continued in common use down to the middle of the last century at least, was a single leaf, usually set in a frame of wood and covered with a thin plate of transparent horn, from which it got its name. There was generally a handle to hold it by, and through a hole in the handle a cord was put by which the 'book' was slung to the girdle of the scholar. In a book printed in 1731 we read of 'a child, in a boddice coat and leading-strings, with a horn-book tied to her side.' In 1715 we find mention of the price of a horn-book as two-pence. The leaf had at the top the alphabet large and small, with perhaps a list of the vowels and a string of easy monosyllables of the *ab, eb, ib* sort, and a copy of the

Lord's Prayer. The matter varied somewhat from time to time. The alphabet was prefaced by a cross, whence it came to be called the Christ Cross Row, corrupted into 'criss-cross-row' or contracted into 'cross-row'; as in *Richard III*: I, i, 55, where Clarence says:—

He harkens after prophecies and dreams,
And from the cross-row plucks the letter G,
And says a wizard told him that by G
His issue disinherited should be.

Shenstone alludes to the horn-book in *The Schoolmistress*:—

Their books of stature small they take in hand,
Which with pellucid horn secured are,
To save from fingers wet the letters fair.

Possibly, young William, instead of a horn-book, had an 'A-B-C book,' which often contained a catechism, in addition to the elementary reading matter. To this we have an allusion in *King John*, I, i, 196:—

Now your traveller—

He and his toothpick at my worship's mess,
And when my knightly stomach is sufficed,
Why then I suck my teeth and catechise
My picked man of countries: 'My dear Sir,'—
Thus, leaning on my elbow, I begin,—
'I shall beseech you'—that is question now;
And then comes answer like an Absey book, etc.

It was not a long walk that our seven-year-old boy had to take in going to school. Turning the corner of Henley Street, where his father's house is still to be seen, he passes into the High Street, on which (though the street changes its name twice before we get there) is the Guild Hall where the school is kept. It adjoins the Guild Chapel, originally erected in 1269 but rebuilt in the latter half of the 15th century; and the chapel is separated only by a narrow lane from the 'great house,' as it was called, the handsomest in all Stratford. The child, as he passes that grand mansion, little dreams that, some twenty-five years hence, he will buy it for his own residence.

The school-room is in the upper story of the Guild Hall, and probably looks much the same to-day as it did when William studied

there, except that the plastered ceiling may have replaced or hidden the oak roof of the olden time. The wainscotted walls, with the small windows high above the floor, are evidently ancient. An old desk, which may have been the master's, and a few rude forms, or benches, are now the only furniture; for the school was long since removed to ampler and more convenient quarters. A desk, said with no authority whatever to have been used by Shakespeare when at school, is preserved in the museum at the Henley Street house.

What did William study in the Grammar School? Not much except arithmetic and Latin, with perhaps a little Greek and a smattering of other branches. His first lessons in Latin, Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps tells us, were probably 'derived from two well-known books of the time, the *Accidence* and the *Sententiæ Pueriles*. From the first of these works the improvised examination of Master Page in the *Merry Wives of Windsor** is so almost verbally remembered that one might imagine that the William of the scene was a resuscitation of the poet at school. Recollections of the same book are to be traced in other of his plays. The *Sententiæ Pueriles* was, in all probability, the little manual by the aid of which he first learned to construe Latin, for in one place, at least, he all but literally translates a brief passage, and there are in his plays several adaptations of its sentiments.' This book was sold for a penny (equivalent to about twenty-five cents in our day) and contains a collection of brief sentences from many authors, including moral and religious paragraphs intended for the use of the boys on Saints' Days. The Latin Grammar studied by Shakespeare was certainly Lilly's, the standard manual of the time. In the *Taming of the Shrew*, I, i, 167, we have a passage from Terence quoted in the form in which it appears in that Grammar: 'Redime te captum quam queas minimo;' the original Latin being: 'Quid agas, nisi ut te redimas captum,' etc. There are certain people, by the way, who believe that Shakespeare's plays were written by Lord Bacon. Can we imagine the sage of St. Albans, familiar as he was with classical literature, going to his old Latin Grammar for

*See the 1st scene of act iv. where Evans meets Mistress Page with her son William. The passage is too long for quotation here, but the reader, if not familiar with it, will be well repaid for looking it up.

a quotation from Terence, and not to the works of that famous playwright?

In *Love's Labour's Lost*, IV, ii, 95, Holofernes quotes the 'good old Mantuan,' as he calls him, thus: 'Fauste, precor gelida quando pecus omne sub umbra Ruminat.' This is also a reminiscence of his school Latin. The 'Mantuan' is not Virgil, as one might at first suppose, but Baptista Mantuanus, or Giovanni Battista Spagnuoli (or Spagnoli), who got the name Mantuanus from his birth-place. He was the author of sundry *Eclogues*, which the pedants of Shakespeare's day preferred to Virgil's, and which were much read in schools. The 1st *Eclogue* begins with the passage quoted by Holofernes.

How William liked going to school we do not know, but if we are to judge from his references to schoolboys and schoolmasters he had little taste for it. In *As You Like It*, II, vii, 145, we have the familiar picture of

. . . . the whining schoolboy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school;

and in *Romeo and Juliet*, II, ii, 156, the significant similes:—

Love goes toward love as schoolboys from their books,
But love from love, toward school with heavy looks.

Gremio, in the *Taming of the Shrew*, III, ii, 149, when asked if he has come from the church, replies: 'As willingly as e'er I came from school.' And the pedagogues of the dramatist are all pedants, whom he delights to ridicule. Such are Holofernes and Evans, already referred to, and worse than either, Pinch in the *Comedy of Errors*, V, i, 237, who is something of a conjurer withal:—

. . . one Pinch, a hungry lean-faced villain,
A mere anatomy, a mountebank,
A threadbare juggler, and a fortune-teller,
A needy, hollow-eyed, sharp-looking wretch,
A living dead man.

Sooth to say, the schoolmasters of that day were not likely to be remembered with much favor by their pupils in after years. 'Whereas they make one schollar, they marre ten,' says Peacham, who tells

of one pedagogue who used to whip his boys of a cold morning 'for no other purpose than to get himself a heate.' Some of the grammars of the time have on the title-page the suggestive woodcut of 'an awful man sitting on a high chair, pointing to a book with his right hand, but with a mighty rod in his left.' Lilly's Grammar, on the other hand, has the picture of a huge fruit-tree, with little boys in its branches picking the abundant produce. We hope the urchins did not find this more suggestive of stealing apples than of gathering the rich fruit of the tree of knowledge within.

But we must not linger on young Shakespeare's schooldays. It is doubtful whether they lasted more than six years, or until he was about thirteen. In 1577 his father was beginning to have bad luck, and the boy very likely had to be taken from school for work of some sort—we do not know what. As Ben Jonson says, he had 'small Latin and less Greek'—perhaps none—and this was probably due to his leaving the Grammar School before the average age:

W. J. ROLFE.

HENRY IV.



IN both parts of *Henry IV*, the salient event is the Rebellion of the North. It could not have been played upon the stage without reminding the audience of the rising in 1569, associated with Shakespeare's earliest recollections; he was then between five and six years old. . . . In Henry's day there were three risings in the north; first under Hotspur; then under the Archbishop; lastly, three years later, under Northumberland and Bardolph. These three risings the poet reduces to two, by making the third a mere episode of the second, and he thoroughly misrepresents the second, with which in reality Northumberland had nothing to do, for he had been reconciled to the king and restored to most of his dignities in 1404. It was not till long after the Archbishop's death that he rebelled again and was slain.

By this unhistorical manipulation the two risings are made in one respect very like the two wars in *John*—the first secular in its motives; the second resting mainly for its support on ecclesiastical influences. It was supposed all through Elizabeth's reign that a double treasonable movement like this was going on. One of its phases was political only, aiming at deposing Elizabeth as illegitimate, substituting the Queen of Scots, and restoring the nobility to their old privileges. When the English fugitives of 1569 represented themselves as religious confessors and maintainers of the Pope's authority, Burghley declared their assertion to be false, and an after-thought. But it was different with the second phase of the rebellion; this indeed never came to a head, but it was ever living in the imaginations of the counsellors, and terrified them to the enactment of more and more grievous penal laws. This two-fold view of the rebellion is described by Morton to Northumberland, 2 *Henry IV*; I, 189:—

The gentle Archbishop of York is up,

Who with a double surety binds his followers.

Hotspur had 'but shadows and the show of men to fight,' for the word 'rebellion' divided their minds, so that he had only their bodies—

but for their spirit and souls,

This word 'rebellion' it had froze them up,
As fish are in a pond. But now the Bishop
Turns insurrection to religion;

He's followed both with body and with mind,
And doth enlarge his rising with the blood.
Of fair King Richard scraped from Pomfret stones,
Derives from heaven his quarrel and his cause,
Tells them he doth bestride a bleeding land
Gasping for life under great Bolingbroke,
And more and less do flock to follow him.

This was the case in the sixteenth century. Before and during 1659 the word 'rebellion' froze up the souls of the malcontents and isolated the northern earls with their immediate following. Then came the ex-communication of Pius V, in 1570, and the sentence of Sextus in 1588, denouncing Elizabeth's extortions and wrongs

against her subjects, her aid to foreign rebels, and entertainment of fugitives, her dealings with the Turk to invade Christendom, her persecution of Catholics, her slaughter of the Queen of Scots, her debasement of the ancient nobility and promotion of obscure persons. The Pope turned insurrection to religion, and enlarged the rising with the blood of fair Queen Mary, scraped from Fotheringay. Sanders excuses the remissness of the Catholics in joining the rising of 1569, by the fact that they had not been authentically informed of the ex-communication of the Queen. The fact was whispered, agents came from Rome to England to certify it, but the sentence was not officially published, and therefore the Catholics treated it as a nullity. Sanders, perhaps to magnify the Papal influence, treats the rebellion of 1569 as a consequence of the Bull of Feb. 1570, which Camden, perhaps explaining Sanders, tells us was secretly communicated the year before to a few, among whom Bishop Jewell, by some means, got possession of a copy. Sanders, however, says the rising failed because the Bull was not published. 'By this denunciation many men of rank were led to think of delivering their brethren in firm hope of the assistance' of all Catholics. The matter failed because all Catholics knew not as yet that Elizabeth was declared a heretic. But the intention of these men was laudable. Burghley's comment on all this is, 'the cause why the rebels prevailed not, was because all Catholics had not been duly informed that the Queen was a heretic.' Which want of information, to make the rebels mightier in numbers and power, was diligently and cunningly supplied by the sending into the realm of a great multitude of Seminaries and Jesuits, whose special charge was to inform the people thereof. For years after, Burghley treated one great English party as in a state of chronic rebellion, always ready to break out, and always requiring the most vigilant repression.

Shakespeare fills up his vivid story of the rising with so many life-like details of his own—such as the character of Hotspur, the perfumed lord, with his pounce-box, the letter from the 'dish of skimmed milk,' and the indecision and imbecility of the Earl—that we might suppose him to have worked up materials he had gathered in London

from some one who had a part in the rebellion. One of the Percies, Sir Charles, was settled at Dumbleton, in Gloucestershire, in the neighborhood of Stratford, and in a letter of 1601, speaks familiarly of himself as Justice Shallow. This man, who refers to these very plays, may have furnished some of the matter of *Henry IV*.

The story of Falstaff and his fellows is a creation of the poet, admirably echoing the moral of the serious part of the drama, according to the poet's method of managing his double plots. A statist, says Fitzherbert (*Religion and Policy*, I, c. 30, No. 29), must avoid all unlawful employment in any wickedness for his prince's service. For he will never be trusted after, however satisfactory his service is in the present. And the example he gives is, 'Henry V, presently after his father's death banished from the court all such as had been counsellors, instruments or companions of his riots before.' This note is first struck in *Richard II* in the King's prophecy to Northumberland:

Thou shalt think,
Though he divide the realm and give thee half,
It is too little, helping him to all :
And he shall think that thou who knew'st the way
To plant unrightful kings, wilt know again
To pluck him headlong from the usurped throne.
The love of wicked men converts to fear,
That fear to hate, and hate turns one or both
To worthy danger and deserved death.

The two parts of *Henry IV* are the fulfillment of this prophecy. In the first part Worcester says :—

—Bear ourselves as even as we can,
The King will always think him in our debt,
And think we think ourselves unsatisfied,
Till he hath found a time to pay us home.
Look how we can, or sad or merrily,
Interpretation will misquote our looks.

In the second part Mowbray dissuades the Archbishop from reconciliation by the argument,—

Our valuation shall be such
That every slight and false devised cause,

Yea, every idle, nice, and wanton reason,
Shall to the King taste of this action.

And the dying King to his son :—

[The crown] seemed in me
But as an honour snatched with boisterous hand,
And I had many living to upbraid
My gain of it with their assistances
Which daily grew to quarrel and to bloodshed.

If men love the treason they hate the traitor, and suspect that he who has been false to one will be false to another. So Lewis justifies his treachery to the English nobles in *King John*; so Othello begins to suspect Desdemona because she had been false to her father. Cleopatra tempts Antony to be false to Fulvia, and mistrusts him forever. And Parolles shows that no man after being false to his friends can serve any honest use.

This constant prominence of the law which fatally conducts traitors to punishment, is in the plays modified by a large-hearted sympathy with their grievances and temptations. It is so in the Roman plays.—Brutus and Coriolanus are instances. In *Cymbeline*, Belarius deserves ill by doing well, is driven to treason by being beaten for loyalty, and learns how '*il perd souvent d'avoir trop bien servi.*' In *King John*, Salisbury exhibits the struggle between patriotism and rebellion.

In a modern play all this would be without special political meaning. At the time of the landing of William III, or during the struggle for American independence, it would have been alive with meaning. So it was in Shakespeare's days. Then the English visitor to Spanish Flanders might see troops of his unhappy countrymen, gentlemen, many of them, of good houses, wandering in poor habits and pallid faces, debarred from returning to their country, daily overlooked by the proud eyes of disdainful Spaniards, in whose comfortless service they were perishing without relief or pity. A pamphlet, of 1593, attributed to Lewknor, tells of the atrocious cruelty used towards them by their hard masters, who knew that there was no return for them to the land they had left, often from the purest mo-

tives of religion and right. To swell this wretched company, young men were daily being seduced from England, some by the Spaniolated English, who based their hopes on a Spanish succession to the crown, some by their own restless desire of glory, and their sentimental preference of the Hidalgo of Spain to the beer-brewing and basket-making Dutchmen. Some again, because they could not live at peace in England, but were continually troubled by informers and pursuivants and meddling justices, about their attendance at church. The temptation was great; quite important enough to deserve the poetical disuasive it obtained in *King John* and the two parts of *Henry VI.*—R. SIMPSON in *The New Shakspeare Society's Transactions* (I, 1874).

A School of Shakespeare.

For his bounty,
There was no winter in't; an autumn 'twas
That grew the more by reaping.

—*Antony & Cleopatra*, V, 11, 86.

1 AND 2 HENRY IV.



HE popularity of Henry IV upon his accession to the throne seems to have been equalled only by the unpopularity of Richard II. From the time of his banishment as Bolingbroke, Earl of Derby, in 1398, till his return the next year as duke of Lancaster, to claim his inheritance, the tide rose so steadily and rapidly in his favor that he seems to be carried up the steps of the throne almost without effort. History presents him to us much as Shakespeare has drawn his character.—Bold, far-seeing, determined, self-contained, untiring in action as in waiting, a good dissimulator, a good judge of other men's characters, ready to crook the pregnant hinges of the knee, prompt to stake all upon the perilous edge of battle, not without a generous vein of chivalric ardor and

kindliness nor a common-sense appreciation of the righteousness of justice, together with a towering ambition and a dauntless self-reliance—before ‘such a compact, close-knit, sure-footed structure as Bolingbroke, it is no wonder that Richard’s brittle, stumbling, loose-jointed fabric soon goes to pieces,’ well says Mr. Hudson: nor is it surprising that the various rebellions during Henry’s reign tried in vain to push him from his seat.

Froissart describes him to us as a ‘young and handsome knight’ who had already ridden far, knight-errant fashion, and seen much; and Warton (*History of English Poetry*, p. xvii.) thinks Chaucer may have him in mind and mean to turn a dextrous compliment in naming the places visited by the knight in the *Canterbury Tales*. Froissart speaks of his banishment as follows, putting into the mouths of his talkers, noble or plebeian, sentiments characteristic of the age:—

The sentence was satisfactory to the lords present who said, ‘The Earl of Derby may readily go two or three years and amuse himself in foreign parts, for he is young enough; and although he has already travelled to Prussia, the Holy Sepulchre, Cairo, and St. Catherine’s (the Monastery on Mount Sinai), he will find other places to visit: He has two sisters, Queen’s of Castille and Portugal, and may cheerfully pass his time with them. The lords, knights, and squires of these countries will make him welcome, for at this moment all warfare is at an end. On his arrival in Castille, as he is very active, he may put them in motion, and lead them against the infidels of Grenada, which will employ his time better than remaining idle in England. Or he may go to Hainault, where his cousin and brother in arms, the Count D’Ostrevault, will be happy to see him and gladly entertain him, that he may assist him in his war against the Frieslanders. If he go to Hainault, he can have frequent intelligence from his own country and children. He therefore cannot fail of doing well whithersoever he goes; and the king may speedily recall him, through means of the good friends he will leave behind, for he is the finest feather in his cap; and he must not therefore suffer him to be too long absent, if he wish to gain the love of his subjects. The earl-marshal has had hard treatment, for he is banished without hope of ever being recalled; but, to say the truth he has deserved it, for all this mischief has been caused by him and his foolish talking: he must therefore pay for it.’ Thus conversed many English knights with each other, the day the king passed sentence on the Earl of Derby and the earl-marshal.—Vol. IV. C. 95.

The day the Earl of Derby mounted his horse to leave London, upward of forty thousand men were in the streets, bitterly lamenting his departure.

Ah, gentle earl ! will you then quit us ? This country will never be happy until your return, and the days until then will be insufferably long. Through envy, treachery and fear, are you driven out of a kingdom where you are more worthy to reside than those who caused it. You are of such high birth and gallantry that none other can be compared to you. Why then will you leave us, gentle earl ? You have never done wrong by thought or deed, and are incapable of so doing.' Thus did men and women so piteously complain that it was grievous to hear them.—*Ibid.* C. 96.

Speaking of the dissatisfaction in England against Richard II, after the death of John of Gaunt, and of the intrigue whereby Richard broke off the proposed marriage between the Earl of Derby and the daughter of the Duke of Berry, Froissart has the following, admirably illustrative of the temper and thought of the times:—

Whatever misfortune fate has decreed cannot be prevented ; they must have their course, and those that befel King Richard are wonderful indeed to think on. He might have avoided them, but what must be will be. I, John Froissart, author of these chronicles, will literally say what, in my younger days, I heard at a mansion called Berkhamstead, distant from London thirty miles, and which, at the time I am speaking of, in the year of our Lord 1361, belonged to the Prince of Wales, father to King Richard. As the prince and princess were about to leave England for Aquitaine to hold their state, the King of England, Queen Philippa, my mistress, the Dukes of Clarence, Lancaster, the Lord Edmund, who was afterward Earl of Cambridge, and Duke of York, with their children, came to this mansion to visit the prince and take leave of him. I was at that time twenty-four years old, and one of the clerks of the chamber to my lady the queen. During this visit, as I was seated on a bench, I heard the following conversation from a knight to some of the ladies of the queen. He said : ' There was in that country a book called Brut which many say contains the prophecies of Merlin. According to its contents, neither the Prince of Wales nor Duke of Clarence, though sons to King Edward, will wear the crown of England, but it will fall to the house of Lancaster.' When the knight said this the Earl of Derby was not born ; his birth was seven years after. This prophecy, however, was verified, for I have since seen Henry, Earl of Derby, King of England.—*Ibid.* cap. 103.*

Prophecies after the fact are not so hard, even nowadays. This account of the coronation of Henry, however, does not involve the good old chronicler's prophetic powers, and is probably as reliable as interesting :—

The whole cavalcade amounted to six thousand horse, which escorted the duke from the Tower to Westminster. That same night the duke bathed, and on the morrow confessed himself, as he had good need to do, and according to his custom heard three masses. The prelates and clergy who had been assembled then came in a large body in procession from Westminster Abbey to conduct the king thither, and returned in the same manner, the king and his lords following them. The dukes, earls and barons wore long scarlet robes, with mantles trimmed with ermine, and large hoods of the same. The dukes and earls had three bars of ermine on the left arm a quarter of a yard long, or thereabout, the barons had but two. All the knights and squires had uniform cloaks of scarlet lined with minever. In the procession to the church the duke had borne over his head a rich canopy of blue silk supported on silver staves, with four golden bells that rang at the corners, by four burgesses of Dover, who claimed it as their right. On each side of him were the sword of mercy and the sword of justice; the first was borne by the Prince of Wales, and the other by the Earl of Northumberland, constable of England, for the Earl of Rutland had been dismissed. The Earl of Westmoreland, marshal of England, carried the sceptre. The procession entered the church about nine o'clock; in the middle of which was a scaffold covered with crimson cloth, and in the centre, a royal throne of cloth of gold. When the duke entered the church he seated himself on the throne, and was thus in regal state, except having the crown on his head. The Archbishop of Canterbury proclaimed from the four corners of the scaffold how God had given them a man for their lord and sovereign, and then asked the people if they were consenting to his being consecrated and crowned king. They unanimously shouted out 'Ay!' and held up their hands, promising fealty and homage. After this the duke descended from his throne, and advanced to the altar to be consecrated. This ceremony was performed by two archbishops and ten bishops. He was stripped of all his royal state before the altar, naked to his shirt, and was then anointed and consecrated at six places, that is to say, on the head, the breast, the two shoulders, before and behind, on the back and hands; they then placed a bonnet on his head, and, while this was doing, the clergy chanted the litany, or the service that is performed to hallow a font. The king was now dressed in a churchman's clothes like a deacon, and they put on him shoes of crimson velvet, after the manner of a prelate. Then they added spurs with a point but no rowel, and the sword of justice was drawn, blessed, and delivered to the king, who put it into the scabbard, when the Archbishop of Canterbury girded it about him. The crown of St. Edward, which is arched over like a cross, was next brought and blessed and placed by the archbishop on the king's head. When mass was over, the king left the church and returned to the palace in the same state as before. There was in the court-yard a fountain that constantly

ran with white and red wine from various mouths. The king went first to his closet, and then returned to the hall to dinner. At the first table sat the king, at the second the five great peers of England, at the third the principal citizens of London, at the fourth the new-created knights, at the fifth all knights and squires of honor. The king was served by the Prince of Wales, who carried the sword of mercy, and on the opposite side, by the constable, who bore the sword of justice. At the bottom of the table was the Earl of Westmoreland with the sceptre. There were only at the king's table the two archbishops and seventeen bishops. When dinner was half over, a knight of the name of Dymock entered the hall completely armed, and mounted on a handsome steed, richly barbed with crimson housings. The knight was armed for wager of battle, and was preceded by another knight bearing his lance; he himself had his drawn sword in one hand, and his naked dagger by his side. The knight presented the king with a written paper, the contents of which were, that if any knight or gentleman should dare to maintain that King Henry was not a lawful sovereign, he was ready to offer him combat in the presence of the king, when and where he should be pleased to appoint. The king ordered this challenge to be proclaimed by heralds in six different parts of the town and the hall, to which no answer was made. . . . Thus passed the coronation day of King Henry, who remained that and the ensuing day at the palace of Westminster.

* The following further extract from Froissart forms an excellent appendix to the preceding, and is also something of a commentary on Falstaff's lion's instinct (I *Henry IV*; II, iv).

'I heard of a singular circumstance that happened, which I must mention. King Richard had a greyhound called Math, beautiful beyond measure, who would not notice nor follow anyone but the king. Whenever the king rode abroad the greyhound was loosed by the person who had him in charge, and ran instantly to caress him, by placing his two forefeet on his shoulders. It fell out that as the king and the Duke of Lancaster were conversing in the court of the castle (Conroy Castle), their horses being ready for them to mount, the greyhound was untied, but, instead of running as usual to the king, he left him and leaped to the Duke of Lancaster's shoulders, paying him every court, and caressing him as he was formerly used to caress the king. The duke, not acquainted with this greyhound, asked the king the meaning of this fondness, saying, "What does this mean?" "Cousin," replied the king, "it means a great deal for you, and very little for me." "How?" said the duke, "pray explain it." "I understand it," answered the king, "that this greyhound fondles and pays his court to you this day as King of England, which you will surely be, and I shall be deposed, for the natural instinct of the dog shows it to him. Keep him, therefore, by your side, for he will now leave me and follow you." The Duke of Lancaster treasured up what the king had said, and paid attention to the greyhound, who would never more follow Richard of Bordeaux, but kept by the side of the Duke of Lancaster, as was witnessed by thirty thousand men.'—*Ib.* cap. 112.

A splendid sight it must have been, and we may well doubt whether it was surpassed by the coronation of George IV, in 1821, so

graphically described by Sir Walter Scott (see Lockhart's *Life of Scott*, Vol. V. Chap. IV.), upon which occasion also a young Dymocke was the challenger or champion, and hurt Sir Walter's antiquarian feelings on using a 'round rondache, or Highland target,' instead of 'a three-corner'd or *heater-shield*, which in time of the tilt was suspended round the neck.'

The value to the history of civilization of the picture or illustration drawn by Froissart is as much superior to the pageant described by Sir Walter as fact is superior to semblance. Everything about the coronation of Henry, the long procession, the gorgeous robes, the stripping of the king to the nakedness of his shirt, the steel-clad challenger, the sturdy London burgesses, the mitred bishops—all these were parts, in a certain sense, essential parts of the thing of which they were the sign, the natural outgrowth of their civilization; while the whole splendid pageant of George IV's coronation was a pageant essentially, a desirable one doubtless, but not representative of the civilization of 1821.

Gay young Dymocke could prance harmless and unharmed in 1821, because the *law*, of which his grim ancestor, naked sword in hand, was the representative in 1399, had become the undisputed prerogative of the nation; the London alderman could swallow their venison and turtle in 1821, sitting comfortably on the same spot probably where their stout forefathers had eaten their coronation dinner four and a quarter centuries before, because those forefathers could be thus described by the courtly Froissart:—

For (the English) are the worst people in the world, the most obstinate and presumptuous; and of all England the Londoners are the leaders, for to say the truth, they are very powerful in men and in wealth. In the city and neighborhood, there are twenty-four thousand men, completely armed from head to foot, and full thirty thousand archers. This is a great force, and they are bold and courageous; and the more blood is spilt, the greater their courage.—Book IV. chap. 113.

Have men ever gotten any great good in government without fighting for it, or kept it without being ready to fight for it on short notice?

By an act of the fifth of this reign it is made felony to cut out any person's tongue, or put out his eyes; crimes which the act says were very

frequent. This savage spirit of revenge denotes a barbarous people; though, perhaps, it was increased by the prevailing factions and civil commotions.—Hume's *History*, chap. XVIII.

By the provisions of the Statute of Heretics (1401) 'a refusal to abjure, or a relapse after abjuration, enabled [the bishops] to hand over the heretic to the civil officers and by these . . . he was to be burned on a high place before the people. The statute was hardly passed before William Sawtre, who had quitted a Norfolk rectory to spread the new Lollardism, became its first victim.'—Green's *Short History*, chap. V. § VI.

What amazing things, fortunately, those two statutes are to us!

The two parts of *Henry IV* constitute one of the finest of the Shakespearian dramas. The variety of character is astonishing, and yet there is no great female character portrayed. Dame Quickly reminds us of the Nurse in *Romeo and Juliet*; Lady Percy suggests both Imogen and Rosalind, perhaps, but she is the equal of neither. The discussions of the principal characters by Dowden (*Shakespeare: his Mind and Art*), Hudson (*Life, Art and Characters of Shakespeare*), and Gervinus (*Shakespeare Commentaries*), are very interesting. Very instructive, too, is the comparison of Henry IV with Macbeth. They are both ambitious usurpers: Macbeth has no spur but vaulting ambition; Henry has behind him the moral sense of the people, and just private claims: Macbeth plunges from crime to crime to preserve himself; Henry descends to unjust, crimeful expedients of policy, but to save the State as well as himself; Macbeth, untrue to himself in the very beginning, ends by becoming heartlessly untrue to his wife, guilty and suffering for his sake, the only creature left to love him; Henry, never really false to himself, ends surrounded by his sons and his officers of state, and reconciled to Prince Hal, of whom he doubted most: Macbeth dies desperate, fighting like a beast in the toils: Henry dies comforted and in the Jerusalem chamber, having attained, as it were, the sanction and reward of the long-contemplated crusade for which his knight-errant soul yearned: both men deteriorate in character, Macbeth hopelessly so—his life was for himself: Henry not beyond excuse—his life was for the State and society as well as for himself: both men have expressed in words that are immortal the longing for rest that comes to the uneasy soul, and the

insufficiency of pomp or power to make amends for wrongs done to conscience. (*Macbeth*, II, ii; III, ii; V, v: 1 *Henry IV*: I, i: 2 *Henry IV*: III, i; IV, v.) Of Prince Hal and Hotspur and Falstaff, so much has been so well written that but little need be here said. They stand in a sort of whimsical inverse moral and intellectual relation to one another. Hotspur is, so to speak, an aspiration; honor as he conceives it is his breath and being; not to be known and praised as Hotspur—he would rather not be at all. Prince Hal has also a profound desire for honor, but not merely as Hotspur conceives it; his desire is governed by strong common sense; it is the deed he craves, and not the name of doing it; it is enough for him to know within himself that he is capable; his intense pride and self-respect scorns the ‘bubble reputation,’ but not the fact underlying it. Falstaff’s selfish intellect despises honor, both name and deed, which can neither heal a wound in his fat paunch, nor refresh him in the absence of good sherris sack. On the other hand, Hotspur, though not deficient in intelligence, does not see clearly what he is doing because of his predominant mood; Prince Henry, in the clear light of common sense, sees everything and everybody just as they are; Falstaff is intellectually a giant, and, as far as his sympathies go, shows the discursive mind of Hamlet. He is limited by lack of moral nature; he has no morals to speak of; his God is his belly, and his belly is so big that he has no room for any bowels of righteousness; his conscience has all gone to kidney, and no longer disturbs him. He is well-nigh as subtle as Hamlet, as witty as Mercuti, as quaint as Touchstone; he is Falstaff. But he is all wrong; he must bring down his own punishment, and when it does come, it is irretrievable.

Gervinus institutes something of a comparison between Prince Henry and Bassanio, and it is one which may be followed with interest and profit; not less on this account perhaps than on others, that the characters in *Henry IV* all seem to underrate the Prince, but the reader feels his real worth, and estimates him more justly all the while, whereas in the *Merchant of Venice* all the characters esteem as well as estimate Bassanio at his real worth, while most readers seem to undervalue him. Is Shakespeare, as well as Antonio and Gratiano

and Launcelot and the large-souled Portia, wrong about this handsome, elegant young 'Venetian, a scholar and a soldier,' or are some of us wrong? Would Portia be the woman to mistake the man of her choice?

For the condition of contemporary Europe see the histories of Green, Hallam, Gibbon, Hume, Gairdner's *Houses of Lancaster and York* (*Epochs of History Series*). See also *Chevy Chase* and the *Battle of Otterbourne* in Percy's *Reliques of English Poetry*; Ellis's *Early English Poetry*; Marlowe's *Tamburlaine the Great*; *Canterbury Chimes, or Chaucer Tales Retold*, with its quaint illustrations.

WM. TAYLOR THOM.

Shakespeare Societies.

Such a holy witch
That he enchants societies into him;
Half all men's hearts are his.

—*Cymbeline*, I, vi, 166.

MONTREAL SHAKESPEARE CLUB.—Feb. 7th.—Essay Night.—Subject: *King Richard III.*—(1) Mr. C. A. Duclos read the 'Introductory Sketch,' in which after some general remarks he maintained the magnificence of the dramatic conception of Richard. He was too great a character to be regarded as a mere villain. Grandly selfish, he compelled our admiration like Milton's Satan. His great insight into the human heart was exhibited in his dialogue with the Lady Anne, in which Richard wins her by concentrating her thoughts upon himself, by causing her to hate him intensely, knowing well that hate is nearer to love than indifference. (2) The Rev. Dr. Norman (an honorary member) in his 'Sidelights upon *Richard III*' took a very favorable view of the play. He considered Richard to have been the original of Milton's Satan; held that the scene of Anne's wooing was open to criticism; and that the play itself was admirable, not only for its high moral tone, but because it always took well with the gods. (3) Mr. E.

Lafleur contributed a paper upon Richard III. His age was a reign of terror and Richard himself its consummate incarnation. He is already a fully developed villain in *3 Henry VI*, his evil nature being in part the result of physical deformity. Still his character is so drawn (the reader here compared the play with Byron's *Deformed Transformed*) that we feel no sympathy with Richard. Like Iago and Macbeth, Richard is an intellectual character; but Richard's intelligence is of a practical nature, that of Macbeth is philosophical, of Iago, cynical. Richard's career compares best with that of Macbeth; but Macbeth is partly led on by the witches, and in Macbeth there is a conflict of conscience. Richard's inner life is more like Iago's with a difference. If both are cynical sceptics, Richard is a Frederick, Iago a Voltaire. Again Richard is rapid and unreflective in action; while Iago acts leisurely, taking an æsthetic pleasure in his victims' tortures. The paper concluded with a comparison of the deaths of the three villains. After (4) 'Some Remarks upon the Play' by Mr. W. R. Millar, in which he accepted the opening soliloquy as true to nature and dwelt on Queen Margaret's troubled career, (5) the Secretary (Mr. R. W. Boodle) read a note upon '*Richard III* and the *True Tragedy of King Richard*.' After contrasting Shakespeare's play with the early chronicle play, the reader distinguished between the tragedy of character and the tragedy of destiny, of which latter the present play was a well-marked type. The vitality of the tragedy of destiny, including at one extreme Æschylus's *Agamemnon*, at the other George Eliot's *Spanish Gipsy*—was insisted upon.

Meeting of March 21st.—Essay Night.—Subject: *Troilus and Cressida*.—(1) The 'Introductory Essay' was read by the Secretary (Mr. R. W. Boodle), who, by tracing the pedigree of the Trojan story through the main mediæval authorities upon the subject, showed that, like Heywood in his *Iron Age*, Shakespeare had merely told it as he found it. The Trojan bias was inherited, and there was no conscious attempt to burlesque the Homeric account. It was doubtful whether Shakespeare had ever read Chapman's translation, and we find the Trojan story given in outline in the *Rape of Lucrece* very much as it is in the play. The graft of the love episode of *Troilus*

and Cressida upon the ancient legend was characteristically mediæval and should be compared with the story of Pelleas and Ettarre in the Arthurian legend. In answer to the questions, how the play was to be classified, and in what mood it was written, the essayist considered it to be a cry from the Aleian plain, upon which Shakespeare was then wandering, like Bellerophon, 'devouring his own soul.' The essay concluded with a discussion of the personalities supposed to be traced in the play. The character of Ajax was the 'purge' given by Shakespeare to Ben Jonson, and for different reasons the reader believed Thersites to be intended for Marston rather than Dekker. (2) Mr. E. W. Arthy next contributed an essay upon 'Cressids.' The phase of character depicted in Cressida was rather Elizabethan than Homeric or Hellenic. In the heroic as well as in the classical period, such a character would have been impossible. The absence of fixed rule of conduct apart from the sense of the beautiful, the Hellenic belief in the Divine as prompting strong feeling, and the high admiration for mere physical charm—all these resulted in great freedom of relations between the sexes, paralleled only by the Italy of the Renaissance, though even here conduct that was natural to the Greek became defiant and morbid in one over whom the influence of Christianity had passed. (3) Mr. A. D. Nicolls read upon 'Shakespeare's Heroes Regarded from the Point of View of Courage.' After quoting Aristotle's definition, the essayist reviewed the different heroes of the play by the light of it. Ajax's courage was merely physical, Agamemnon a leader of men, Ulysses remarkable for intellectual qualities; even though Achilles possessed great fighting qualities, he was despicable. Hector alone in this play comes near to our idea of courage. (4) Mr. N. T. Rielle then concluded the evening with a paper entitled 'Thersites,' whom he considered to be subjectively the embodiment of Shakespeare's mental development at a certain stage—that of maturity of mind, looking at life from a pessimistic standpoint, the result of satiety and vanished youth. From this point of view, as representing a stage of his creator's mental growth, Thersites reminded the reader of V. Hugo's Valjean, just as from another point of view *Troilus and Cressida* might be called Shakespeare's *Sappho*; the spiritual is here

conquered by the earthly: realism, materialism, and pessimism reign supreme, as in French literature at the present moment. In Shakespeare this was but a passing phase, which he was enabled to conquer by going back to his early beliefs and his country life.

THE FEBRUARY MEETING OF THE NEW YORK SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY.—The society met at Hamilton Hall, Columbia College, New York, February 24th, the President, Appleton Morgan, Esq., in the chair. Le Grand Burton, Esq., of Chicago, was elected a non-resident member; and Hon. C. H. Davis, of St. Paul, Senator-elect from Minnesota, and Dr. Geo. Frederick Holmes, of the University of Virginia, honorary members. The paper of the evening, 'The Sonnets: some New Inferences from Old Facts,' by Wm. J. Rolfe, owing to its author's inability to be present, was read by Mr. Nevin. Mr. Rolfe disclaimed any desire to add to the multitude of theories already aggregated about these wonderful poems. But after long study he was inclined to come back to the starting point, and hold that they were in truth and fact autobiographical—were William Himself, not as the crazy Barnstolff held, because the initials of their dedicatee, W. H., could be so interpreted, but because the difficulties in the way of not believing them autobiographical were greater than those in the way of so believing them. For example, it was possible to read them so that they made a connected history of narrative. Now, if the relater of this narrative was simply relating the story of another man's life, why should he, the relater, express remorse? Remorse is one thing, regret is another. But the historian poet does not simply regret that the history was thus and so. He expresses *remorse* (Mr. Rolfe here quoted numerous examples). This feature seemed to stamp the history as autobiographical.

The points made in this paper were summed up thus at the close:

1st. That the Sonnets were not edited by Shakespeare, but by some anonymous collector, who did not, and obviously could not, ask the poet or the persons to whom they were addressed for aid in settling a textual question. [Dowden and others have taken the ground that the edition of 1609 was not authorized or supervised by Shakespeare, but Mr. Rolfe claims to be the first to *prove* this beyond a doubt from certain typographical

peculiarities—the significance of which has been strangely overlooked by critics and commentators.]

2d. That the arrangement of the Sonnets in the edition of 1609 was therefore not authoritative, but simply the best conjectural one that the collector could make from a study of the poems, and what he knew of their history; and there is, moreover, internal evidence that the order is not strictly chronological.

3d. That the great majority of the Sonnets are personal, or autobiographical, and were not intended for publication; but it is not probable that the first 126 (or such of these as are personal) are all addressed to one man, and the rest to one woman, with whom Shakespeare and that man were both entangled.

4th. That in whatever sense 'Mr. W. H.' may have been the 'begetter' of the Sonnets, all the attempts to identify him have been unsuccessful, and some of them ridiculous.

5th. That while the majority of the Sonnets were probably written before 1599, some of them may be of later date, especially those in which the poet refers to himself as old and tired of life.

Mr. Fleming said, in moving the reference of the paper to the Publication Committee, that his own study of the Sonnets had led him to the same conclusion as that arrived at by Mr. Rolfe. For his own part he did not think so highly of the Sonnets as compared with the other Shakespeare work; and thought it was as autobiographical sketches, rather than as literary productions, that they were valuable at all. The speaker pictured Shakespeare as a many-sided man, and believed Dowden not far wrong when he spoke of the Romeo element and the Hamlet element; the former referring to the passions or emotions, the latter to the intellect. Romeo lived in the world of feeling; Hamlet in that of thought. Shakespeare lived in both. The speaker here quoted the 42d and 131st Sonnets, which seemed to him almost a rhymed statement of the passage in Hamlet's soliloquy, beginning 'For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,' etc. In fact it had always been a pet theory of his life (the speaker's) that both the Sonnets and the soliloquy were autobiographical, and that much that elsewhere was enigmatical could be illuminated by so considering them. Mr. Morgan thought it was hardly safe to follow such enthusiastic gentlemen as Mr. Dowden too precipitately. Shakespeare was not only the most objective, but also the least subjective of poets. It was

simply impossible to ascertain what he spoke in the character of his personages, and what he spoke (if he ever spoke) in his own, William Shakespeare's, character. The speaker knew that Mr. Dowden, or somebody, had discovered that the wail of Constance for her lost child was written by Shakespeare just after the death of his son Hamnet, and that he made one of his characters advise men never to marry ladies older than themselves, from an abiding personal experience of the folly of such an act, etc., etc. But a parity of interpretation would make out Shakespeare to have been a beetle, and to have spoken from his own personal experience when testifying that a beetle trod upon feels a pang as great as when a giant dies, and, in the speaker's opinion, suffocate us in a mass of absurdities. He thought Mr. Rolfe's point as to the difference between remorse and regret well taken. It is said to be natural for us to bear up bravely against the temptations of others and to succumb to our own. Mr. Rolfe, the speaker thought, had great reason for believing the temptation here to be Shakespeare's own. Mr. Reynolds asked if there was any known difficulty anywhere to the formation of any theory possible about the Sonnets, whether theorizers would ever be interrupted or disconcerted by any facts. So far as he had read the critics and commentators, they all disagreed about the Sonnets, but none of them were able to contradict each other or show wherein each other was wrong. He had listened with great pleasure to Mr. Rolfe's paper which seemed to him to deal with the Sonnets as they stood, rather than to manufacture schemes for them, and he seconded the motion to refer it to the Committee on Publication. Mr. Frey said he thought that in the Sonnets Shakespeare had boasted of his future fame and triumphs. 'We all know that the poet had produced so many plays, and such excellent ones, *before 1592*, as to make Robert Greene, the great critic of the day, exceedingly envious. It is therefore, not to be wondered at that a young man with such honors thrust upon him should exult a little, and perhaps exhibit in his Sonnets a self-consciousness of his future immortality.' Mr. Frey quoted in explanation portions of Sonnets 18 and 19:

So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
So long lives this,
Yet, do thy worst, old Time: despite thy wrong,
My love shall in my verse ever live young, etc.

Mr. Frey added that numerous similar expressions had been detected by him, and they seemed to him to be signs of youth and immaturity rather than, as Dowden calls them, 'intimations of immortality.' The motion to refer the paper of the evening to the Publication Committee was then agreed to. At the next regular meeting, April 28th, the paper of the evening will be 'On the desirability of Uniformity in the Notation of the Critical Editions,' by the Hon. Alvey A. Ade.

SHAKESPEARE'S STAGE ART.—It is always very useful in forming opinions about Shakespeare to be conversant with the action of the play upon the stage. Nobody, I venture to think, can *fully* appreciate Shakespeare unless he sees his plays acted as well as reads them, because the art of Shakespeare for stage purposes is just as marvellous as his art as a poet; a psychologist, and a delineator of character and action. In fact, when we consider what the theatre practically was in Shakespeare's time, what his material aids and appliances were, it often occurs to me that his art of stage structure and arrangement is one of the most wonderful things in connection with him, because all these appliances had to be constructed entirely in the imagination. He had a plain platform and a curtain behind him, an entrance or two, and a means of appearing at an upper window. Everything else had to be conceived; and yet he has constructed and arranged scenes which admit of the best appliances of the most skillful stage mechanists and painters.

He has, in fact, done for the material appliances of the theatre something equivalent to what he has done in the female characters of his plays. He had only boys to act these parts, and yet he has conceived characters which cannot be adequately embodied but by the most womanly of women.—Mr. Tom Taylor in *Transactions New Shakspeare Society*, Vol. I.

The Drama.

Betwixt mine eye and heart a league is took,
And each doth good turns now unto the other.

—Sonnet XLVII.

MODJESKA IN TWELFTH NIGHT.—The curtain rises upon a passable, but by no means masterly theatrical tempest, and after the mechanical agitation aroused has subsided, Madame Modjeska's sweet, gliding voice, asking for Viola, 'What country, friends, is this?' in its half-dazed sadness and bewilderment, is more effectual than any stage storm to give the audience a lively realization of the shipwreck that has cast her on this strange shore, and torn her away from the brother she fears is drowned and in Elysium, yet hopes may be on earth. The sailor, who humors and helps her plan to serve as the Duke's page, until she has made her 'own occasion mellow what [her] estate is,' does not speak his words much more as if they belonged to his own part than it is the custom of messengers, first and second gentlemen, sailors, and the like to deliver the lines set down for them. But as the play progresses it is pleasant to see that this company—as may be said distinctively of Madame Modjeska's companies, generally—is independently alive, and not a band of wooden Noah's-ark accompaniments for one eminent figure of flesh and blood. So that one might have borrowed John Downes's comment, of over two hundred years ago, on the performance of his Royal Highness, the Duke of York's servants in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, and say,—'*Twelfth Night* or *What You Will*; wrote by Mr. Wm. Shakespeare, had nightly Success by its well Performance.'

Mr. Barrymore was handsome and effective, as the love-sick, poetic, and capricious young Duke, though a shade too nonchalant; and Modjeska, having doffed the clinging and somber draperies that cloaked her from the storm in the earlier scene, shone most attractive of pages, in a modern Greco-Turkish costume of white bordered with

gold—a short round-about jacket barely clearing the belt, and showing the full shirt, and a short skirt falling over the thighs—the whole forming a disguise most happily ‘becoming the form of [her] intent:’ for she ‘has known Orsino but three days, and already [she] is no stranger,’ already her eyes live upon the sight of him, while he listens to the ‘old, plain song;’ and then she goes sighing to woo his lady for him, who, herself, would be his wife.

* *

The first scene in Olivia’s house proclaims at once that Miss Mary Shaw is a sprightly Maria, witty enough to spy out more than one device, along with that vice in Malvolio, which later gives her sport against him such ‘notable cause to work.’

Sir Toby, in the person of Wm. F. Owen, is a jolly Falstaffian fellow, though blunter than any Sir John ought to be. He does no violence to the play by indulging in the coarse horse-play—that too often is the only feature of the appearance of some modern Falstaffs and Sir Tobys,—though on the other hand, he confines himself no finer than he is. As for Sir Andrew Aguecheek, it would not be easy to mirror him better than did Mr. Ian Robertson. The tall, lean knight, with drooping lint locks, lisping falsetto, silly simper, and his empty-headed, self-complaisancy,—not strong enough, as Malvolio’s was, to assert its dignity, but dependent and constantly seeking Sir Toby’s approval,—had always the nobleman’s air of including himself among the great of the earth, and of claiming to be acknowledged equal to the best of the company; so that the fun he pokes at himself is the more irresistible for being unconscious, in that happy phrase which so well characterizes both Sir Toby and Sir Andrew. ‘Beshrew me,’ says the clown, ‘the knight’s in admirable fooling.’ ‘Ay,’ agrees Sir Andrew, ‘he does well enough if he be disposed, and so do I too; he does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural.’

The clown proves to be a fellow ‘wise enough to play the fool’—‘a practice as full of labour as a wise man’s art,’ and in the dialogue with Maria, the easy skipping wit of these jolly dependents of the house makes a prologue, like a foil, for the first entrance of the fair mistress of the mansion in her lonely sadness and morbid dispirited-

ness over her brother's death. Miss Grace Henderson's studied pre-occupation with grief and half-disdainful humoring of the clown's talk, 'for want of other idleness,' was as piquant and attractive a setting for that capability of absorbing love, which the Duke had recognized in her, 'when the rich golden shaft should kill the flock of all affections else,' as her rich, black robes of mourning were for her peculiar blonde beauty.

It was the prettiest of scenes when Viola, entering as the Duke's ambassador of love, gazes bewildered among the group of attendants where Olivia, bent on teasing the importunate youth, stands veiled, and asks,—'The honourable lady of the house, which is she?' 'Speak to me,' replies Olivia, 'I shall answer for her.' Viola manfully addresses herself to her speech in the face of this awkwardness maliciously prepared to put her out, breaks down, and then makes a merit of it, saying, with the most appealing glances round the circle meanwhile,—

I pray you, tell me if this be the lady of the house, for I never saw her; I would be loath to cast away my speech, for besides that it is excellently well penned, I have taken great pains to con it. Good beauties!—Let me sustain no scorn!—I am very comptible, even to the least sinister usage.—
I, v, 161.

This womanly throwing of herself on their fair protection is as charming to the audience, which is in Cesario's secret, as is the prudent quick-wittedness of her reply when Olivia, evidently struck behind her veil with this graceful, smooth-tongued youth, inquires: 'Whence came you Sir?' 'I can say little more than I have studied and that question is out of my part,'—answers Cesario, and flashes on in the same breath to her charge, 'Good gentle one, give me modest assurance if you be the lady of the house, that I may proceed in my speech.' But from henceforth Olivia is ready to drink in more eagerly every word he has to say for any light it may bring her of himself. She breaks in often with direct questions, and she delights more and more in the 'skipping dialogue,' she, who not five minutes before had been so weary of all passing events.

What can be more enticing to her in this mood than this youth's

declaration of how unceasingly he would woo her were he in his master's place, in her denial find no sense, but make a willow cabin at her gate and call upon his soul within the house! 'You might do much,' replies Olivia; and if there was any mesh in the net of love yet unknitted round her, it is secured and holds fast this dear Lady Disdain, when upon offering Cesario money, he spurns it with heat and pride, exclaiming in the face of her admiration of his fire, and his abrupt leave-taking,—

I am no *feed* post, lady; keep your purse:
My *master*, not myself, lacks recompense.
Love make his heart of flint that you shall love;
And let your fervour, like my master's be
Plac'd in *contempt*! Farewell, fair cruelty.

—I, v, 267.

* * *

There can be nothing so full of innocence and natural fooling as the midnight drinking and caterwauling of the two knights assisted in their merriment by the cooler and nimbler wit of the clown. It is almost enough to make any one but Malvolio forgive drunkenness, and as for witnesses less puritanical, it makes such an artlessly jolly picture that one would as soon forbid a kitten to chase its tail, because it was a useless and unworthy occupation, as preach the higher morality of moderation to these three merry Vapians. As for Malvolio he needs to learn the fraternal influence of cakes and ale, and deserves his punishment.

Whoever has seen Mr. Irving play Malvolio will never be satisfied with any other, and certainly may be incapacitated from judging Mr. Carhart's fairly. Otherwise Malvolio seemed to be the weakest point in the fair front the rank of main actors in Madame Modjeska's company presented to the glare of the footlights.

* * *

Mr. E. Hamilton-Bell's Sebastian was refined, showed good, earnest workmanship, and brought out those qualities of fidelity in friendship and devotion in love which go to assure Olivia of her good fortune in a husband, when she discovers that this clever young fellow she takes for his sister, is the man she married by mistake for the youth,

Cesario. This marriage complication, and the coil with Sebastian's friend are well carried through, along with that final drollery of Sir Toby's arrangement, the duel between the coward-simpleton, Sir Antony, and the trembling woman-page, Cesario. Modjeska's acting of this scene was irresistible, her reading of her lines full of the most true and delicate shading. With her ardent face full of apprehension she beseeches Sir Toby to do her the courteous office to know of the Knight what her offence is; 'it is something of my negligence,' she pleads, 'nothing of my purpose.' And when Fabian adds to her consternation by his picture of her 'skilful, bloody, and fatal opposite,' yet offers to make her peace with him, if he can, she is touchingly grateful; and is then led by this kindness to a little confidence with a humorous dash of naive recklessness in it:—

I am one that had rather go with sir priest than sir knight;
I care not who knows so much of my mettle!

Wild dreams of escape follow, and defeated attempts. Till, come to the issue of the event to which Sir Toby and Fabian have infinite trouble to bring these unwilling fighters, Viola's knees knock together, her whole womanly frame shivers with fright; then, there being no alternative left, she draws, blinds her eyes with one arm and strikes out with the other with a furious circular motion, as though she were cutting tall grass. But when she comes to realize that, for some strange reason this 'devil in private brawl,' is not so dangerous, she has a good chance to hit him, sees it, and refrains from doing it, which last stroke of womanly generosity was as much applauded as her go-it-blind desperation.

The charm of Madame Modjeska's action is always superior to such palpable hits. It is impossible for her to be farcical. She placed the most evident of these effects, which the whole audience duly appreciated, in an atmosphere of grace and naturalness which seemed to make them luminous of Viola's sweet womanhood.

The completing touches in the picture were her self-contained, glad greeting of the brother her quick conception had guessed out, before the story was all told and proved; and the ripe joy that possessed her, perfectly, when the Duke rested his lot with her's.

There is always a peculiarly personal gracefulness and delicacy in every stroke of Madame Modjeska's acting. It is a quality which brings to the mind, in comparing whatever parts she has illustrated, Camille, Nadjesda, Juliet, Rosalind, or Viola, that which is felt behind all these parts—the refining genius of her own nature. This individual note of power and earnest purpose, like the inherent literary style of a great author, cannot be mistaken. Scores of small writers express themselves virtually alike, others adopt small mannerisms, but he who expresses *himself* by means of any art reveals this original force. The extreme plasticity of the actor's art wars to the utmost against it—for stiffness of handling and an unwieldy persistence of the selfhood is not to be confounded with it—but spite of the widest scope of variability in the parts characterized, this interior individuality will animate the method and mark the genius of the masterly actor. This is an ultimate test to try skill by, and one will not hesitate to give it a high value on perceiving that Jefferson, Booth, and Irving have it, and Ellen Terry, Bernhardt, and Modjeska.

C. P.

MRS. REESE'S VIEWS ON HER HUSBAND'S SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY. —'You know, Mr. Forbes, I do not believe in the Shakespeare Society at all.' . . . 'I have read *Hamlet*, I have read it twice over; and although *Hamlet* is a most inconsistent and unpleasant young man, there is nothing incomprehensible about him. I have besides seen Booth, Fechter, Irving, and Salvini act it. I said to myself if there was a mystery about the play, I would find it out. But there is no mystery about it; not the slightest.' . . . 'It is the fashion nowadays to have societies for the better comprehension of authors,' Paul suggested. 'There is the Browning Society, for example.'

'O, it is very natural to have a Browning Society, just as one has a key to a Chinese puzzle,—but Shakespeare wrote good English.'—From *Sons and Daughters*, p. 193.

Literary Notes.

When comes your book forth ?

Upon the heels of my presentiment, sir.

—*Timon of Athens*, I, i, 26.



THE libretto of Verdi's *Otello* bears on cover and title-page the name of Boito, and not one mention of Shakespeare's authorship of its great original: but, looking over the smooth-flowing, or symmetrically abrupt verses, one finds that it is very properly so. William Shakespeare's Titanic play is transformed and transfused into a *Dramma lirico*, quite of Arrigo Boito's own, though, also, evidently, flavored and inspired by that potent life of the sixteenth century whose great breath yet stirs in modern activities, and now has had its part in the peculiarly Italian delicacies of this new and beautiful opera. From the exquisitely printed lettering of the dainty, decorative, paper cover, with its faint greenish-blue tints, stamped all over with Venetian symbols in pale gilt—itsself a foreign and unusual pleasure to Gothic eyes, not wont to find beauty in the cover of a pamphlet—to the contents, that show the warm thread of sentiment and passion which Boito has seized for his clue out of the Shakespearian labyrinth, there is throughout all a Latin charm. He who has cosmopolitan sympathies will enjoy the savor of it, however sternly persuaded at the core he may be that it is comparatively a lesser pleasure that delights him.

The first act of *Othello*, the prologue to the swelling theme, where as usual, Shakespeare makes his solid dramatic start—giving us authority, chapter and verse, for the characterization and the poised beginning of the plot to be thence developed—Boito cuts off altogether. With a different conduct of similar events to those which take place in Shakespeare's second act Boito's play begins. Iago, Roderigo, and Cassio also, with a throng of Cypriotes, cry—'A sail'!—'A sail'!

—in choral succession, watch the storm, make operatic exclamations, and hail in triumphant strains Otello's final disembarkation from the angry deep. The drinking scene follows and the quarrel to which Iago eggs on Cassio. The town and Desdemona and Otello awakened by the tumult, and Cassio degraded from his office, the Moor turns thereafter, to a love-duet with his bride, a passionate, supplementary *scena* not set down in any text but Boito's. The second act takes up the beginning of Iago's incitement of Cassio to beg Desdemona's interference in his favor, and the first of his wily soliciting of his General's mind to suspicion and jealousy; and the shortened outline of the tragic story moves on, without so many details yet without the precipitate effect of the Shakespearian play, to the end of the third act, where Otello, utterly subject to Iago's evil promptings, falls prostrate at his feet, while the voices of the people are heard calling 'Evviva Otello, the Lion of Venice,' and Iago in triumphant scorn cries in turn, 'Behold the Lion!' and thence to the bitter close in the fourth act, the outcome of this subjection, where Otello's only happiness is to die upon a kiss. The chorus of flower girls in honor of Desdemona; the skillfully arranged quartette of Desdemona with her suspicious lord, and Emilia with Iago, who wants her to give him the handkerchief she has just picked up; the effective conduct of Iago's dialogue with Cassio, which Otello is placed to overhear, and which without the intervention of any Bianca, except as a name, and with chance words caught, here and there, from their whispers and their laughter, artfully inflames Otello's fury to the last degree; these scenes bring out the lyric and Italian treatment of the theme: but perhaps the most forcible of the foreign strains introduced into the dramatic exhibition of the plot is Iago's *Credo* to which Verdi's music lends an awful beauty. This takes the place of Iago's soliloquy, after the advice he gives Cassio in the Shakespeare play for the recovery of his lost position. Boito's text was doubtless 'Divinity of Hell' (II, iii, 327), and his discourse follows thus:—

Credo in un Dio crudel che m' ha creato
Simile a sè, e che nell' ira io nomo.
Dalla viltà d'un germe o d'un atòmo

Vile so nato
 Son scellerato
 Perchè so uomo ;
 E sento il fango originario in me.
 Sì! questa è la mia fè!
 Credo co fermo cuor, siccome crede
 La vedovella al tempio,
 Che il mal ch' io penso e che da me procede
 Per mio destino adempio.
 Credo che il gisto è un istrion beffardo
 E nel viso e nel cuor,
 Che tutto è in lui bugiardo ;
 Lagrima, bacio, sguardo,
 Sacrificio ed onor.
 E credo l'uom gioco d'iniqua sorte
 Dal germe della culla
 Al verme del' avel,
 Vien dopo tata irrison la Morte.
 E poi?—La Morte è il Nulla
 E vecchia fola il Ciel.

Pepy's Diary, that gossipy record of Restoration Times, shines perennially by the reflected light it sheds on many points of interest to the student of English development and of the progress or obscuration of the Shakespeare influence: and two new editions of this instructive piece of garrulity are forthcoming in the Spring book-market. The one is being issued in parts in Cassell's cheap and good National Library. (Nos. 33, 42 and 60.) The third instalment of the Diary 1663-64 being dated March 19th. The other is an edition for the library shelf, a reprint of the Bickers edition in four octavo volumes, published by David McKay of Philadelphia.

Chapman will fall under the subject headings of the next volume of the *Dictionary of National Biography*, and Mr. A. H. Bullen will contribute the article on that Elizabethan scholar and poet whose translation of Homer, Godwin said, is 'one of the greatest treasures the English language has to boast.'

A German version of Boito's *Otello* will form the libretto for a performance of Verdi's opera to be given, in Berlin, at the Victoria Theatre.

Miscellany.

To knit again

This scattered corn into one mutual sheaf.

—*Titus Andronicus*, V, iii, 70.

PARAGRAPHS FROM THE LOWELL LECTURES.—Mr. James Russell Lowell's recent lectures on 'The Old English Dramatists,' have attracted a great literary success, and his recitations of select illustrative passages have heightened its effect. The course was begun at the Lowell Institute, Boston, on the 9th of March, with a sketch of the history of dramatic literature in Europe during the period of the revival of learning, and with a description of the characteristics of some of Shakespeare's predecessors and more particularly of Shirley, Greene and Peele. Who were the old English dramatists?—he asked, and made answer somewhat as follows:—

They were a score or so of literary Bohemians, for the most part, living from hand to mouth in London during the last ten years of the sixteenth century and the first thirty of the seventeenth. Of the personal history of most of them we know little. Three or four of them were men of genius, though the greatest of them was immeasurably below that apparition known to moderns as Shakespeare.

Nothing seems more startling than the sudden spring with which English poetry blossomed in the latter years of Elizabeth's reign. The writers of that age were men of genius; but much more must have gone before to make their genius available. There had to be a language adapted to various modes of expression, and a certain amount of culture. Many things had silently and slowly to be done to make that singular pre-eminence of Elizabethan literature possible. First of all, the national consciousness must be made aware of itself, and then the nation requires a capital, and this must serve as the head and heart of literature.

Whatever place can draw together the greatest amount and variety of character, a most abundant civilization, affords the best opportunity for a university. London was such a centre in the days of Queen Elizabeth,

and in those days our speech was still at school and with vagrant truancy had been gathering wild flowers and nests of singing birds : . . . the language had not yet become literary, and therefore more or less commonplace. What words they used were just from the die and were not worn smooth in the daily round of drudgery and prosaic service. The parts of speech in a language of these old poets are just irregular enough to give that strangeness which shows a hardly perceptible modern accent by contrast. I think that making all due abatements they had many gifts in a measure which has fallen to the share of very few of our own poets. Chapman, in his translation of the *Iliad*, protests against those who preferred the softer romance languages to the rude vigor of their native tongue.

The men of those times were fortunate in being able to gather their language with the dew still on it, as herbs are gathered in the morning. But we must not suppose that they did not select, arrange and combine their words and make use most carefully of all the means in their reach for perfecting their use of this new tongue. There was something in them of the eagerness of adventure and discovery. They must have felt the delight of wandering over the pathless places of speech. Hence, perhaps, it is that their step is so elastic. They never seem conscious of any lassitude when they put forth their best paces.

There are, I grant, dreary wastes and vast solitudes in these old plays where we walk only through the sands without so much as a mirage to comfort us. We class all these poets together because they wrote for the theatre. Yet how little were they truly dramatic ! None, or next to none of their plays have held the stage. Not one of these characters that I can remember has become known as among the familiar figures that are alluded to in the society of cultivated men. Marlowe, great as he was, is no exception. . . . One of these men was Robert Greene. It was he who said that Shakespeare was an upstart crow dressed out with other men's feathers. As if anybody could have had any use of feathers from such a bird as he.

Another dramatist with whom we can dispense very well was George Peele. He had not that genius for being dull all the time which Greene had. There is a pensiveness in some of his writings which is certainly touching. Of others in the list it may be said that some of them wrote with great dignity of style; they were very careful about the arrangement of words, and they were not incapable of that emotion which might almost be said to pass over into passion. They have fancy, kindling at times well-nigh into imagination. Fine phrases seem to drop casually from these men ; in some grace, strength and simplicity. Yet there is crudeness, as though the wine was drawn before the ferment was over. But there is life. There is more wealth in Shakespeare's treasures than in all of his contemporaries put together. . . . To some of them we cannot

deny genius, but creative genius can be ascribed to few of them and dramatic genius to fewer still. Studying the old dramatists enables us the better to understand Shakespeare. There is no better school for learning English in many most important respects than the critical study of these old plays.

The second lecture, of the 12th of March, was very properly the most marked of the course, as Marlowe's life made an epoch paramount in this dramatic succession.

Christopher Marlowe, the son of a shoemaker, was born in Canterbury, in February, 1563. He came early to London, and was already known as a dramatist before the end of his twenty-fourth year. There is reason to believe that at one time he was an actor. He was killed in a tavern brawl in 1593, at the age of thirty years.

This, I think, may be said of Marlowe, that he was one of the most masculine natures in all the long line of British poets. Perhaps his energy was even in excess. There is in him an Oriental lavishness. He will impoverish a province for a simile, and pour the revenues of a kingdom into the lap of a couplet. His imagination does, indeed, flame and flare at times, consuming what it should caress. The exquisite phrase of Hamlet, 'the modesty of nature,' never would occur to him. Yet, in the midst of the hurly-burly, there will fall a sudden hush, and we come upon passages calm and pellucid as the mountain tarns filled to the brim with the very distillation of heaven.

The impression he made upon the men of his time was uniform. It was that of something new and strange. In short, it was that of genius. Shakespeare has quoted from Marlowe, 'He never loved who loved not at first sight.' Marlowe was that most indefinable thing, an original man; and therefore, in what is best of him, he is as fresh and contemporaneous to-day as he was three hundred years ago.

Marlowe was not an artist in the larger sense, but he was singularly cunning in words and periods, and the modulation of them; and even this is a rare gift. But his mind never could yield itself to a controlling purpose and renounce all other things for that. There is no regularity in his plays, except in *Edward the Second*, and the regularity there is only to the eye. Yet Lamb was hardly extravagant in saying that the death-scene of Marlowe's king moves us to pity and terror beyond anything in dramatic literature.

Now, let us look a little closer at Marlowe as a dramatist. He has an importance less for what he accomplished than for what he suggested to others. Not only do I think that Shakespeare's verse caught some hints from his, but there are certain descriptive passages and similes in the greater part which, whenever I read them, instantly bring Marlowe to my

mind. This is an old impression of mine, and so constantly repeats itself that I have confidence in it. Marlowe's *Edward the Second* certainly served Shakespeare as a model for his earlier historical plays. In the parallel scenes of both plays the sentiment is rather elegiac than dramatic, but there is, I think, greater pathos in Richard and his grief, and a pathos which is deeper than anything in Edward. Surely one might fancy *Edward the Second* to be from the prentice hand of Shakespeare. It is no small distinction that this can be said of Marlowe, for it can be said of no other. There are in Marlowe those touches of nature which are so common in Shakespeare and so rare everywhere else. It is not ungrateful to our feeling of Shakespeare's immeasurable supremacy to think that even he had been helped in his schooling by such a man as Marlowe.

You will observe of Marlowe's verse that it is rather epic than dramatic. I mean by this that its every voice and every movement is regular in its cadence. There is a royal composure in it, perhaps; but were it not so finely pathetic, or the diction less natural and simple, it would seem almost stiff. Now, nothing is more peculiarly characteristic of the mature Shakespeare than the way in which his phrases concur with the fluctuating passion of the speaker and echo his mood. There are, perhaps, properly speaking, no characters in the plays of Marlowe; there are only interlocutors. We do not get to know them, but only to know what they say. Shakespeare makes no such mistake in Shylock as Marlowe makes in his Jew of Malta. In letting Shylock exact the pound of flesh, he but followed the story as he found it; and he is careful to let us know that this Jew had good reasons, or thought he had good reasons, for hating the Christians. At the end I think he meant us to pity Shylock, and we do pity him. In Marlowe's Jew nothing happens because it must, but because the author wills it so.

Marlowe had found at least the way that leads to style and helped others to find it; but he never arrived at it. He had not self-denial; he could refuse nothing to his fancy. He fails of his effect almost always by over-emphasis, heaping upon the slender thought a burden of expression quite too heavy for it to carry. But it is not with fagots, it is with priceless oriental stuffs that he loads it.

No such verses as Marlowe's had been heard on the English stage before, and this is one of the great debts our language owes to him. He has taught us what passion and power are in its veins. His poetic instinct, when he had time enough to give himself up to its guidance was unerring. I say 'had time enough,' for he, like his brother poets, was forced to make the daily task bring in the daily bread. If we allow him genius, what need to ask for more? And perhaps it would be only to him, among the group of dramatists who surrounded Shakespeare, that we should allow it. He seems to be the herald who dropped dead in announcing the victory whose fruits he was never to see.

From the succeeding lectures, of the 16th, 19th, and 23d March, on Webster, Chapman, and Beaumont and Fletcher, the following passages are culled :—

Many of Shakespeare's contemporary poets must have had every advantage he had in practical experience, and all of them probably had as familiar an intercourse with the theatre as he, but what a difference between their manner of constructing a plot and his! In all his dramatic works his skill in this is more or less apparent; in his mature days, unrivalled. From the very first scene he seems to have beheld, as from a tower, the end of all. In *Romeo and Juliet*, for example—and I turn to that as being a comparatively early play—he has a story before him and follows it closely enough, but how naturally one scene is linked to another. How directly each scene leads to the next. If this play illustrates anything, it would seem to be that our lives are ruled by chance; but nothing is left to chance in the action. The play advances with the exactness of destiny. The characters are made subordinate to the interests of the play, as if it were something in which they had a concern. In the greater part of the secondary dramatists the characters seem like unpractised people trying to walk the deck of a ship in rough weather. They are hustled every way and bring up anywhere.

It may possibly have been that Shakespeare, in choosing his scenes, had a keener perception of the dramatic possibilities of the story; and it is certain that he preferred taking his stories ready to his hand rather than to invent them. Indeed, all the good stories seem to have invented themselves in a most obliging manner somewhere in the morning of the world.

These thoughts have brought forcibly to my mind the miscellaneous crudities of plot in the plays of John Webster. All we know of Webster may be shortly summed up. We do not know when he was born. We do not know when he died. We do not know whether he had ever been a student in a university or not. We do not know which one of the three or four different John Websters whose son he might have been was his father. All that we really know about him is that he first appears in 1601 as having assisted in a certain play, and that he disappears in 1624.

In his plays the plots are very complicated, and they are made still more puzzling by the somewhat motiveless conduct of many of his characters. When Webster invented a plot of his own he filled it with scenes and incidents such as not merely to baffle the understanding, but such as the imagination cannot get over. Mere common sense seems to have very little to do in the matter, but he wished the understanding to have as few difficulties in its way as possible.

There is something in Webster that reminds me of Victor Hugo. There is at times the same confusion of what is big with what is great; the same fondness for moral speculation, the same insufferably repulsive details, the

same indifference to probability, the same leaning toward the grotesque, the same love for effect at whatever cost. Whatever other effect Webster may produce upon us, he never leaves us indifferent. We may criticise as we will, but we shudder and admire nevertheless.

As I turn from one to another of the old dramatists and consider how very little is known about their personal history, the question is constantly coming into my mind whether we gain or lose by our ignorance of the personal details of their history, and I think on the whole it is fortunate for us that our judgment of what the old dramatists did should be so little disturbed by any imperfect information as to what they were. For to be imperfectly informed is to be misinformed.

George Chapman was born in Hertfordshire in 1559, probably; and he died in London in 1634, and was buried in the Church of St. Giles in the Fields. He was five years older than Shakespeare, whom he survived nearly twenty years, and fifteen years older than Ben Jonson, who outlived him three years. There is good ground for believing that he studied at both universities, though he took a degree at neither. While in the universities he seems to have devoted himself to the classics and to have despised philosophy. This contempt, however, seems to have been somewhat doubtful, for he is certainly the most obtrusively metaphysical of all our dramatists.

Dryden says that in Chapman the sense of one line is expanded into ten. Certainly, he here puts his finger on one of Chapman's faults. He never knew when to stop. But what Dryden says is not true if it means that Chapman was accustomed to water his thoughts to make them fill up. There is abundance of thought, and very suggestive thought, too; but it is not always, by any means, in the right place. He is certainly the most sententious of our poets. He is sententious to a fault.

Nearly all his comedies are formless and coarse. Yet that does not seem to be his own most natural style. There seems to be in his writings a kind of wilful coarseness, as if he tried to make his personages speak in what he supposed to be the proper dialect. He had never learned it himself in those haunts familiar at that time to most men of letters, where this language was the vernacular.

Of his comedies *All Fools* is by common consent held to be the best. It may be called lively and amusing. But he indulges himself freely in all that depreciation of woman that had been so long traditional. His notion of love is coarse and animal, or rather, the notion that he thinks proper to express through the characters. Yet, in his comedies there are two passages, one in praise of love, the other in praise of woman, which are certainly among the best of their kind. The first is from *All Fools*, and begins: -

I tell thee, love is nature's second sun,
Causing a spring of virtues where he shines.

The second is still finer. It is from the *Gentleman Usher*:—

Let no man value at little price a virtuous woman's counsel.

Her winged spirit is feathered oftentimes with heavenly words, and like her beauty, ravishing and pure.

Her weaker body hath still the stronger soul.

O, what a treasure is a virtuous wife, discreet and loving!

The posthumously published tragedy, *Revenge and Homer*, is, in conception by far the most original of his plays. The plot seems to be his own invention. It has great improbability: but, as the story is oriental, we find it easy to forgive that. It is, on the whole, a very striking play and has more variety of character than is common with Chapman.

In general we find that Chapman's language, though often noble, not unfrequently rises into a fury, recalling Hamlet's word 'robustious.' He seems to be shouting through a speaking trumpet in a gale of wind. He is especially fine in describing battles. The rush of his narrative is almost like a charge of cavalry. His battle scenes are certainly very fine. One line of his has always seemed to me especially fine:—

And there the heart of this huge battle broke.

Whether his translation of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* are Homer or not, if the Greek original had been lost, and we had only Chapman, would it not enable us to revive some, at least, of the qualities of the original? I think it would, and I think this is perhaps as fair a test as any. In Chapman's poem there is life, there is energy and the consciousness of them.

Beaumont and Fletcher are the double star of our poetical firmament, and their names are so closely mingled that it is vain to attempt any division of them that shall assign to each his rightful share. The general tradition seems to have been that Beaumont contributed artistic judgment, and Fletcher fine frenzy. There is probably a grain of truth in traditions of this kind. . . We have, it is true, some ground on which we may safely form a collection of all the individual characteristics of Fletcher, because a majority of the plays which go under their joint names were written by him alone after Beaumont's death. In these I think I find a higher and graver poetical quality and a ripe vein of sentiment than in any of the others. Very many of them seem to be drawn from nature; much more commonly than in his contemporaries. When I come upon a picturesque passage in the joint plays I am apt to think it Fletcher's; so, too, when there is a certain exhilaration and largeness of matter and a something that charges his words with imagination, or, if not with imagination, at least with an enthusiasm which comes very near it in effect; in short, what I have been hesitating to hint is that I am glad to think Fletcher more the poet of the two. Where there is pathos or humor, I am in doubt whether they belong to him or his partner, where I find these qualities, both in the plays which they wrote together, and in those which are wholly Fletcher's. In the expression of sentiment going far enough to excite a passionless, and

perhaps what one might call an æsthetic sympathy, but stopping short of tragic passion, Beaumont is quite the equal of his friend. Both had the art of being pathetic and of conceiving pathetic situations, but neither of them had depth enough of character for that tragic pathos which is too terrible for tears. Theirs are no sudden revelations, flashes out of the tempest itself, but much rather a melancholic Ovidian grace like that of the Heroic Epistles, conscious of itself, yet not so conscious as to beget distress. If they open the sacred sources of sympathetic tears, it is not, to be sure, without due warning and ceremonious preparation. I do not mean to say that their sentiment is not real, but it is never heart-rending. I sum it all up in saying that their region is that of fancy. Fancy and imagination may be of one substance, as the Northern lights and lightning are supposed to be. But the one flickers in harmless flashes and streamers; the other condenses all its thought-executing fires into a single stamp of flame. And so the humor of Beaumont and Fletcher is intellectual and elaborate, like that of Charles Lamb when he trifles with it, easing itself with artificial dislocations of thought, never glancing at those essential incongruities in the nature of things, at sight of which the profounder humor shakes its toils and makes them almost shudder.

Beaumont and Fletcher's comedies are certainly amusing, and one of them—*Wit Without Money*—is excellent, with some scenes of a joyous vein in it that are very cheerful. The fourth scene of the third act is a masterpiece of fanciful extravagance. This is probably Fletcher's.

The conversations in Fletcher's comedies are often laughable, but what is called the wit of them is generally a gentlemanlike banter—that is, what was gentlemanly in that day. Nothing grows mouldy so soon as mere fun, the product of animal spirits. Fletcher had far more of this than of true humor: and yet both he and Beaumont were skilled in that pleasantry which is a skillful substitute for that trenchant article in good society. Nearly all of their comedies have the merit of being laughable, which, to one who has read many comedies, is saying a great deal.

I have said it is hazardous to attempt to divide the work of Beaumont and Fletcher where they have worked together. Both, of course, are to blame for what is the great blot on the play of *Philaster*: I mean Philaster's ready, I might almost say eager, belief in the guilt of the Princess.

But Beaumont and Fletcher have drawn upright women. Bellario and Arethusa are such; so is Aspatia. We must never forget that the coarseness of phrase is not always coarseness of thought. Women were allowed to talk then and to use words now forbidden outside of the slums. Decency changes its terms, though not its nature, from one age to another.

This is a partial excuse for Beaumont and Fletcher, but they sinned against that intellect of the conscience which is the same in all ages.

ON THE LIKENESS BETWEEN BOBADIL AND
FALSTAFF.

TNHAPPILY we know little or nothing of the inner life of Shakespeare; indeed, the outside records of his existence are so meagre that we readily welcome any sidelights which bring out his characteristics, or discover his method of working.

Students of his dramas have shown that in many cases they were founded on some older play, which he altered and adapted to his purpose; often rewriting it wholly or in part. The plot sometimes was changed—scenes and characters omitted and others put in, and frequently parts were written to fit particular actors or to meet the exigencies and circumstances of the company of players for whom it was intended. So little resemblance do some of these recasts bear to their originals that it has been found impossible to convince some persons that they were ever used. Knowing all this, does it not seem likely that this great master of the playwright's art would as readily take any striking or novel character which he came across, and, by successive developments and amplifications, gradually evolve one of those grand personalities which are the admiration of the world?

A short time since, whilst reading Ben Jonson's play, *Every Man in His Humour*, and studying the well-known character of Captain Bobadil, there appeared to be so many resemblances to Shakespeare's Falstaff, that it seemed to me that one of two things must have happened; either one of the characters, Bobadil or Falstaff, was the original of the other; or that both creations were transcripts from a common source. Appearances seem to favor the first of these alternatives, and probabilities seem to point to Bobadil as in great measure the original of Falstaff.

Jonson was Shakespeare's junior by ten years, and he was only twenty years of age when he wrote his first play, *Every Man in His Humour*, date about 1595-96. The scene was first laid in Italy, but afterwards Jonson recast the piece and transferred the scene to England, in which form it was undoubtedly acted at the Globe Theatre, in 1598 or 1599, when Shakespeare was probably one of the performers; very possibly, however, it had, previously, in its original form, been brought out at either the 'Curtain' or 'The Theatre' in Shoreditch; and if so, probably at the latter, for there is a tradition that Shakespeare made Jonson's acquaintance in the following manner: Jonson offered the play to Burbadge, the managing actor of the company, but his careless or unqualified reader rejected it. Shakespeare accidentally saw it; at once perceiving its merit and the promise it contained, he induced Burbadge to give it a trial.

It is just as likely, however, that Shakespeare previously knew Ben Jonson, for we must remember that he was Shakespeare's superior in educational attainments, and that the latter's friendship for Jonson caused him to use his influence to get the play accepted. For there is evidence that before this time Jonson had tried his fortune as an actor, and had failed, and was eking out a miserable subsistence by doing subordinate work about the theatres at which Shakespeare was engaged. In *Every Man in His Humour* Jonson displayed great originality in delineating the manners and habits of his own time and country, which Shakespeare had never attempted, although he had already produced some of his masterpieces. Indeed, Jonson's strength lay in his able delineation of contemporary life and character, and in his power of lashing with playful, yet trenchant ridicule the eccentricities and extravagances of his day, those minor sins, to scourge which, laughter was given.

The new play took the town, and it has held its place upon the boards unto this day. Such immediate popularity could not escape the notice of Shakespeare, and he would as certainly observe the causes of this sudden and remarkable success. With the penetration of genius he doubtless saw the deficiencies and weaknesses of the character of Bobadil, and also how much more might have been made of

it. Why should we suppose him without the natural competitive instinct? It is most likely that, partly inspired by emulation, and partly by admiration, he would strive to surpass his youthful rival. Jonson's play was probably finished about 1596; it is surely significant that immediately afterwards Shakespeare breaks new ground, and we have *1 Henry IV*, with—mark this addition—'The humorous conceits of Sir John Oldcastle,' which name, as we all know, was altered to Falstaff afterwards, in consequence of the complaints of Oldcastle's descendants to Queen Elizabeth.

Nobody will dispute that Shakespeare's notions about plagiarism, in common with others of his time, were very loose; why should he be more scrupulous with Jonson than with other playwrights whose plots he had appropriated? But that he did not disdain to borrow freely from Jonson is proved clearly enough from this very play, and must be admitted by all who will take the trouble to compare the well-known parting advice of Polonius to his son in *Hamlet*, written five or six years afterwards, with the following passage of Jonson's, viz., Knowell's parting advice to his son Stephen:—

Learn to be wise, and practice how to thrive,
That would I have you do; and not to spend
Your coin on every bauble that you fancy,
Or every foolish brain that humours you.
I would not have you to invade each place,
Nor thrust yourself on all societies,
Till men's affections or your own desert
Should worthily invite you to your rank;
He that is so disrespectful in his courses
Oft sells his reputation at cheap market.
Nor would I you should melt away yourself
In flashing bravery, lest while you affect
To make a blaze of gentry to the world,
A little puff of scorn extinguish it,
And you be left like an unsavory snuff,
Whose property is only to offend.
I'd have you sober, and contain yourself,
Not that your sail be bigger than your boat;
But moderate your expenses now, at first,
As you may keep the same proportion still;

Nor stand so much on your gentility,
Which is an airy and mere borrowed thing
From dead men's dust and bones; and none of yours,
Except you make or hold it.

—*E. M. I. H. H., I, i.*

Capt. Bobadil is a character of precisely the same type as Falstaff, doubtless common enough at that time, indeed always to be found after long continued wars—a braggart soldier of fortune, living upon his wits. Perhaps the black sheep of some good old family, who, like Jonson himself, had left the university in an adventurous spirit, seeking amidst the chances of warfare an opportunity of distinguishing himself or getting plunder. Soon, however, the hardships and dangers of a soldier's life proving not so pleasant as anticipated, and with a keener solicitude for personal safety than was consistent with a warrior's courage, the graceless youth is home again. Now, full of swagger and bombast, he becomes the centre of a circle of gay sparks and young gallants, who regard with great admiration so great an authority on all matters connected with the battles, sieges, and famous commanders, about which, and whom, everybody was talking. Half a sharper, half a rake, whose honor is always in his mouth, except when it runs out at his heels at the approach of danger, but whose excuses are so voluble, and evasions so ready, that it is impossible to catch him napping. Like Falstaff, full of humour, not only witty himself but the cause of wit in other men, a jolly comrade, fond of sack and good living and, like most soldiers, a favorite with the ladies. Full of braggadocio, always out of pocket, and utterly reckless how he fills his purse, ready to cozen, cheat, or steal if needs be. Of infinite resources, always prepared with some roguish scheme, his language finely garnished with many strange and outlandish oaths, almost eloquent at times, but whose knavish revelries and marvellous instinct are only equalled by Falstaff. The only important point in which these two characters differ is in Bobadil's extreme fondness for tobacco, as his friend Edward Knowell says of Bobadil's hyperbolic and extravagant praises of 'your right Trinidad'

This speech would have done decently in a tobacco-trader's mouth.

Amongst so many points of resemblance it is difficult to make a selection, but Cob's description of Bobadil as,

That rogue, that foist, that fencing Burgullion . . . whom an he had not lien in my house 'twould never have grieved me; but being my guest, one that I'll be sworn my wife has lent him her smock off her back, while his own shirt has been at washing; pawned her neck-kerchers for clean bands for him; sold almost all my platters to buy him tobacco; and he to turn a monster of ingratitude and strike his lawful *host*. Well I hope to raise up an host of jury for it.

E. M. I. H. H., III, iii.

This description bears a most striking internal resemblance to that one in *2 Henry IV*: II, i, where Mistress Quickly gives Falstaff such characteristic abuse and about which, Hazlitt remarks, 'This is the most convincing proof of Falstaff's power of gaining over the goodwill of those he was familiar with,' and which we may add, Bobadil likewise equally possessed. And it is noticeable that Bobadil, like Falstaff, when before the Justice, 'tries to wrench the true cause the false way.'

Again take the famous scene *1 Henry IV*: II, iv, where Falstaff excuses himself after having been robbed by Prince Henry and Poins at Gadshill and compare with *E. M. I. H. H.*, IV, v, in which, Bobadil tells the company that he had been importuned to give lessons in fencing, and after having

graced them exceedingly, showing them some two or three tricks of prevention, which have purchased them since a credit to admiration . . . yet now they hate me, and why? because I am excellent and for no other vile reason on the earth . . . Nay, for a mere instance of their preposterous natures, but note sir, they have assaulted me—3—4—5—6 of them together, as I have walked alone in divers skirts of the town . . . where I have driven them afore me the whole length of the street, in the open view of all our gallants, pitying to hurt them—believe me. Yet all this lenity will not overcome their spleen . . . By myself, I could have slain them all, but I delight not in murder. I am loath to bear any other than this bastinado for them, yet I hold it good polity not to go disarmed, for though I be skillful, I may be oppressed with multitudes.

As Mrs. Brown said of *Hamlet*, 'it is a mass of quotations.' That 'bully rook, that Paul's man' is a magnificent creation, and when we

remember that this was a line of character which had not before been attempted, and which was the first production of a mere boy of twenty years of age,—notwithstanding its crudeness and the immaturity of its style, it may well be ranked as of extraordinary merit, worthy of Shakespeare's eulogium: 'O, rare Ben Jonson!'

Of course I do not pretend that Captain Bobadil is not far surpassed by Falstaff; it would not be reasonable to suppose that Shakespeare, after having written thirteen of his great dramas, including such plays as *The Merchant of Venice*, *Romeo and Juliet*, *Richard III.*, *Midsummer Night's Dream*, *Love's Labour's Lost*, *Comedy of Errors*, and others,—thirteen in all—with his gigantic natural powers, assisted by all the experience which he then had, was in the least likely to be equalled by a raw youth, ten years his junior, and who had but just returned from the wild soldiering life of the wars in the Low Countries.

In addition to the materials in this play which Shakespeare has used in his creation of the inimitable Sir John, he appears also to have been indebted to one, possibly two, older plays. The famous *Victories of Henry V* was undoubtedly drawn upon when producing *1* and *2 Henry IV*, and in it, there figures a Sir John Oldcastle, who was one of the companions of Prince Henry, and Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps, in his *Outlines of the Life of Shakespeare*, shows that there is a probability of the existence of another play which Shakespeare may have read, and in which Sir John Oldcastle also appears, though as a very fat man, and as a much more humorous personage than his namesake in the famous *Victories*, and as the historical soldier and martyr, Sir John Oldcastle (Lord Cobham) had been dead many years, his association with this character, notwithstanding the allusion in *Henry IV*, III, ii, 28, seems to have been accidental or else pure fiction, unless we suppose that Oldcastle had been a riotous man in his youth, or that an enemy had tried to write down his memory.

Nor does there seem to have been any real connection between Falstaff and the Sir John Fastolfe of *1 Henry VI*. Perhaps there is a shadowy probability that certain features of Falstaff's character were taken from the host of the celebrated Boar's Head tavern in

Eastcheap, one George Wrichte, and we are told by Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps, that a Sir John Fastolfe was the owner of a tavern in Southwark, also called the 'Boar's Head,' very near to Shakespeare's house in the Blackfriars, and possibly frequented by him.

The gradual development of the character of Falstaff can clearly be seen. First, we have Bobadil, product of Jonson's original mind, which, like a seed, fell into good ground. Then we find the young plant flourishing in *1 Henry IV*, yet still only a subordinate personage, for Bolingbroke is the hero of the play. Later we find Falstaff in full maturity, the uncrowned king of comedy, and hero of *2 Henry IV*. But for the Virgin Queen's desire to see the fat knight depicted as the victim of love, which is said to have caused the production of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, we might have had a still further development, which is to be regretted because, beyond the names and characteristics, the continuity of the character disappears, and we have only left the last touches of the picture, the marvellous death-bed description in *Henry V*.

If we were to take every passage in Jonson's play in which there are resemblances between Bobadil and Falstaff, this paper would far exceed reasonable limits; all I can do is to invite my readers to study for themselves, believing that the more familiar they are with the idiosyncrasies of the two characters, the more convinced will they become that we owe Ben Jonson a debt of gratitude for the idea which led Shakespeare to give us Falstaff.

Bristol, England.

J. A. SANDERS.

WAS SHAKESPEARE A SYCOPHANT?



ONE of the merits of SHAKESPEARIANA is that its articles are calculated to awaken a spirit of inquiry and to lead the reader to do a little thinking on his own account. If it be true that the essay with which we most thoroughly agree is of the least value to us mentally, and the converse be also true, that the essay which arouses most opposition in our minds and so sets us to thinking is of the highest value, then the review of Victor Hugo's book on Shakespeare by Appleton Morgan, in the April number of SHAKESPEARIANA, is to the writer hereof the most useful piece of literature he has encountered for years. I am not concerned particularly with Mr. Morgan's criticism of Hugo's work, but with his treatment of Shakespeare in connection therewith. The gist of Mr. Morgan's review is an expression of surprise that a man of the life and fibre of Victor Hugo, distinguished by 'his love for his kind,' should admire the writings of Shakespeare, who 'never missed an opportunity to testify how he despised the people, slurred, slandered and lampooned them, denied their very right to lie side by side with men nobly born upon their country's battlefields.' He says further on :—

It is one of the remarkable paradoxes of literature that two such politically antipodal men as Shakespeare and Victor Hugo should have had so much in common, and that the last should have worshiped the first.

Two-thirds of the review is taken up with quotations from Shakespeare to prove the proposition that this greatest of dramatic poets had no sympathy with human nature except as it was personified in Kings, Princes, and the nobly born.

If we should take from Mr. Morgan's review the expression 'rude mechanicals that work for bread' and base upon that quotation the

assumption that Mr. Morgan despised the working people, he would very properly reply that this was not his phrase but was quoted from *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and that his use of it was not necessarily an endorsement. With something less of force, but in a *similar* way, Shakespeare, if called to account for this same phrase, could effectually defend himself by showing that although he wrote the words, they were the supposed utterances of Puck, and that phrases ridiculing Bottom and his friends and showing their lowly origin were essential to the scheme of making Titania the victim of a practical joke.

If the charges made by Mr. Morgan against Shakespeare could be sustained, they would make of him a contemptible character, who not only fawned upon the rich and noble and despised the poor and humble, but lied about the latter—'gloriously lied'—and all for the sake of worldly gain, that he might retain his perquisites and theatrical concessions and enjoy the patronage of nobility! My gorge rises as I write these words, and though not fully equipped to defend the Shakespeare I have read and revered, nor with leisure to do full justice to the subject, I want to file my protest against such deductions from the text of Shakespeare's plays along with general reasons for dissenting from the whole course of Mr. Morgan's argument on the subject.

Shakespeare was not an inventor of plots or stories. His historical plays, if not based upon preceding plays, closely followed the accepted histories of the times with which they dealt. They were not always true because they were sometimes made of false material, but their only departures from current traditions or records were plainly made for dramatic or perhaps in some cases political effect. His tragedies and comedies were alike founded upon existing plays or stories, and these, too, show little invention by Shakespeare but wonderful skill in arrangement and in the expression and development of character. Histories, stories, and plays, in the days of Shakespeare, dealt with the rich and noble as the principal characters, as they have continued to do to our day, although it is more than a hundred years since all men became 'free and equal' on this side of the ocean. The exceptions to

this general rule in our time are realistic and generally disagreeable productions of second-class theatres, or weak novels and weaker plays that present pastoral scenes fit only for the amusement of children and old women.

With such material as he had at hand, Shakespeare labored faithfully and with marked success as shown by Mr. Morgan in picturing not only the state of society in the days of which he wrote, but the minds and hearts of his characters. Particular use is made by Mr. Morgan in his review, of passages from *Coriolanus*, as, for example, 'your herd,' 'knaves that smell of sweat,' 'multiplying spawn,' 'herd of broils and plagues,' 'you common cry of curs,' etc., and all these expressions are quoted as though they reflected Shakespeare's view of the common people. Taken by themselves they are undoubtedly offensive, read with their contexts in the play itself they are seen to be essential to a proper delineation of the state of society of Rome at the time, and particularly of the character of Coriolanus and of his intense pride. The play of *Coriolanus* might in fact be taken by itself to refute Mr. Morgan's assumption, but it would have to be read throughout and not in such meagre quotations as those selected by Mr. Morgan. Take for example the scene where the people are preparing to riot for bread and the discussion that ensues. Nowhere in literature are both sides of a great question that still puzzles our legislators more clearly and fairly presented. There is nothing hysterical or of the Victor Hugo order of writing about the presentation of the people's cause. And though they are led from their purpose, and fall victims to the rule, alternately, of demagogues and of nobles, that is no more the fault of the dramatist than of the historian. The same discussion between the belly and the other members of the body is going on in our day and with much the same results. The problems there presented are yet to be solved, but the demands of the people are put by Shakespeare with force and clearness such as no advocate of 'liberty, equality, and fraternity' since his day has equalled.

Mr. Morgan says :—

The sole title the reign of King John has to be remembered in history is that it covers the grant of Magna Charta. Yet Shakespeare in treating

of that reign never mentions it, but instead fills his pages with such fulsome lines as :—

Ha, Majesty ! how high thy glory towers,
When the rich blood of kings is set on fire !

—II, i, 350.

Out ! dunghill, dar'st thou brave a nobleman ?

—IV, iii, 87.

It would be difficult, I think, to write in so few lines a more palpably false insinuation. *King John* was undoubtedly founded upon a play of the same name first printed in 1591, and in it Shakespeare followed stage tradition, rather than the histories accessible to him and with which he is supposed to have been familiar. Why he did this may be a subject for argument, but it was certainly not with any purpose to avoid mention of Magna Charta, nor for the sake of introducing fulsome lines about Royalty. He was primarily a playwright, and he used the material that came to his hand, transforming it wonderfully but not with any other purpose in view, probably, than that of giving life and action to the plays he rewrote. A knowledge of the history of the play of *King John* is a sufficient refutation of the insinuation in regard thereto, made by Mr. Morgan.

But a more palpable case of unfair quotation and inference follows :

Mr. Morgan says :—

And even in *Richard II*, where opportunity for once served to show that even kings were mortal, we have the moral twisted :

Not all the water in the rough rude sea
Can wash the balm off from an anointed king ;
The breath of worldly men cannot depose
The deputy elected by the Lord.

—III, ii, 54.

Yet if Mr. Morgan had gone only a few lines further in the same scene he would have found the same Richard giving the very moral he asks for, not only without any twist, but with a directness rarely equalled :—

For within the hollow crown
That rounds the mortal temples of a king,
Keeps death his court and there the antic sits,

Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp,
 Allowing him a breath, a little scene,
 To monarchize, be fear'd and kill with looks,
 Infusing him with self and vain conceit,
 As if this flesh, which walls about our life
 Were brass impregnable, and humored thus
 Comes at the last and with a little pin
 Bores through his castle wall, and—farewell king!

—III, ii, 160.

I deem these two quotations in apposition as of special value in showing the untenable character of the whole of Mr. Morgan's argument on this subject. Richard is made to talk as a man of varying moods. Hopeful of conquering Bolingbroke, he speaks confidently of his power as king; overwhelmed by tidings of great calamities his fears make him see that kings are but mortal:—

Cover your heads and mock not flesh and blood
 With solemn reverence; throw away respect,
 Tradition, form and ceremonious duty,
 For you have but mistook me all this while
 I live with bread like you, feel want, taste grief,
 Need friends; subjected thus,
 How can you say to me—I am a king?

—III, ii, 171.

What better illustration could be given of the fact that Shakespeare makes his characters speak for themselves and that any attempt to seek his personal views in the words they utter must end in inconsistent and fallacious deductions? But the plays themselves—*King Richard II* being a notable example—give in their events and action the most fitting answer to the boastful utterances of their Royal characters. They disprove all the vaunting claims made for kings and kingly authority, and teach quite as strongly the doctrine of real equality.

I do not think it necessary to follow Mr. Morgan any further in his disjointed quotations. Enough has been given to show that we cannot get at Shakespeare's personal sentiments and views by making such extracts from the speeches of his characters. Believing this to be a false method I have not endeavored to show, as I might, contrary

views by similar extracts. My own impression of Shakespeare's sentiments, which is directly opposed to that of Mr. Morgan, is derived not from the isolated remarks of individual characters but from the general effect of the plays. They have strengthened me in my Democracy, by showing me 'scabs' and 'rats' in royal purple as well as in hempen homespun. But it would be too long a story to present the other view. Mr. Morgan expresses a fine contempt for 'inventories of the syllables in *Hamlet*' or of the 'rhymed lines in *Lear*,' 'for numbering of the breakers that crashed at his feet, or triangulations of the curve of their curl.' Joining with him in contempt for that kind of analytical criticism, I add, on my own account, similar contempt for that petty search for solitary phrases on which to build up a theory that Shakespeare crooked the pregnant hinges of the knee that thrift might follow fawning.

ADDISON B. BURK.

GEORGE ELIOT'S ENJOYMENT OF SHAKESPEARIAN ACTING.—In opposition to most people who love to read Shakespeare, I like to see his plays acted better than any other; his great tragedies thrill me let them be acted how they may. I think it is something like what I used to experience in old days in listening to uncultured preachers—the emotions lay hold of one too strongly for one to care about the medium. Before all other plays I find myself cold and critical, seeing nothing but actors and 'properties.' I like going to those little provincial theatres. One's heart streams out to those poor devils of actors, who get so little clapping, and will go home to so poor a supper.—In a letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 5th Dec., 1859.

Life of George Eliot, p. 109, vol. ii., Harper's ed., 1887.

A School of Shakespeare.

For his bounty,
There was no winter in't; an autumn 'twas
That grew the more by reaping.

—*Antony & Cleopatra*, V, 11, 88.

HENRY V.



THE sole object of the following notes is to stimulate inquiry among the younger students of Shakespeare. Although few in number, the suggestions which they make will lead to considerable investigation if properly followed; and to somewhat exhaustive individual study without absolute dependence upon others. The fault with many of us is our reading too much about literature instead of reading the literature itself. Instead of our minds being keenly alive to everything good and bad that we study, they are too often prematurely blunted by the repeated impressions made by the opinions of others.

In the analysis of the character of Henry V, the reader is not expected to accept my interpretation unless it coincides with his own judgment. It is designed merely as a model. An excellent exercise would be to write an essay upon Shakespeare's characterization of Henry V. It will also be profitable to develop, in a similar manner, the characters of the Archbishop of Canterbury, Fluellen, and the Dauphin.

The edition of *Henry V* which has been used, is that of the Clarendon Press Series, edited by W. Aldis Wright, and published in 1881.

M. W. SMITH.

THE CHORUS.

(1) Show whether the chorus does or does not detract from the symmetry of the play.

(2) What is learned from the chorus of the limitations of the stage in Shakespeare's time? Act I, Prologue, 23-31; Act III, Prologue, 34, 35; Act IV, Prologue, 49-53.

ACT I.

Scene i:—(1) *Plot foreshadowed*, 1-5; 77-81. Show whether this is historical.

(2) Value of the church's temporal property in England, 9-19. What effect did this have upon religion?

(3) 54-59. Find the direct and indirect evidence against this in history. How can it be reconciled with lines 38-52?

(4) 60-66. What constitutes the beauty of this passage?

Scene ii:—(1) 86-90. Show whether this is true.

(2) 87-102. Why does the Archbishop of Canterbury advocate this war?

(3) 133-135. Why was the Archbishop so generous?

(4) 178-204. Show how this passage illustrates Shakespeare's intellect, imagination, and style.

(5) 230-233. Show how this passage illustrates Shakespeare's imagination.

ACT II.

Scene i:—(1) Prologue, 1-4. Paraphrase this in order to show Shakespeare's style.

(2) Why does Shakespeare introduce this scene? Is there any connection between this and Act I, *Scene i*, 54-59?

Scene ii:—(1) 93-104. What makes it probable that such a friend would prove so treacherous an enemy?

Scene iv:—(1) 26-29. What is the source of the Dauphin's knowledge?

ACT III.

Scene ii:—(1) 51-126. What object had Shakespeare in introducing a Welshman, a Scotchman, and an Irishman into this play?

(2) How do the dialects of these men, as given by Shakespeare, compare with the dialects given by recent authors? Why should there be any difference?

Scene iii :—(1) 33-41. Compare with the customs of war of modern times. Why does so great a difference exist?

Scene iv :—(1) Why is this scene written in French? Would not the play have been better if Katharine had possessed some positive characteristics? Why does she desire to learn English?

Scene v :—(1) 5, 11, 15. Why are these expressions in French? Would not English have been better?

Scene vi :—(1) 132-139. How reconcile this injudicious speech with Henry's qualities as a general?

Scene vii :—(1) 1-23. Why this frivolous talk about horses?

(2) 18. What has color to do with the qualities of a horse?

(3) 117-131. Why does Shakespeare represent the French as having such an opinion of the English? Is there any historical basis for this?

ACT IV.

Scene i :—(1) 141-151. Show whether this argument is sound or not.

(2) 199-201. What makes this speech artistic on the part of Shakespeare?

(3) 241, 242. How does this illustrate Shakespeare's style?

(4) 286-290. This is an old custom. What does it teach concerning the church of that time?

Scene ii :—(1) 16-19. Is this the kind of a speech to stimulate real courage? Why, or why not?

Scene iv :—(1) What object had Shakespeare in inserting this scene? Is it, or is it not creditable to his genius and character?

(2) 73-75. What makes these lines artistic on the part of Shakespeare?

Scene vi :—(1) 11-19. Show whether such indifference to death was common among English noblemen of Shakespeare's or any previous time.

(2) 38, 39. Show whether this command was necessary.

Scene vii :—(1) 19-44. What is the suggestiveness of these lines?

(2) 50-53. Compare this with the modern method.

(3) 65-77. A gloomy picture. Verify it historically.

(4) 97-102. Why this reference to being of Welsh birth?

Scene viii.—(1) 81-84. Verify these figures historically.

ACT V.

Scene ii.—(1) 39-59. A graphic picture of the effects of war. What Duke of Burgundy made this speech? What is the interval of time between the battle of Agincourt and this interview? What compelled Shakespeare so to violate the unity of time?

(2) 131-135. Show whether this was an excellent way of making love.

CHARACTER OF HENRY V. (HIS AGE 27-32.)

(1) *Personal appearance*:—V, ii, 143-146; 219-224.

Intellect:—(1) A fine scholar, I, i, 38-52.

(2) Philosophical, I, ii, 271, 272; III, i, 3-6; IV, i, 4-12; 18-23; V, ii, 154-161.

(3) A fine orator, III, i.

(4) Argumentative, IV, i, 141-176.

(5) A clear thinker, IV, i, 221-272.

(6) Has a knowledge of human nature, V, ii, 83-90; 191-196.

(7) Shrewd, II, ii, 39-46; 79, 80; V, ii, 169-172; 328-330.

(8) Ironical, I, ii, 259; II, ii, 20-23; 52, 53; 66-69.

(9) Humorous, IV, vii, 110-147.

Moral nature:—(1) Conscientious, I, ii, 13-17; IV, i, 280-282.

(2) Devout, I, ii, 289, 290; 302, 303; IV, iii, 132; IV, viii, 100-114; V, Prologue, 21, 22.

(3) Magnanimous, IV, iii, 34-39.

(4) Modest, IV, vii, 97-114; V, Prologue, 17-20.

(5) Just, II, ii, 166-181; III, vi, 101-107.

(6) Considerate of others, IV, vii, 165-170.

(7) Brave, IV, iii, 90-92.

(8) Energetic, II, iv, 97-101; 141-143.

(9) Extremely frank, III, vi, 132-139.

(10) Not over-confident, IV, vii, 77-80.

(11) Blunt, V, ii, 122-125; 146-149; 161-164.

(12) A thorough soldier, III, iii, 4, 5; IV, Prologue, 28-47.

(13) Ambitious, IV, iii, 28, 29.

Open Court.

That's a question; how shall we try it?

—*The Comedy of Errors*, V, 1, 421.

In this I'll be impartial; be you judge
Of your own cause.

—*Measure for Measure*, V, 1, 166.

NEW READINGS IN OTHELLO.

LAWRENCE BARRETT, ESQ.,

MY DEAR SIR:—

There are two lines in *Othello* which have always seemed to me very perplexing. As ordinarily printed, they appear so irreconcilable with what we call 'good English,' that I cannot but suppose the text erroneous.

I. Man but a rush against Othello's breast
 And he retires, *etc.*—V, ii, 270.

Any one reading this attentively will naturally ask himself 'What is it to "*man*" a rush? If I want to man one what must I do?' The only explanation given of it, that I know, is that the word man is here used as a verb in the same sense as when we say 'man the guns,' or 'man the yards'; but it is quite unsatisfactory, for when so used, the word always imports the application of several men to a single instrument, or to the doing of a single act. To man the guns requires a crew to each gun: to man the yards, the whole ship's company is turned out. In like manner we read that the garrison was insufficient to man the walls, and I believe I have heard on shipboard the order to man the windlass or the capstan bars. So Mr. Gladstone lately spoke of manning the Parliament. But in all these cases and all others that I can think of, the word imports *ex vi termini*, the concurrence of many men to a single act or operation. Who ever heard of manning a sword,

or a musket, an axe, a plough, a pen, or a cudgel? And here the discourse is of swords. 'Behold' says Othello

I have a sword.
A better never did itself sustain
Upon a soldier's thigh.

Then suddenly changing his mood, but still keeping in mind the idea of an attack with weapons, he utters the words above quoted. In plain prose the idea expressed is this; there is no need to use a sword against me; a mere rush will be sufficient. But if Gratiano could not properly be said to man a sword against him, how could the term be applied to so worthless a weapon as a rush?

The correction I have to offer is not my own, but that of a gentleman whose abundant though sometimes slipshod scholarship, and fine taste, give to his suggestion a certain weight of *quasi* authority. I was sitting one evening in company with a few friends, of whom the late Mr. Samuel Ward was one. During a pause in the conversation, I casually took up a volume of Shakspeare from the table and read aloud the line in question. 'Sam,' said I, 'what in the world does that mean? How are you going to man a rush any more than you can man a needle, a pin, or a bodkin?' He read the passage, and after a moment's thought, said, 'I never noticed it before, but as printed it is certainly nonsense: are you sure it is not a misprint for *aim*? the letters are nearly the same, and the words might easily be mistaken for one another: "Aim but a rush" would make sense: what do you think?'

Whatever I thought before, I have ever since thought he was right and that the word man is simply a misprint for aim.

II. The second line I refer to is that next to the conclusion of Iago's verse in praise of a 'deserving woman indeed.'

She was a wight, if ever such wight were.

—II, i, 59.

The difficulty here is in the word *wight*, which is never applied to a woman. I do not deny that the dictionaries give it as of common gender; but it is thus defined, solely on the authority of this single line of Shakspeare, and I confess I think the authority insufficient. The word was formerly of very common use espe-

cially in poetry, where it still retains a place. It scarce seems credible that, if it were recognized as equally applicable to persons of either sex, but a single application of it to a female can be found in the whole range of English literature. Shakspeare himself uses it many times, but always in a masculine sense, save in this instance, if this be one.

Which is more probable, that a noun of common gender should, in the whole body of our literature, be used but once in a female sense, or that the instance in which it appears to be so employed, should be a typographical error? The chances seem to me largely in favor of the latter supposition; and the probability is increased when it is seen that substitution of another word almost identical in sound makes good the sense without violating the rhythm. Look at the situation: Iago, Cassio, Emilia, and Desdemona, while awaiting Othello's arrival, are passing the time in light, bantering conversation. The presence of the General's young bride naturally makes wives and wifely qualities the topic. Desdemona asks, 'How would you praise me?' Iago answers,

If she be fair and wise,—fairness and wit,
The one's for use, the other useth it.

—*Ibid.* 130.

Then comes the question, 'How if she be black and witty?' then, 'How if fair and foolish?' then, 'foul and foolish?' and finally the inquiry is made, 'What praise wouldst thou bestow on a deserving woman indeed?' which leads Iago to sum up the qualities of a good wife:—

She that was ever fair and never proud,
Had tongue at will, and yet was never loud;
Never lacked gold, and yet went never gay,
Fled from her wish, and yet said 'now I may';
She that being angered, her revenge being nigh,
Bid her wrong stay, and her displeasure fly;
She that in wisdom never was so frail
To change the cod's head for the salmon's tail,
She that could think and ne'er disclose her mind,
See suitors following and not look behind,
She was a wight?

Nonsense! of all things in the world.—

She was a *wife*, if ever such wife were,
To suckle fools and chronicle small beer.

That is to say, the model wife, possessed of all, the domestic virtues ascribed to her by the speaker, has after all, no higher praise, because no higher career than to raise a family of children, and retail the petty gossip of the neighborhood. I think the word *wight* in this line, is a misprint for *wife*.

JOHN T. DOYLE.

Menlo Park, March 29, 1887.

[Without wishing for one moment to pass judgment on Judge Doyle's change of '*wight*' into *wife*, let me gently suggest that it is imprudent to deal in universal assertions. If there be a rule without an exception it is that you should never say '*never*' in reference to the use of words. As soon as I read this interesting note, which my friend, Mr. Lawrence Barrett, sent to me for transmission to SHAKESPEARIANA, and which has been printed above, and came to the assertion that the word '*wight*' is '*never* applied to a woman,' and that it is defined as of common gender '*solely on the authority of this single line of Shakespeare*,' there flashed into my mind this stanza from the old ballad of '*Fair Rosamund and Queen Eleanor*,' which I quote from memory:—

And when that death through all her limbs
Had worked his cruel spite,
Her chiefest foes did then confess
'She was a glorious *wight*.'

H. H. FURNESS.]

GERVINUS MISQUOTED.

TO THE EDITOR: Mr. Appleton Morgan, in his article in the April number of SHAKESPEARIANA, p. 188, gives a quotation which I think is incorrect.

Says Gervinus: '*Shakespeare had a leaning to the aristocratic principle, inasmuch as he does not dwell on the truths he tells of the*

nobles in the same proportion as he does on those he tells of the people.'

Gervinus did not write this; he gives it as 'the view expressed by Hazlitt.' *

Nor is this Gervinus's opinion. He says Hazlitt's view will lead to 'wrong conclusions.' *

He then proceeds to state fairly and strongly all the depreciatory and contemptuous remarks of the populace put in Coriolanus's mouth by Shakespeare, and then continues:—

On the other hand, we must not be, like Coriolanus, unreasonable, and overlook the fact that Shakespeare has introduced some better and braver among the people, who, when the General calls for volunteers, all shout and follow him, to his great joy and admiration. We must not omit to observe that the whole mass of the people acknowledge the merit of Coriolanus, that the zeal to admire and applaud the conqueror is universal, that his party among the people seems very great, that even the inflamed and excited people acknowledge that he is not avaricious, that he is not more proud than brave; that, with regard to his haughtiness, they take into consideration the power of his nature, and acknowledge that his merit surpasses their power to recompense.

Here, in fact, the good and bad qualities of the multitude are weighed truly and even with moderation. †

Gervinus further expresses his views on this subject as follows:—

Shakespeare has, indeed, sympathy with the lower classes who are poor and destitute, and he makes the mighty of the earth, who have forgotten poverty, remember it in their own adversity, but whither the equalisation and prosperity of Communism would lead he has made most plain in Cade's revolution. *seq.* ‡

Such, according to Gervinus, is Shakespeare's opinion of the masses.

WM. H. FLEMING.

New York, April 11, 1887.

A CORRECTION.—In the article on 'Shakespeare at School,' in the May number of SHAKESPEARIANA, the printer has left out the bracketed words in the following sentence: 'We hope the urchins did not find this more suggestive of stealing apples [out of school] than of

* *Commentaries*, p. 748, Scribner, Welford and Armstrong. 1877.

† *Idem*, pp. 750, 751.

‡ *Idem*, p. 925.

gathering the rich fruit of the tree of knowledge within.' If he had dropped the 'within' also, it would have been well enough; but I fancy that more than one reader has wondered why that 'within' was added to the sentence.

While I am writing let me add that the article was originally written for a company of school boys. This will explain the simple and familiar treatment of the subject.

W. J. ROLFE.

The Drama.

Betwixt mine eye and heart a league is took,
And each doth good turns now unto the other.

—Sonnet XLVII.

FANNY DAVENPORT'S BEATRICE, like Wordsworth's ideal woman, is 'a creature not too bright or good for human nature's daily food.' And the every-day quality given her is an interesting feature of this actress's representation of her.

One of the reasons why Shakespeare's people live among us of to-day, like glorified neighbors, whom close or casual Shakespearian readers, whom Clubs, Societies, actors, and playgoers innumerable and various, discuss and differ and agree upon as they do upon their friends next door, is because they present, like these living personalities, so many phases to each view. The kind and degree of sympathetic relation instinctively established between two living beings upon their meeting, and during the course of their companionship has its match in the different feelings of recognition with which each actor approaches the impersonation of a Shakespearian character. So, aside from the strict consideration of whether the dramatic art shown by a Shakespearian actor is fine or crude, good or bad; aside, also, from the judgment of whether his impersonation is true to the play, we have the triple interest of ascertaining what the special relation is between the actor and his part—what is the main point of

sympathy felt—and what the dominant trait revealed. The harvest of impressions the critical onlooker reaps from all sorts and conditions of actors of Shakespearian parts is as much richer than from the same players in other plays, as Shakespeare himself is richer in seizable traits, to all sorts and conditions of actors, than any other dramatist is. Notwithstanding the inequality of different capacities, says Emerson, of Shakespeare, 'see the perfect reception this wit, and immense knowledge of life, and liquid eloquence finds in us all.'

It is curious to compare some of these paths of approach in Beatrice. To Modjeska, it seems, the intellectual delicacy, alert and piquant, and the pure-hearted fidelity of Beatrice—the underlying strata of character from which spring the witty graces of her charming presence—are the points of sympathy on which she lays the accent in her impersonation; Ellen Terry catches the very white fire of sprightliness, the moving lights of variable ardor, and all the fascinating caprices that sparkle upon the half-guessed depths of a woman yet unknown to herself; Fanny Davenport, far less subtle and nimble of expression than either, yet finds anew and prominently shows in Beatrice the warm amiability and homely loyalty which pulses robustly within the body of a healthy, quibbling wit. Benedick declared with justice, at one of her sallies, that she had frightened the word out of his right sense, so 'forcible' was her wit. (V, ii, 55.) Who has not known such a Beatrice, of overflowing, animal wit, as distinguished from the more restrained humor of the contemplative fancy? And who may not see that this woman of 'forcible wit' was of a warm and wholesome impulsiveness worked upon through prompt perceptions that are scarcely ruled or re-inforced at all, as were Portia's or Hermione's, by that deeper-seated reason which, in them, joined with as prompt perceptions, indicates the more than intellectual, the almost spiritual capability of a woman's mind? Beatrice, on the contrary, is more exclusively perceptive and emotional. And though Shakespeare's Beatrice cannot be too quick and acute, neither can it be but good to insist somewhat upon the staunch supremacy of her merry heart, and the natural freedom of her swinging pace throughout the humors of the play. Until, indeed, as Fanny Davenport

makes us follow her, something almost like a comfortable domesticity seems ready to be developed. What is this that has come over the quick tongue, when she confesses to Benedick that she loves him with so much of her heart that 'none is left to protest?' She is so still, only long enough to say, 'now I am still'—and she rallies him again directly, but, for an instant, she has rested silent in an inward consciousness that she has allowed herself to show, and which asserts its mastery over the outward bent of her wit.

That a Beatrice of this description is the one Fanny Davenport sees in *Much Ado About Nothing* is evident to one who has witnessed her presentation of that play this season, and that this is the notion of Beatrice she has thought out in her study of the part may be seen in her own words in the following article she contributes.

C. P.

BEATRICE.



N the empire of literature Shakespeare rules alone, and equally alone and unique is his rule within the hearts of true artists and lovers of his great writings, for his characters are beloved as dear friends—friends that are for all moods,—either sad, silly, grave, or gay; and he is to be pitied that cannot among so large an assembly find enjoyment thorough and wholesome.

That each character is open to a dozen different interpretations is its greatness and continual newness, and in giving my humble opinions and conception of his 'Beatrice' I have perhaps seen her in a different light from that in which the critics, men of letters, and artists, whose writings I have read, have seen her.

In the first place, it was my desire to understand and comprehend the inner part of her nature. That she was a virago or man-hater, is surely a misguided impression, nor can I believe anyone who gives full thought to and inwardly digests the words put into her mouth by the great poet could conceive her in this manner. That an interested

affection exists in her heart for Benedick from the very first words she speaks I hold, with this idea before me I found my study of her, and in this light I submit my effort.

Beatrice comes first before us with her uncle and her sweet friend and companion, Hero; she has listened to the dialogue between her uncle Leonato and the messenger who comes from Don Pedro; he and Count Claudio are spoken of by this soldier; but when *Signor Benedick* is not mentioned, Beatrice is sufficiently interested to know if he, too, has returned. 'Is Signor Montanto (a nick-name she has given him) returned from the wars?' Then she questions of his bravery--'How many hath he killed and eaten in these wars, but indeed how many hath he killed, for I promised to eat all of his killing,' showing that she hath before jested with him of that same bravery she now wishes to hear more of. Next she asks, 'Who is his companion?' this she is eager also to know, as she repeats the question, 'But I pray you who is his companion?' She covers up her interest in Benedick from those dearest to her with the wit she is noted for, and so strong a name has Beatrice for her wit, and so heartily do those belonging to her enjoy and admire it, that she completely hides her good parts to air it and keep it ever uppermost. No one about her can match her or meet her on equal footing; so when Benedick does return, she delights in that return, she cannot too speedily cross swords with him, and the steel flies sparks between them.

In her next appearance before us she says, 'He were an excellent man that were made just in the midway between he (Don John) and'—who first comes to her mind but—'Benedick.' Then, as if fearing she has again said something to betray her interest in him, she adds quickly, 'one is too like an image and says nothing, the other too like my lady's eldest son, ever-more tattling,' she continues in the same strain as if to mislead her relatives entirely as to her real feelings.

She is all woman and a sensible woman at that. 'She wants in a husband a good leg, foot, and money enough in his purse,' also a handsome man,—as her advice to Hero shows. 'But let him be a handsome fellow or else make another courtesy and say, "Father as

it please me.” The moment Benedick appears she follows him, anxious to be near him, though should she so desire, there is nothing easier than to avoid him in a crowded masque. When their wit again flies, she calls him the very opposite of what she knows him to be, ‘a dull fool,’ and says ‘none but libertines delight in him,’ knowing well he is the chosen friend of Don Pedro, the highest Lord of Arragon, and ‘his commendation lies not in his wit, but in his villainy.’ Now all speak of Benedick as a brave, good soldier, kind and courteous, and an act of villainy would be the last of which he would be capable. Having fired these arrows she trips off to dance, well-pleased in getting the best of a wit-contest. For to say a bright, clever thing is more than food to our dear ‘Lady Disdain,’ and to say it at Benedick’s expense—this great strong soldier—gives Beatrice never a pang of conscience.

When next we see them, she comes to call him to dinner. We can imagine she has just seated herself comfortably, well satisfied with all the merry, witty things she has been saying to the high and valued guests around her, and now about to seat themselves at her uncle’s table. Leonato says—we will imagine he does, and we are led to believe so, for a moment before Don Pedro says, ‘Let us send her to call him to dinner’—‘Beatrice, go call Signor Benedick to dinner.’ She may be a bit vexed at this commission, and ask, ‘must I do him a page’s office.’ ‘Yes,’ Leonato might reply, ‘you shall go,’ and she obeys half in a pet. At any rate when she comes to Benedick, she speaks curtly—‘Against my will I’m sent to bid you come in to dinner.’ ‘Fair Beatrice, I thank you for your pains.’ ‘I took no more pains for those thanks than you take pains to thank me; if it had been painful, I would not have come,’ she replies. ‘You take pleasure then in the message?’ says Benedick. ‘Yea, just so much as you may take upon a knife’s point and choke a daw withal. You have no stomach Signor: fare you well.’

The only trait in Beatrice’s character not consistent with my understanding of the nobility and frankness of her nature, is the eagerness with which she comes to hear herself spoken of, and willingly, eagerly

plays eaves-dropper. She drinks in all that is said, and jumps at once to a conclusion, as ready as the impassioned Juliet, to throw herself into Benedick's arms. Her own words lead us to this conclusion :—

And Benedick, love on ; I will requite thee,
Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand ;
If thou dost love my kindness shall incite
To bind our hopes up in a holy band.

Marriage, we see is her thought, no trifling, no idea of a merry flirtation, she does not say she does not care for Benedick, yet here is her opportunity to jest with him, fool him to the top of his bent. No, 'tis love she feels for him and has felt all along. She is only waiting for him to declare himself and when she believes he loves also—why, 'maiden pride, adieu.'

What occurs between this scene and the next acted one, the chapel scene, we read for ourselves (III, iv, 39-94), and that it savors of a love-sick maiden, I cannot but think. 'Good morrow, Coz,' says Hero, Beatrice replies, 'Good morrow, sweet Hero,' in such a tone that Hero at once asks, 'Why how now? do you speak in the sick tune?' 'Beatrice answers, 'I am out of all other tune, methinks. And again, 'By my troth, I am exceeding ill: heigh ho!' and, 'By my troth I am sick.' Surely these lines are from the heart of a love-lorn maid.

I believe that the correct conception of a character of Shakespeare, may be often readily caught from a scene that is not usually acted, from some seemingly unimportant line, that sets the key to the whole situation and aids one as the doctored, altered and revised editions of his plays can not. I do not hold this scene between Hero, Margaret, and Ursula should be acted upon our stage in these days, but I do maintain that an artist should know every line of the original. It is surely the only way to study the intention, conception, and heart of the character.

Now we arrive at the chapel, Leonato, bringing with a proud heart his only child to a marriage with her chosen love; Hero, fond and blushing; Claudio, with insult welling to his lips, an easy prey to a foul report, his vanity wronged and wounded, (I certainly admire

Claudio's character the least of any in the play); Don Pedro, a true friend to Claudio and standing by him in his injury: Don John whose villainy has had their eyes to give his slander the appearance of truth; Benedick, happy in a new-found interest, the love of Beatrice, waiting but his opportunity to disclose his love to her; and Beatrice, herself proud in the knowledge of her loved companion's honors, seeing her beautiful, pure, and knowing the rich worth of her chosen friend, and secretly rejoicing in her own love for Benedick. Doubtless she thinks as she stands beneath the altar, her time may be near to 'bind their hopes up in a holy band.'

Not one of them dreams of the fierce blast that is so suddenly to blow their joys, their hopes, their happiness to the winds. I need not repeat the scene as all are familiar with its beauties, but come to the conclusion, where 'tis decided Hero shall feign death so that, 'when he shall hear she died upon his words,' then shall he mourn 'and wish he had not so accused her.' Her father consents, they leave the chapel, all but Benedick and Beatrice. Why does she remain? she who so loves Hero, and sympathizes with her? Why? Unless she loves Benedick more. She permits Hero to go without her for a few words with him, I think she has in her mind what she means to demand of him, and waits for his avowal to name her condition, *viz.*, to 'kill Claudio.'

To her mind such an insult can only be wiped out by Claudio's blood. She has no thought of harm to Benedick, he is her soldier, her strong arm, her hero, who is to avenge her sweet, wronged cousin, we can readily imagine what Beatrice with her nature would have done were she a younger brother of Hero's, never stopping to think, she would follow Claudio, challenge him, fight—and fall, were he the better swordsman. But Benedick against Claudio—(this young swell of his day)—She has no fear of Claudio's harming Benedick. Let us take the lines between the two: Benedick asks, 'May a man do it?' she replies 'Tis a man's office,' and in the same breath, as if regretting the danger she is about to place him in, adds, 'But not your's.' Benedick's next words are 'I do love nothing in the world so well as you, is not that strange?' and after a few witty passages, for our

lovers cannot so readily leave their good friend, Monsieur wit, behind them, Beatrice owns she loves him, 'I love you with so much of my heart there is none left to protest.' Benedick is delighted, and in the exuberance of his joy, says, 'Come bid me do anything for thee.' For we must not forget in those days of chivalry, a lover must perform some brave or worthy deed for his Queen of love, Beatrice full of the wrong done her dear Hero, and knowing Benedick to be a brave man, bids him for her love 'kill Claudio.' More than astonished at the sudden demand, he replies, 'Not for the wide world,' 'You kill me to deny it, farewell.'

She grows angry, enthusiastic, heroic, and at last bursts into tears—a woman's surest weapon. He argues, coaxes, soothes her. No, nothing, she will have nothing but that he shall kill Claudio to prove his love for her. 'Think you in your soul, the Count Claudio has wronged Hero.' 'Yea, as sure as I have a thought or a soul' she replies. 'Enough, I am engaged—I will challenge him,' and Beatrice, as I understand her, would say within her heart, God bless you and give him her lips,—lips which such a woman as Beatrice is, had held most sacred hitherto from all men.

Shakespeare ends the scene with Benedick's speech, and so far justifies my conception of Beatrice. Beatrice is satisfied, that Benedick will keep his word to her.

She sleeps content that night, assured of Benedick's love, doubly so as he proves it, by being willing to kill Claudio for that love, happy also that she is instrumental in avenging her cousin's insult and wrong. All her actions show Beatrice to be brave, passionate, impulsive and thoroughly womanly.

In her last scene we see Beatrice tamed. 'Sweet Beatrice wilt thou come when I call thee?' 'Yea, Signor, and depart when you bid me,' when she is called within the house, she begs him to go with her. How different to the tantalizing, teasing Beatrice of the non-wooing time! Can we not imagine Beatrice—a noble wife midst prosaic duties?

I can never picture her with knitting nor darning-needle in hand,

but a wife who would make easier the hard lessons to her boys; leading them, arguing, explaining, and usually convincing, all the sharpness of her wit worn off by constant contact with tender words. A woman—and standing among them as the embodied light and dignity of her husband's house. This is Beatrice as I see her with my eyes through the words of our immortal poet, Shakespeare.

FANNY DAVENPORT.

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR AT STRATFORD.—For years past the 23d of April has been fitly marked at Stratford in the handsome memorial theatre by the revival of one of Shakespeare's less known plays. So Miss Alleyn revived *Cymbeline*, *Love's Labour's Lost*, and *Measure for Measure*. So we believe she had contemplated reviving *A Winter's Tale*. Last year Mr. Benson played *Richard III* 'from the text of Shakespeare,' and on Saturday night he commemorated the birthday by a performance of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. This play has never seemed to find great favor. Most of the great comedians have tried their hand on Falstaff; and many of them have been tempted to trace his course through *Henry IV* to the *Merry Wives*. Henderson, that dramatic phenomenon, who played Hamlet as well as he played Falstaff, was particularly good in the latter part; and he was the Falstaff of revivals of the *Merry Wives* in 1777-9-81. Falstaff was a great part of Quin's, who seemed born to play it. 'He was convivial, and when (in *Henry IV*) carrying the dead Hotspur off the stage would say to him, "where shall we sup?" He was satiric, and had much of Falstaff's wit; but in him it was the attribute of a noble nature.' Quin also played in the *Merry Wives*—notably in 1720 and in 1734. Of other Falstaffs the following played in the comedy under notice:—Delane, Shuter, Lee Lewis, Palmer, and Fawcett. Elliston is described as 'the best of all Falstaffs. His was a wonderful combination of wit, humor, sensuality, and philosophy; but he was always the gentleman.' One of the Kembles, Stephen, is associated with the part; but his only qualifi-

cation for playing it seems to have been that nature had obviated the necessity for stuffing. During the present century the *Merry Wives* has figured chiefly as an opera—having been so treated by Balfe and by Nicolai. Between 1824 and 1851 the play was usually produced in a curious form. Following in the wake of some other great men Frederick Reynolds revised and rearranged Shakespeare—his method of procedure being to interpolate Shakespeare songs in a free and easy manner. Master Fenton, for instance, used to pause in his wooing of sweet Ann Page to warble ‘Blow, blow, thou wintry wind,’ from *As You Like It*. In 1851 Mr. Charles Kean, who made the Princess’s famous for productions of Shakespeare in which a great deal of archaeological upholstery left little room for poetry, played the *Merry Wives*, when the Falstaff of Bartley was supported by the Ford of Mr. Kean, the Mrs. Ford of his accomplished wife—Woffington, by the way, included this part in her repertory—the Page of Mr. Ryder, and the Slender of Harley. At this time, too, Mr. Keeley appeared as Sir Hugh Evans, Mr. Wigan as Dr. Caius, and Mr. Meadows as Slender. Meanwhile Phelps, who took Sadler’s Wells with the laudable intention of producing every play of Shakespeare, and who nearly succeeded, had produced the *Merry Wives* several times. In his declining years he appeared under Mr. Hollingshead’s management at the Gaiety, and the *Merry Wives* was played in 1874, Phelps as Falstaff, being supported by Mr. Herman Vezin, Mr. Arthur Cecil, Mr. Righton, Mr. J. G. Taylor, Mr. Belford, Mr. Forbes Robertson, Miss Furtado, Miss Rose Leclercq, and Mrs. John Wood.

The company by which the *Merry Wives of Windsor* was revived at Stratford-on-Avon on Saturday night, the 23d of April, is one that the studious playgoer is bound to regard with interest, and the critic to approach with sympathy. Its conduct and constitution are remarkable; its aims lofty and artistic. Mr. F. R. Benson who is its guiding spirit, undertook the University production of *Agamemnon*, and his performance of Clytemnestra was a town’s talk. It attracted the notice of Mr. Irving, who thought so highly of the young amateur’s ability that he suggested the stage as a profession. When his suggestion was followed by such substantial support as the offer

of an engagement at the Lyceum, it was eagerly adopted. The academy was abandoned for the stage; and Mr. Benson made his professional debut as the Paris of the Lyceum *Romeo and Juliet*. Since then he has found a warm friend in Mr. Irving, and he gratefully acknowledges the advice and assistance that he has received from his distinguished patron. It was Mr. Irving who, in these days when the bad school of the stock company has given way to no school at all, suggested the provinces as a useful experience. So Mr. Benson obtained an engagement with Miss Alleyn; then with Mr. Walter Bentley. Four years ago he organized a company of his own. His experiment was a bold one—in every respect. He was comparatively unknown, and he found all but the smallest theatres closed to him. His repertory, although an extensive one, was made up of the classics of our dramatic literature; and these nowadays need something more than mere histrionic ability to make them very acceptable to the *profanum vulgus*. He had the excellent idea to form his company on the Saxe Meiningen model—there is a constant interchange of characters—no obtrusion of odd persons. This is a good thing for art; but it is apt to rob a performance of direct personal interest. Such a company presents inducements to none but actors and actresses who have a real unselfish love of their art. The daily rehearsals, that continual changes in the programme demand, mean work; and there is nothing to minister to individual vanity. Mr. Benson has been fortunate in his coadjutors. His company, while it has not lacked assistance from professionals of experience, has often been recruited by amateurs from the Universities, and the result is usually a performance which, if it lacks something of traditional characteristics, is always marked by refinement, intelligence, pure English, and a combined effort to secure an excellent *ensemble*. Perseverance has brought its reward. Mr. Benson's company is welcomed now in theatres of importance, and Birmingham, which did not see it quite at its best in the recent jubilee performance at the Theatre Royal, is next year to have the opportunity of judging this admirable combination on its merits. This year is the second that Mr. Benson has undertaken the Festival performances, and he has had the unusual experi-

ence of doing better financially on his second visit than on his first; for the serious charge is laid against Stratford playgoers that they love new faces. During the week there have been produced *Richard III.*, *The Merchant of Venice*, *Poet and Painter*, *She Stoops to Conquer*, and *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. It will be observed that Mr. Benson has not been able to avoid the doubtful precedent of playing other than Shakespearian pieces. But let that pass. His Shylock and his Richard have won warm praise here, as they have elsewhere. The greatest interest of course centred in *The Merry Wives*—played on Friday and twice on Saturday. It has attracted large audiences, and the occupants of the gallery have seemed to vie with those of the stalls in the warmth of their appreciation. I do not indeed remember to have seen a Shakespearian performance followed with such keen delight as on Saturday evening. Not a point seemed to miss its mark. The production in its entirety was highly creditable. It would be going too far to say that it was a perfect interpretation of a series of characters that call forth the greatest comic power and Shakespearian knowledge. The fun was sometimes a little exuberant; and the *Wives*, notably, were hardly equal to the physical requirements of their parts. But there were virtues that more than atoned for defects that were inevitable. The Falstaff of G. R. Weir was admirable. His make up was faultless. He has a fine full voice, a jovial countenance, and a merry eye that all go to aid the impersonation. The play of course accentuates the oily sensuality of 'fat Jack,' and takes away from his fine wit. Then Mr. Weir is sometimes a little too boisterous. But the ardour of his wooing; his terror as he hears in his hiding place behind the arras of the approach of Ford; and his comic rage when he recounts his disreputable disasters were depicted in the most praiseworthy manner. Mr. Benson was the Dr. Caius, and acquitted himself creditably in a part that is not completely suited to him. His make up was good; and his French accent excellent. But his fine figure, clear-cut mobile features, and careful cultured elocution, all lend themselves better to higher work than 'character acting.'

The scenery was suitable, and the stage management good. Especial praise should be accorded to the last scene. The fairies who disported

themselves in Windsor Park were urchins from the local national school—drilled to admiration in two days. Nothing could have been better than this modest 'spectacle.'—*Birmingham Times*.

MISS MARY ANDERSON AS HERMIONE.—On Saturday night, 23d April, Miss Mary Anderson, in commemoration of Shakespeare's birthday, produced at the Theatre Royal, Nottingham, for the first time, *The Winter's Tale*. This revival, the first of recent years, had been anticipated with great interest, and the house was thronged with a brilliant audience, including Lord and Lady Lytton, guests of Miss Anderson, and a considerable number of visitors from town. Miss Anderson appeared in the double rôle of *Hermione* and *Perdita*. Miss Anderson had evidently taken the greatest pains in the arrangement of the stage business, and the scenery was entirely new, having been specially painted for this occasion. The play retains the usual division of five acts, but is considerably curtailed in the dialogue, especially in the comic scenes. The incidental music was especially composed by Mr. Andrew Levey. Miss Anderson's appearance on the stage was greeted with enthusiasm. In the earlier scenes her dignity and grace charmed her audience, whilst in the scene where the *King* charges *Hermione* with unfaithfulness the force of her acting fairly took the audience. The trial scene was even still more successful. Here new business of a striking character was introduced. Miss Anderson delivered her lines with much expression, and at the close of the scene was enthusiastically recalled, as indeed she was at the close of each act. In Act IV, she appears for the first time as *Perdita*, and a greater contrast could not have been given than between the queenly dignity of the injured mother and the gay joyousness of the daughter brought up by the shepherd in the deserts of Bohemia. The shepherd's cottage scene was admirably arranged, and the rustic dance was so much enjoyed that it had to be repeated. The business was also well devised and very successful. *Perdita's* distribution of flowers to her guests being most gracefully performed. The farewell to her home, as she leaves

with *Florizel*, was also excellently done. Much interest was felt as to the way in which Miss Anderson would treat the doubling of the parts in the statue scene, where *Hermione* and *Perdita* meet; but here a veiled substitute took the daughter's part. As the statue, Miss Anderson pleasantly recalled her picturesque appearance in the similar part of *Galatea*. The whole scene was carried out with great tenderness, and the curtain dropped amidst great applause. Miss Anderson received several wreaths during the evening. She was on the whole well supported, Mr. Forbes Robertson sustaining the part of *Leontes* with vigor. Mr. Macklin made an acceptable *Polixenes*, while *Camillo* had an excellent representative in Mr. Arthur Stirling. The important and trying part of *Pauline* was taken by Mrs. John Billington, who repeatedly gained applause. Mr. J. G. Taylor's *Autolycus* was amusing and original, and Mr. Arthur Lewis was a pleasing though rather weak *Florizel*.

Before leaving Nottingham for Manchester, Miss Anderson stated, in an interview with reference to the production of *The Winter's Tale* for the first time on Saturday night, that she would probably produce it again in the course of her provincial tour, but not immediately. She hoped to open with it at the Lyceum, London, in September. At the request of Miss Anderson a magnificent floral wreath has been placed on Shakespeare's tomb, in Holy Trinity Church, Stratford-on-Avon, to commemorate the poet's birthday.

SHAKESPEARIANIZING TENDENCIES IN PARIS.—Changes in the spirit of the management of the Théâtre Français seem to be finding public expression through the recent successful series of *Hamlet* representations, and in connection with the Shakespeare Anniversary. A special performance of *Hamlet* was given on Sunday afternoon, 24th April, at the Théâtre Français, to the members of the Astronomical Conference then in Paris. The boxes of the first tier had been set apart for them, and the rest of the theatre was crowded from floor to ceiling; indeed there was not a vacant seat in any part of the large house.

The director of the Comédie, M. Jules Claretie, had recently returned from a London visit, where it is said he had made arrangements for the production of the Lyceum version of *Faust* at the honored house of Molière. At the Stanley Club Dinner on the evening of the 21st April, a long letter from Alexandre Dumas was read, in which the distinguished writer gave his notions of *Hamlet*, and some reminiscences of his celebrated father's relations to the French translations of that play. Paul Meurice, in his speech at this same dinner, accorded to Dumas' père the lion's share in the first production of *Hamlet* in France. M. Claretie, with that liberality which characterizes his whole career, proposed that during the International Exhibition of 1889 there should be an international theatre in Paris, and that French, German, English and American masterpieces should there be produced in turn. This idea is likely to take practical shape. M. Got, the dean of the celebrated company, gave some interesting anecdotes of his long and fruitful career; this Anglo-American festival brought out many reminiscences from other persons prominent in journalism, or in general or dramatic literature, who had long resided in the French capital.

LITERARY POVERTY IN NEW ENGLAND.—Before the year 1700, there was not in Massachusetts, so far as is known, a single copy of Shakespeare or Milton, so said the Hon. Mellen Chamberlain, of the Boston Public Library, in his address at the dedication of the new Brooks Library at Brattleboro', Vermont, and as late as 1723, the Harvard College Library lacked Addison, Atterbury, Bolingbroke, Dryden, Gay, Locke, Pope, Prior, Steele, Swift, and Young. Against such a back-ground, comments the Boston *Literary World*, from which we learn of this significant statement of facts, the later progress of literary life in New England may be effectively painted.

*THE OLD GUILD HALL.**

STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

The winter day is waning fast,
And gathered fold on fold,
The filmy river-mist is cast
Like some dim halo of the past,
About these gables old.

And while the shadows gather deep
Within the Old Guild Hall,
Methinks the ages backward sweep,
Methinks I see strange spectres creep
Along the panelled wall—

The players past the arras flit,
I see before my eyes
The rough-built scene with rushlights lit,
The rude stage, and the ruder wit,
The blood-drenched tragedies—

I see the rustic crowd elate.
To mark the motley clown,—
The 'prentice pert, the maid sedate,
The bailiff in his chair of state
And all the gaping town.

And by the bailiff's chair—a face—
The white face of a child—
His hands are clasped in close embrace,
The hot breath heaves his chest apace—
His hazel eyes are wild.

He sees not in the passing show
Sport for an idle hour,
He feels each touch of joy or woe
Strike some deep, answering chord below ;
And in his heart a power.

As in th' enchanter's crystal sphere
The very inmost soul

* (1) Companies of players frequently performed in Stratford Guild Hall between the years 1564 and 1580.

(2) At Michelmas, 1568, John Shakespear (father of the poet) was made High Bailiff of Stratford for a year.

(3) In the year 1589, both the Queen's, and the Earl of Worcester's players visited the town.

Shone through the body, mirrored clear,
So in life's fragment mirrored here,
His fancy sees the whole.

* * *

Hush! in this hour a soul is born,
A soul of living flame
To pierce the heart of ages gone
And know their secret love and scorn,
Their glory and their shame.

To read with glance serene and strong
The deep of human life,
To set to strains of deathless song
The tale of human worth or wrong,
The gladness and the strife.

* * *

Our Stratford holds full many a shrine,
Which for thy sake we love,
O bright-eyed boy of glance divine,
We love them all for all are thine—
But every shrine above.

Worthiest this battered hall, I wis,
To be the pilgrim's goal:
The old home of thy father is
The birthplace of thy body—this
The birthplace of thy soul!

Stratford-on-Avon.

R. S. de C. LAFFAN.

OBITUARY.—With the birth of another Spring old Samuel Cousins has passed away. A pupil of Samuel Reynolds, the engraver of so many plates from the pictures of Sir Joshua Reynolds, Cousins was the last survivor of the great English school of mezzotint engraving. Many of Sir Thomas Lawrence's portraits have been engraved by Cousins, but the one masterpiece by which he will be remembered by Shakespearians is his celebrated mezzotint from the Chandos picture of the poet. It was engraved for the old Shakespeare Society, and published by that organization in 1849, and is by far the finest copy of the Chandos portrait which has ever been made. Mr. Cousins was in his eighty-sixth year at the time of his death. In 1855 he was elected a member of the Royal Academy.

Literary Notes.

When comes your book forth?
Upon the heels of my presentment, sir.

—*Timon of Athens*, I, i, 25.

THE parallel German and English texts of *Lear*, *Julius Cæsar*, and *Romeo and Juliet*, published by Whittaker & Co., of London, are followed up by a new venture in parallel texts, the first of a projected series of *Shakespeare Reprints*, No. 1 being *King Lear*, and giving on opposite pages the text of the first quarto of 1608 and that of the folio of 1623.

SCHOOL editions of *Coriolanus* and of *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, with notes, examination papers and a plan of preparation have been recently published by W. & R. Chambers, of London and Edinburgh. Another shilling edition of the *Midsummer-Night's Dream* with notes prepared especially for the Oxford and Cambridge local examinations, is issued by Allman of London. In fact there seems to be no end to the market for either cheap or costly editions of Shakespeare.

IN a private letter recently received from Mr. Donnelly, he mentions that he is now preparing, at the request of Mr. Allen Thorndyke Rice, an article on the 'Cipher,' giving some facts not yet published, and illustrated with facsimiles of several pages of the first Folio, that is to say, of the reduced facsimile edition of Halliwell-Phillipps. This paper will appear in the *North American Review*.

AN entertaining story is told in the *May Atlantic*, under the title, 'The Shakespeare-Shapleigh Entanglement,' by means of a dozen letters relating to two curious discoveries of the main correspondent in the case. In the first of these letters both discoveries are brought to light; one is of a quarto of *Lucrece*, dated 1596, and bearing a dedication by Shakespeare himself to William Heminge, which mentions him as a brother of the player, John Heminge; the other is of

a fascinating portrait hanging in the corridor of the same Jacobean Hall, in Northamptonshire, whose library was the lurking place of this long-lost quarto. The *Lucrece* dedication, of course, suggests a new figure to put behind the mysterious initials, 'W. H.' of the dedication of the Sonnets; and this portrait bears such a resemblance to the death-mask that it makes the letter-writer ready to believe that if it is Sir William Shapleigh, an ancestor of the house, as he is told, 'then the Shakespeare death-mask is Shapleigh too.'

The tracing out of various clues tending to show that the Shakespeare death-mask is merely a death-mask of this William Shapleigh, whose death is put with Shakespeare's, on the 23d of April, 1616, fills the remaining letters and makes up an article that every one will enjoy. Moreover, if any one who reads it has a lingering fear that it is something more than a clever tale that is told, he may turn to the letter prefixed, which accompanied the MS. to Mr. Aldrich's hands, and read for his comfort and enlightenment these, his closing words:—

Many a poor fellow has hanged upon a less curious commingling and interlinking of fact and error than may possibly be found to be the warp and woof of this strange recital, quite worthy it seems to me, of apt pupils—if there be such—of that teacher of novel-writing by correspondence, Mr. Hale. The letters as they are before me are copies; and judging from the change of a name in one case, at least, which I recognize, I suspect they are all changed, as they say, 'for obvious reasons,' so that there is no clue to these epistolary participants in the patronymics here employed. Cordially yours,

JUSTIN WINSOR.

In Mr. Rolfe's comment in the *Literary World* (April 30th), he quotes Benedick very happily,—'I should think this a gull, but that the white-bearded fellow speaks; knavery cannot sure hide himself in such reverence.' But we all remember that no one enjoyed the gull played on Benedick more than that same white-bearded fellow—Leonato.

The other 'entanglement' referring to the *Lucrece* quarto, probably, as this does more particularly to the portrait, is now ready to be wound out. The full title is '*Was Shakespeare Shapleigh? A Correspondence in Two Entanglements*,' edited by Mr. Justin Winsor, and published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. (75 cts.)

Miscellany.

To knit again

This scattered corn into one mutual sheaf.

—*Titus Andronicus*, V, iii, 70.

A LASTING MONUMENT.—Shakespeare's birthday does not need to wait for any date to come round, either the 23d of April, old style, or the 5th of May, new style, to meet a due celebration. In very truth no man is so universally honored as he, no monument that can be given him is so lasting as that which he has built himself 'in our wonder and astonishment.' Yet, on each recurrence of the 23d day of April, the countless local commemorations that take place, unnecessary as they are in the strictest sense, and mixed as is the wish to honor this 'representative Saxon,' with many lesser gala-day incitements to the enterprise of a local celebration, there remains in all the banqueting and talking of the season a deep, inspiring sign of irresistible gratitude that is universally humanizing and healthy.

In Stratford, the streets were gay with bunting and lively with visiting pilgrims, who met with cordial welcome from the townsmen, and heard the honors this year has brought Shakespeare's town; the renovation of the Church, the handsome fountain Mr. G. W. Childs has given, and which will be formally established on the 20th of June, and the embellishment of the Memorial buildings. At the Parish Church a sermon on 'The Theatre' was preached by the priest-chaplain, the Rev. Frank Smith. He dwelt upon the worth of human sympathy, and upon the value of the drama in its higher form in inspiring pity for suffering and horror of crime; in depicting the reward of virtue, and the penalty of crime; and in exciting the desire for and enjoyment of others' happiness. At the Memorial Hall Theatre the anniversary Shakespearian performances were held. The

trustees of Shakespeare's birthplace and the Governor of the Shakespeare Memorial held their annual meetings on the 5th of May, Shakespeare's birthday according to the old style.

A COMMEMORATION LIBRARY.—But perhaps the most important commemoration of the birthday was that public meeting called together at the Lyceum, in London, on the afternoon of the 22d, for the purpose of promoting the extension of the Shakespeare Memorial Library at the Stratford Memorial Hall. A meeting had previously been held at the same place for the purpose of forming a committee to enlarge the library and to raise funds to make purchases, and this committee had issued a circular, setting forth the characteristics of the Stratford Memorial, and adding, with regard to the library, which at present possesses over 2,000 volumes, that much remains to be done: 'The English editions alone of the complete works of Shakespeare number nearly 600, and the Memorial Library has at present but 84. It possesses copies of some of his plays and works in French, Italian, Icelandic, Russian, Hungarian, Greek, and Latin, but these, with the English editions of his works, form but a small proportion of the vast collection of Shakespearian literature that exists, and which it is earnestly desired to add to the present collection.'

When Mr. C. E. Flower gave the land on which the Memorial Building was placed, £20,000 was counted upon to be raised in Stratford and Warwickshire for the hall and theatre, but only £5,000 was forthcoming. The library, too, has only about 2,000 volumes, and the public are now asked to turn that into 20,000 volumes, and also to provide an endowment fund for yearly expenses. At the Lyceum meeting Mr. Irving presided; and he was surrounded on the stage by many ladies and gentlemen, amongst whom were Mr. Phelps (the American Minister), Sir Theodore and Lady Martin, General Sir Edward Hamley, Sir Frederick and Lady Pollock, Professor and Mrs. Flower, Lord Ronald Gower, Mr. Bancroft, and the Mayor of Stratford-on-Avon. In the pit and boxes of the theatre there was a large gathering.

Mr. Irving, in his opening speech, said there were many libraries in the kingdom well stocked with Shakespearian literature, and in the

British Museum they had a library containing almost every book upon this subject that the eye of man had ever seen. But they wanted the Stratford Library to be a select and a special one—a library for those who might travel to the shrine, rest there, and revel in intellectual as well as imaginative delight. (Cheers.) There could be no doubt that in time Stratford would become the Mecca of the Shakespearian student. (Hear, hear.) This movement interested all comers from all lands and climates who might visit that spot. When one thought of the advance during the last few years in the study of Shakespeare and the interest shown in every event of his life, he would be a bold man who would deny to the birthplace of Shakespeare the right to a library of Shakespearian literature—the richest that could be got together. They were probably aware that at Stratford there was a literary building—and a very handsome building too. There was, therefore, no cost to be incurred for the erection of a building. That had been most munificently provided for by a most distinguished townsman of Stratford. (Cheers.) There were ample bookshelves, but, alas! there were no books. It was to fill these shelves that the appeal was made to-day. It was not strange that in the spot where 323 years ago this nature's marvel was born and where, after the turmoil of a feverish life, he chose to make his home, they should wish to plant a memorial that, amid the quiet of that Warwickshire town, and by the sweet ripple of Avon's stream, one might have opportunities and advantages for the pursuance of thoughtful and loving work connected with the poet's life. (Cheers.)

Sir Theodore Martin moved 'That it is desirable that the Shakespeare Memorial Library, now partially formed in the Shakespeare Memorial Building at Stratford-on-Avon should be extended so as ultimately to include a complete collection of the editions, English and foreign, and the translations of Shakespeare's works, and of all the best critical and other literature illustrative not only of those works, but also of Shakespeare's life and of Shakespeare's England.' He said he did not envy the Englishman who, having it in his power to visit Stratford, had failed to do so. (Hear, hear.) Of all the places in our island home, it was the one to which our brothers and sisters from

America made their earliest pilgrimages. Not only to the English-speaking race, but also to Frenchmen, Germans, Hungarians, Danes, Russians, and others, this had become a sacred region, the recollection of which they carried back with them to their own lands as one of their most precious memories. The memorial in Stratford consisted of a theatre well-fitted for the representation of Shakespeare's plays, of a picture gallery, and of the library to which Mr. Irving had referred. Mr. Irving had understated what had been done. The foundation had already been laid of a Shakespearian library. The shelves, though they presented many blanks, were enriched with many very precious volumes. But no such library as should meet the wants of the occasion could be completed without much labor and the expenditure of a good deal of money.

General Sir Edward Hamley, M. P., seconded the motion. He remarked upon how little was absolutely known of Shakespeare, spoke of his effigy as a manifest caricature, but quoted approvingly an opinion of Professor Owen that the after-death cast of his countenance was authentic. This cast might be had, and housed, he thought, in the library.

The resolution was unanimously passed.

Mr. Phelps (the American Minister) moved, 'That it is desirable that in the same library should be included all the best dramatic works, English and foreign, and all works, historical, biographical, and critical, which illustrate the rise and progress of the acted drama in Europe and America.' The United States might, he said, be separated from England politically and geographically, but in all that concerned the humanities—in all science, learning, literature, and art, the English and Americans were, and would ever remain, the same people. So it came to pass that England's Shakespeare was America's Shakespeare. (Cheers.) If one wanted to see all the Americans who came to England, one should plant himself at the birthplace of Shakespeare. (Laughter and cheers.) America would not only consent to contribute to this memorial, but claim it a right and privilege. (Cheers.)

Mr. John Coleman, in the course of a few observations, suggested

that contemporary managers should have records placed upon the shelves of the library of their representations of Shakespeare's plays, so that in time to come the generations yet unborn would be enabled to 'know how things were done in the 19th century.'

Sir Arthur Hodgson seconded the resolution. He related several incidents that had come under his notice at Stratford of the universal veneration felt for Shakespeare by men of all nationalities.

The resolution was cordially passed.

On the motion of Sir Frederick Pollock, seconded by Lord Ronald Gower, the following resolution was carried. 'That the public be invited to take part in the formation of the Shakespeare Memorial Library by contributions both of books and of money, and that the following gentlemen be appointed, with power to add to their number, as the executive committee of the library, for the purpose of carrying out the foregoing resolutions: — Mr. Walter Besant, Mr. Charles Flower, Dr. Furnivall, Mr. Frederick Hawley, Sir Arthur Hodgson, Mr. Richard Holmes, Mr. Alfred Huth, Mr. Henry Irving, Sir Fredk. Leighton, Sir Theodore Martin, and Mr. W. F. Pollock.'

Mr. Irving stated that he had just received a telegram from Paris stating that a committee of the members of the Comédie Française had been formed, with M. Mounet-Sully as chairman, to assist in the establishment of the library. (Cheers.) M. Got, the *doyen* of the Comédie Française, was a member of the committee, which had been originated in commemoration of the successful performances of Hamlet, which had had a long run in Paris. (Renewed cheers.) Mr. Irving, before putting the resolution, added: I can endorse what his Excellency, Mr. Phelps, has said concerning the enthusiasm our American brothers have for Shakespeare. It is indeed boundless. You know they visit Stratford when they come here, but the enthusiasm for the Shakespearian drama in America is most remarkable. Their distinguished actors, who play leading rôles, are constantly performing his characters, and the enthusiasm with which Shakespeare is received is far beyond the enthusiasm for any other author. (Cheers.) The Shakespearian literature, too, of America, is very considerable, and there is an edition now being published in Philadelphia by Mr. Furness which in itself is a marvel of research.

Mr. Charles Flower, whose rising was the signal for an outburst of applause, said: There is one more resolution that I have the honor of proposing, and which I am sure will meet with a most hearty response from you. I am especially glad to move this resolution because none of you know, as I do, how much this movement is indebted to Mr. Henry Irving. (Applause.) The firmest friend of any movement is he, who, in its early struggling days, comes forward and lends his aid and sympathy, and among other friends I am happy to know that an early friend to the Shakespeare Memorial at Stratford-on-Avon was Mr. Irving. (Renewed applause.) He was the first contributor to a fund for the establishment of a library, and I think it is only due to him that we should give the greatest credit to the foresight and sympathy that led him to aid this undertaking, and that you will not only give him thanks, but also give him and us aid in making this library the great centre for the collection of all the editions of the works of Shakespeare and of all the publications relating to those works. We must remember that Shakespeare was a great poet and the greatest of dramatists. If he had been a poet alone a library alone would have been a fitting memorial. But he was also a dramatist, and he wrote emphatically for the stage, and I have always contended that from representations on the stage—I do not mean only such magnificent representations as those who come to this building can see, but I contend that even upon the stage of a strolling company in a barn—something can be learned that cannot be learned from the library alone. (Laughter and applause.) Sometimes a gesture, or even the grouping of the persons on the stage may give a clue to the meaning which weeks of study in a library could not give. It is for this reason that we at Stratford included a theatre, where, at any rate, on every recurring birthday, one of the plays may be seen given with a faithful attention to the text. (Applause.) And we may claim that we have already introduced to this generation two plays that have been somewhat neglected—viz., *The Comedy of Errors* and *Love's Labour's Lost*. That is something; but with this theatre we have also provided a library, the shelves of which are not quite empty. They contain some 3,000 volumes. By the aid Mr. Irving has so enthusi-

astically given us, and by your kindness, and the aid we hope to have as a result of this gathering, we shall see those volumes increase to ten or twenty thousand. Let us, therefore, thank him for the material aid he has given us. I am sure he would not ask your praise, but I think I may say in the words of the master—

Because he needs no praise,
Wilt thou be dumb?
Excuse not silence so.

(Loud applause.) Mr. Flower concluded by proposing 'That the cordial thanks of this meeting be given to Mr. Henry Irving, for his kindness in making the Lyceum Theatre available for the purposes of this meeting, as well as for his valuable encouragement of its objects by presiding on the present occasion and otherwise.'

Mr. S. B. Bancroft seconded the vote, which was carried amid cordial cheers.

The Chairman, in acknowledgment, said: You really owe me no thanks at all. I have done very little, and I hope by-and-by it may be in my power to do more. It is difficult to acknowledge such kindly words as those of Mr. Flower. It is an especial privilege to preside over a gathering like the present. I remember once hearing a rather witty friend remarking on the fact that at that moment no play of Shakespeare's was being performed in London, and it just strikes me that, though to-morrow is the birthday of the poet, no play of his, that I am aware of, will be performed in London to-morrow night. It is a circumstance which may suggest, perhaps, a little ironical comment to some, but it would be absurd to say that it indicates any indifference to Shakespeare. Certainly his plays are being constantly performed by our brethren in the country; and familiarity with Shakespeare does not breed contempt. Mr. Irving concluded by again thanking the meeting for the vote of thanks.

The meeting, which had lasted an hour and a half, then dissolved.

THE TAMING OF A SHREW
AND
THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

THE INDUCTION.



THE origin of many of our popular tales and plots for dramatic representation may be traced to Oriental sources, and in especial, the collection of stories entitled *The Arabian Nights*, has been found a rich storehouse for writers of succeeding centuries to borrow from. In this work occurs the story of Abou Hassan, who, having encountered a stranger upon the street one evening, confided to him his desire to exercise the functions of the Khalif for but a single day. The stranger, who happened to be none other than Haroun Alraschid himself, after administering a sleeping potion to Abou Hassan, had him privately conveyed to his own residence, where he was dressed in fine clothes, and placed in office the succeeding day. In the evening he was again put to sleep, and when he awoke the following morning he found himself in his own position. The entire proceeding was repeated, and finally the Khalif threw off his disguise and disclosed the secret to the astonished subject.

The same story is found in Marco Polo,* who relates that the Assassins were accustomed to obtain their followers by drugging young men, and that while under the influence of the *hascheesch*, or whatever it may have been, they were led into a beautiful garden and treated in a princely manner. Upon regaining their senses they found themselves in their former condition, now seemingly unbearable, and became voluntary adherents of the tribe of the 'Old Man of the Mountain,'

* *De tyranno quodam insigni et sicarijs ejus.* (Lib. 1. cap. 28.)

for the sake of once more enjoying the pleasures they had experienced while in their stupefied state.

The earliest writers of western Europe who have written upon this metamorphosis are Ludovico Vives,* who states that he heard it from a Spanish nobleman who witnessed it at the court of Philip the Good of Burgundy; Pontus Heuterus, who relates it in his *Rerum Burgundicarum libri sex* (1584†); and David Chytraeus, who mentions it in the *Chronicon Saxoniae et vicinarum aliquot gentium* (1593).‡ The first English translation of the story appeared in 1570, in a collection of short comic tales 'sett forth by Richard Edwardes, mayster of her Maiesties reuels;' the second in Barclay's *Discourse of the Felicitie of Man* (1598). The latter version, as well as those by Grimstone (1607), and Burton (1621), we may dismiss at once, as being foreign to this enquiry. Lastly, the story of the sleeper assumes its earliest dramatic form in the induction to a play entitled, *The Taming of a Shrew*, which we must notice at this place before instituting further comparisons.

On May the 2d, 1594, there was entered to a printer named Peter Short, in the Registers of the Stationers' Company, 'a booke intituled a plesant conceyted hystorie called the Tayminge of a Shrowe,' and the published work bears the title of *A Pleasant Conceited Historie, called The taming of a Shrew. As it was sundry times acted by the Right honorable the Earle of Pembroke his seruants, Printed at London by Peter Short and are to be sold by Culbert Burbie, at his shop at the Royall Exchange. 1594.* This comedy was written before the 23d day of August, 1589, when Greene's *Menaphon* (which contains satirical allusions to it), was entered in the Stationers' Registers. We know from the title-page that it was acted by the Earl of Pembroke's company, and it was also one of the plays represented at the Newington Butts Theatre by the Lord Admiral's and the Lord Chamberlain's men in June, 1594. This play was reprinted by Burby in 1596, in which year it is alluded to by Sir John Harington in his *Metamorphosis of Ajaz*, as follows: 'Read the booke of *Taming a Shrew*, which

**Epistolarum quae hactenus desiderabantur Farrago. Antwerpiae, MDLVI (fol. 25 et infra.).*

† Lib. Iv. 150.

‡ Lib. Ili. 110.

hath made a number of us so perfect, that *now* every one can rule a Shrew in our Countrey, save he that hath hir.' Burby, on the 22d of January, 1606-7, transferred the copyright of *Romeo and Juliet*, *Love's Labour's Lost*, and *The Taming of a Shrew*, to Nicholas Ling, who, in 1607, issued a third edition of the latter play with Shakespeare's name as the author on the title-page. Ling, in his turn, sold the copyright November 19th, 1607, to John Smethwick, one of the proprietors of the first folio edition of 1623, and also the publisher of the quarto of 1631, which 'was acted by his Majesties Servants at the Blacke Friers and the Globe.' A few years ago Mr. Bernard Quaritch, the London bookseller, offered for sale a hitherto unknown edition, not of the older play, but one closely resembling the 1631 quarto.* This he claims precedes the first folio by several years. It would thus appear that Smethwick, after making his purchase from Ling, induced Shakespeare to rewrite the play, and then issued it in quarto form some time between 1610 and 1623, and again in the folio of the latter year. This opinion is strengthened by its absence in the list of those plays, which, in 1623, had not been 'entered to other men.' We may here remark that the 1607 edition has been reprinted by Nichols, in his *Six Old Plays*, etc. (1779), and the 1594 edition by the Shakespeare Society in 1844, and again by Hazlitt, in his *Shakespeare's Library*.

The induction to this play, as we have said before, embraces the

*The following is Mr. Quaritch's description of this rarity:

SHAKESPEARE'S TAMING OF THE SHREW, first quarto, sm. 4to, *wanting preliminary leaves, sewed, unbound*, £63. *About 1615-20*. This undescribed edition (which Collier rashly assigned to the year 1607, because that date appears in a half-cut-away inscription in a Jacobean hand at the top of the first page), would at first sight appear identical with Smethwick's edition of 1631, until a close inspection reveals variations (for example, A 4 verso, *thorine* for *thornie*, and on the last page *traltour* for *traitour*), as well as the fact that the page of type is a fraction longer in this than in that; and the type, although of identical setting-up in each,—excepting in the instances of variations,—is much clearer and more perfect in the Collier book, while it is burred and worn away in that of 1631. The only way to account for these discrepancies lies in the assumption that W. S. (William Stansby who was at work between 1597 and 1631 printed the book for Smethwick probably between 1611 and 1620, and reissued it in 1631, without allusion to a prior appearance. Hitherto the piece dated 1631 has been the first known quarto of Shakespeare's *Taming of the Shrew* (and consequently of no great importance as being posterior to the first folio); but the article above described reveals the existence of an edition anterior to the first folio, not till now recorded by bibliographers.

old story of Abou Hassan in a modified form. How it was received by the spectators we do not know; probably, however, unfavorably, as the playwrights of that day had utilized this species of prologue to such an extent that Fletcher, in *The Woman Hater* (1607), begins with, 'Gentlemen, inductions are out of date.' This censure extended even to such authors as Peele, Kyd, and Jonson, and it may have influenced Shakespeare into not employing an induction in any other play.

The inference, thus far, is that Shakespeare was the author of *The Taming of a Shrew*, further proofs of which will be produced when we come to consider the play itself. For the present it behooves us to determine the source from which he derived the material for his induction. If we take 1589 as the latest date at which the play could have been written, we find that the only work previously issued containing the story of the sleeper was the jest-book by Edwardes previously referred to. This book was considered to be lost, until War-ton declared that he had read it in the library of his friend William Collins, the poet.* In 1845, Norton published a tale in the *Shakespeare Society Papers* entitled *The waking man's dream*, which he discovered written upon the leaves of an old book, evidently dating from the middle of the sixteenth century. This tale he declared to be the long lost work of Edwardes, and a comparison of the version as here found, with the induction of the old play, strengthens Mr. Norton's assumption. Moreover, a jest-book is a work which would very probably be passed from hand to hand until it was 'read to pieces'; it would naturally attract the attention of literary men, who would hope to be able to cull witticisms from its pages to incorporate into their own works; and, finally, not being deemed a storehouse of great learning or research, it would probably chiefly circulate among a class of people who are not over careful in the preservation of printed books. To this jest-book, then, we must for the present ascribe the origin of the Sly episode, until proofs may be discovered to contradict this opinion.

* *History of English Poetry*, (cap. lii.)

The characters in the old play are:—

A Lord.	}	Persons in the Induction.
Sly.		
A Tapster.		
Page, Players, Huntsmen, etc.	}	Suitors to the daughters of Alphonsus.
Alphonsus. A merchant of Athens.		
Jerobel. Duke of Cestus.		
Aurelius. His son.	}	Daughters to Alphonsus.
Ferando.		
Polidor.		
Valeria. Servant to Aurelius.		
Sander. Servant to Ferando.		
Phylotus. A merchant who personates the duke.		
Kate.	}	
Emelia.		
Phylema.		
Tailor, haberdasher, and servants to Ferando and Alphonsus.		
Scene, Athens; and sometimes Ferando's country house.		

The variations in the names of the characters between the two plays do not decide in favor of a non-Shakespearian authorship, as this was a frequent practice among the dramatic authors of the time. Ben Jonson altered the names of the *dramatis personæ* of his *Every Man in his Humour*, as will be seen by comparing the quarto of 1601 with the folio of 1616; Sir John Falstaff was originally called Sir John Oldcastle, and in the *Hamlet* of 1603 Polonius is changed to Corambis.

The scene of the induction in the old play we do not know, although it is probably the same as in the first folio, *i.e.*, at Wincot, a hamlet near Stratford-on-Avon. We are led to this conclusion on account of the presence of Sly, concerning whom the following facts have been determined.

There is an old tradition that the ale-house at Wincot frequented by Sly, was often visited by Shakespeare 'for the sake of diverting himself with a fool who belonged to a neighboring mill.' A Stephen Sly, one of the servants of William Combe, and probably a relative of the tinker, is mentioned several times in the records of Stratford in connection with the disputes arising from the attempted enclosure of common lands. 'This fact,' says Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps, 'taken in

conjunction with the references to Wilmecote and Barton-on-the-Heath, definitely prove that the scene of the Induction was intended to be in the neighborhood of Stratford-on-Avon, the water-mill tradition leading to the belief that Little Wilmecote, the part of the hamlet nearest to the poet's native town, is the Wincot alluded to in the comedy.' In a manuscript written in 1615, Stephen Sly is described as a laborer, and the 'Steeven Slye House' is mentioned in the parish register of Stratford of the same year. A Christopher Sly was a contemporary of Shakespeare at Stratford, and he is mentioned in Greene's manuscript *Diary* under date of March the 2d, 1615-6.* 'The locality of Wincot,' says the writer just quoted, 'was long recognised as the scene of Christopher Sly's fondness for potations. When, in 1658, Sir Aston Cockayne addressed some lines† to one Clement Fisher, of that village, his theme solely refers to the Wincot ale and to its power over the tinker of the comedy.'

We have not considered it necessary to call attention to the great number of parallel passages in the two plays; the reader, however, cannot fail to agree with the writer that the difference between the two is little more than that of the quarto *Hamlets*, or the 1602 and 1623 *Merry Wives*. Moreover, we have not noted the variations between the three quartos of 1594, 1596, and 1607, as the same are all to be found in the excellent reprint by the Shakespeare Society under the supervision of Mr. Amyot. The principal improvements made by the poet when re-writing the old induction are as follows:—

Sly is carried to the 'fairest chamber' of the Lord's house, thus rendering the illusion upon his awakening more complete, as he was

*The reader should consult Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps's *Outlines* for further interesting particulars concerning the Sly family and the mill; also French, *Shakespeariana Genealogica* (pp. 317-20), and *Notes and Queries* (2d Ser. xii, 266).

†Shakespeare your Wincot-ale hath much renown'd,
That fox'd a beggar so (by chance was found
Sleeping) that there needed not many a word
To make him to believe he was a lord:
But you affirm (and in it seem most eager)
'T will make a lord as drunk as any beggar.
Bid Norton brew such ale as Shakespeare fancies
Did put Kit Sly into such lordly trances:
And let us meet there (for a fit of gladness)
And drink ourselves merry in sober sadness.

totally unacquainted with the interior of the nobleman's residence. The players would in all probability sooner resort to such a building, where they would find a munificent patronage, than to a public inn, devoid of proper accommodation, and likely to be filled with a crowd of gaping country clowns. The actors in the old comedy are referred to as a company employed by the Lord. This is crude workmanship, as only a few lines below we find the nobleman asking,

Now sirs, what store of plaies haue you?

It would thus appear that he is unacquainted with the performances of his own troupe. But in the folio they are designated as

players

That offer service to your lordship.

A most decided improvement upon the older version. Again, the actor's reply which this query invokes, is

Marrie my lord you maie haue a Tragicall
Or a comoditie, or what you will.

Then the other actor corrects the speaker for his mis-pronunciation, saying 'thout shame vs all.' Now it is exceedingly improbable that a player, and especially one of the spokesmen for the entire troupe, would commit such a gross blunder, but when we find a similar expression put into the mouth of Sly in the folio, we are reconciled and must acknowledge the appropriateness of the transfer. Later on we find the page receiving the order for the change of attire directly from the mouth of the nobleman, but in the folio a third person is employed, Shakespeare probably recognizing the length of time required for a change of costume.

It may be claimed that the old induction has a passage which is an improvement upon the latter one, to wit, where the actors ask for properties. But when we consider what those properties were, we find their absence in the folio accounted for by order of the Lord,

Go, sirrah, take them to the buttery,
And give them friendly welcome every one:
Let them want nothing that my house affords.

This passage goes to show, not that the noblemen sent them there

because he considered them a species of half-starved vagabonds; far from it, it implies simply that they should refresh themselves before commencing to perform, and decide upon such properties as they might require. The leg of mutton and the vinegar were both kept in this place. We are not informed how the latter was employed, but as it makes the voice smooth it is probable that the actors who personated the serving men of Ferando helped themselves to it, so that they could bellow lustily when he administers the beating.*

Occasionally we find passages which reveal to us the method of Shakespeare's workmanship. Thus, for example, in the play as we have it at the present time, we read, (Induc. i, 13)

I'll not budge an inch, boy.

This, as it now stands, does not make very good sense, but our author probably overlooked the fact that he had changed the sex of the inn-keeper and, having his older version before him, he unconsciously wrote a line which, although it would be appropriate enough for *The Taming of a Shrew*, is out of place in its successor. Similarly, though of slighter import, is the line (IV, i, 94)

their blue coats brushed, etc.

Here, we suspect, that Sander's appearance 'with a blew coat' was thought worthy of incorporation. Blue coats were the usual habits of servants;† hence a 'blue-bottle' was sometimes used as a term of reproach for that class of people. In *2 Henry IV*: V, iv, 24, Doll Tearsheet calls the beadle 'you blue-bottle rogue.'

Now a few words as to the fate of Sly before taking up the discussion of the play itself. In the later comedy we are left uninformed concerning his awakening, which is difficult to account for, especially so, because we find no such abrupt termination in the older play. A reason, however, suggests itself. It may have been customary for the actors to carry out the tinker in his chair at the conclusion of the performance, and consequently the play-house copy from which the first folio was probably printed ended with the second scene of the fifth act.

* Vid. Griffith, *The Morality of Shakespeare's Drama*.

† The reader should consult Douce's *Illustrations of Shakespeare*, where he will find further allusions to this habiliment.

THE PLAY.

The Taming of the Shrew being first printed in the folio of 1623, we will attempt to ascertain the date of its composition before enquiring into the sources of the plot. We avail ourselves of two kinds of evidence: firstly, that founded on supposition, guesswork, or whatever the reader may be pleased to call it, which we will designate as *conjectural evidence*, because it is worth very little, if anything at all; and, secondly, that which is adduced from trustworthy contemporary records, and as it is indisputable, we will call it *conclusive evidence*. The opinions of the various commentators are here produced chronologically.

CONJECTURAL.

1588. König. His reasons for assigning this date are explained in the *Jahrbuch der deutschen Shakespeare Gesellschaft* (X, 202).
1589. Fleay. He claims Shakespeare only wrote a portion of the play, and arrives at his conclusion by what he calls 'metrical tests.'
1592. '*The Taming of the Shrew* was written probably in 1592, and was acted in 1593.'—J. A. Her-
aud.
1594. Knight is of the opinion that Shakespeare made a journey to Italy in 1593, and probably wrote this play upon his return. Drake places it in the same year. Stokes says it was written before 1594, and Delius and Ulrici assert that it originated about that time.
1596. Malone's second conjecture. He assigns this date because *The Taming of a Shrew* was reprinted in this year 'on account of the success of Shake-

CONCLUSIVE.

1589. Aug. 23. Greene's *Menaphon* containing satirical allusions to *The Taming of a Shrew* is entered in the registers of the Stationers' Company.
1594. *The Taming of a Shrew* was printed in this year, and was presented at the Newington Butts Theatre in June, 1594. *Conf. Henslowe's Diary.*
1596. *The Taming of a Shrew* was again printed in this year.

speare's play, the bookseller hoping that the old piece with a similar title might pass on the common reader for the performance of the great dramatist.'

[Here two of the critics disagree already. Stokes affirms that Burby 'was no literary pirate' and Malone supposes the contrary.]

Valpy assigns 1596 as 'the probable date of its production,' and Furnivall 1596-7.

1597. Dowden. Hudson says it was written before 1598.

1598. Chalmers. He compares IV, ii, 81-87, with the proclamations of Elizabeth and Rudolf emperor of Germany, relative to traders. He assigned this date on account of this 'remarkable passage which the commentators have overlooked as they did not know the contemporary history.' He further states that it must have been revised in 1606.

1598. Meres does not mention the play. The reason is not, as Delius asserts, because Shakespeare only wrote a portion of it, but because it was not yet in existence, and the authorship of the older comedy had not been made public.

1599. Dekker's *Patient Grissil* was brought out in this year, and entered on the books of the Stationers' Company, March 28th, 1600. This was a rival piece, evidently written because *The Taming of a Shrew* was very successful. In act V, ii, Sir Owen, producing his wands, says to the marquess, 'I will learn your medicines to tame shrews.' This passage may be considered as a precursor of Dekker's *Medicine for a Curst Wife*, also written in op-

1600-1603. Mr. Richard Grant White's conjecture as to the date of the later comedy.

position to our old comedy. (*Vid. infra* under date 1602.)

1600. In this year was printed the second part of *Henry IV.*, and the stage direction (V, iv,) is 'enter Sineklo and three or foure officers.' (*Conf.* this passage with date of 1604, *infra*.)

1601. Mr. Collier assigns a date after 1601, the name Baptista being improperly used in *Hamlet*, but correctly in the play under discussion.

1602. According to Henslowe's *Diary*, Dekker, in July, 1602, was paid £10, 10s., for his play *A Medicine for a Curst Wife*, another rival piece written because *The Taming of a Shrew* was without doubt still very popular.

In the same year was printed *The Spanish Tragedie*, by Thomas Kyd, different portions of which were often ridiculed by contemporary authors. Kyd's line

Go by, Jeronimo,

is quoted in Shakespeare's induction (i, 9).

Heywood's play, *A Woman Killed with Kindness*, was acted in the same year (but not printed until 1607), and Shakespeare also quotes from it (IV, i. 221).

1603. *Patient Grissil* printed.

1604. In this year was written *Women Pleased*, a tragi-comedy by Beaumont and Fletcher. In this play there is a character called Sinklo who is a farmer's eldest son, and in the induction

to *The Taming of the Shrew* (i, 88), the player says,

I think 'twas Soto that your honour means.

But in the folio of 1623 the character who speaks the line is called Sinklo, instead of 'a player,' and this person was in the same company with Shakespeare. He played in *The Seven Deadly Sins*, *Henry IV.*, and appears in *The Malcontent* (1604).

1606. Malone's first conjecture. Tieck says *The Taming of the Shrew* could not have been written before 1606-7.

1607. Farmer. In his *Essay on the Learning of Shakespeare* this writer contends that Shakespeare wrote "only the Petruchio scenes, and, referring to the third quarto of the older comedy, he adds that it was probably 'republished by the remains of the [Pembroke] company in 1607, when Shakespeare's [re-written] copy appeared at the Black Friars or the Globe.'

1607. The third and last quarto of the older play was published in this year. It was never again issued during the poet's lifetime, and it is evident that Shakespeare re-wrote it for Mr. John Smethwick under the title of *The Taming of the Shrew*, some time between November 19th, 1607 and 1609.

1609. In this year was published Rowland's *Whole Crew of Kind Gossips*, in which occur the following lines:—

The chieftest Art I have I will
bestow
About a worke cald taming of
the Shrow.

1612. *Pasquil's Night Cap* was published in this year. It contains the lines—

An empty vessel gives a mighty
sound,
When least or nothing can there-
in be found.

Many can tell the way to tame a
shrow,
But they which have the woman
doe not know.

1619. About this date was written
Beaumont and Fletcher's play,
*The Woman's Prize, or, The
Tamer Tamed*, a sequel to *The
Taming of the Shrew*, in
which Petruchio is subdued
by a second wife.

Several works were employed by Shakespeare in the construction of his play. The taming of an unmanageable woman belongs 'to the favorite subjects of a joyous and laughter-loving age,' and has been treated by several writers before our poet's time. Thus the old interlude, *Tom Tylere and his Wyfe** rehearses the woes of a husband ruled by his better-half, and this play was acted by children as early as 1569. The old ballad entitled *A merry Ieste of a shrewde and curste Wyfe lapped in Morelles skin for her good behauiour*, was, perhaps, also not unknown to Shakespeare. 'This is a tale of a man who beats his shrewish wife until she bleeds, and then wraps her in the salted hide of his old horse Morel. The author of it is unknown; at the end we read

Finis, quoth mayster charme her.

but that is undoubtedly an assumed name. The colophon says,

Imprinted at London in Fleetestrete, beneath the Conduite, at the signe of S. Iohn Euangelist, by Hugh Iackson.

Hugh Jackson printed books about 1550 or 1560, and to this date we must assign the poem. Its popularity was great, and in Langham's celebrated *Letter from Kenilworth* (1576), this ballad is mentioned as one of those which Captain Cox had 'at hiz fingers endz.' It was reprinted by Utterson, in 1817, by the Shakespeare Society, in 1844, and lastly, by Hazlitt, in his *Early Popular Poetry* (iv, 179).

The love intrigue of Lucentio, the changes of master and servant,

*Printed in 1598 and again in 1661. The title-page of the latter edition states that it is said to have been 'printed and acted about a hundred years ago.'

the expected father, the pedant, and the names Petruchio* and Licio, are all derived from *The Supposes*, a play by George Gascoigne, produced at Gray's Inn in 1566, and translated from *Gli Suppositi* of Ariosto. The reader should compare this play with *The Taming of the Shrew*; he will find an accurate reprint of it in Hawkins's *Origin of the English Drama* (vol. iii.). Tyrwhitt suggests that Gascoigne's play is alluded to in the line (V, i, 121)—

While counterfeit supposes blear'd thine eyne.

The Latin lesson may have been borrowed from *The three Lords and three Ladies of London* (1590), in which we find:—

O, singulariter nominativo, wise Lord pleasure
genitivo, bind him to the post
dativo, give me my torch
accusativo, for I say he's a cosener
vocativo, O, give me room to run at him
ablativo, take and blind me

Lastly, the passage (IV, iii, 37)

Young budding virgin, fair, and fresh, and sweet, *etc.*

is perhaps taken from the fourth book of Ovid's *Metamorphosis* (ed. 1586, p. 56), which had been translated into English, by Arthur Golding, as early as 1565.

The Taming of the Shrew has been declared spurious by some commentators. Warburton was probably the first to advance this opinion, and he was followed by Farmer, whom we have already quoted. The same opinion has been revived within the last ten or twelve years by the New Shakspeare Society of London. This body bases its decision upon metrical tests, contemporary statistics, and similar evidence. It criticises on the arithmetical plan, deposes different members to count words, strike averages and keep tally, and arrives at the following results:—

* Gascoigne spells it Petrucio, but Shakespeare probably altered it to teach the actors how to pronounce it. Only the name occurs in *The Supposes*, the character of Kate falls out entirely.

Total number of lines	2671.	
Double endings	260.	<i>Henry V.</i> (1509), has 291. <i>Timon of Athens</i> , (1607-8), has 257.
Alternates	0.	There are none in three other comedies.
Sonnets	0.	There are none in nine other comedies.
Doggerel	49.	<i>Comedy of Errors</i> (1689-91), has 109. <i>Two Gentlemen of Verona</i> (1590-2), has 18.
1 Measure	4.	The same as in <i>Love's Labour's Lost</i> (1588-9), and <i>Titus Andronicus</i> , (1588-90).
2 Measures	18.	1 <i>Henry IV.</i> (1596-7), has 17. <i>Richard II.</i> (1593-4), has 17. <i>Henry VIII.</i> (1613), has 29.
3 "	22.	The same as in <i>The Merchant of Venice</i> (1596).
4 "	23.	The same as in <i>Richard III.</i> (1594).
6 "	5.	" " <i>The Two Gentlemen of Verona</i> (1590-2). <i>As You Like It</i> (1600), and <i>The Two Noble Kinsmen</i> (1612).

The years and figures assigned above are from *The Leopold Shakespeare*, and the conclusion we arrive at is subjoined. The date of *The Taming of the Shrew* must be, according to

Double endings between 1599 and 1607-8.			
Doggerel	"	1589-1	" 1590-2.
1 Measure	"	1588	" 1590.
2 Measures	"	1593-4	" 1613.
3 "			1596.
4 "			1594.
6 "	"	1590	and 1612.

The reader must at once recognize the utility of this species of criticism, for it informs him distinctly that *The Taming of the Shrew* was written sometime between 1588 and 1613. The writer of the introduction to *The Leopold Shakespeare* has selected out of all these years 1596-7 as the date of its composition, but of course the reader is at liberty to choose any year that may suit his fancy, provided his mind

be not influenced by external contemporary evidence, as that seems to be considered worthless by the New Shakspeare Society.

Should the reader wish to pursue the enquiry still further, he can apply 'the weak-ending test, the light-ending test, the double ending test, the triple-ending test, the heavy-monosyllabic-eleventh-syllable-of-the-double-ending test, the run-on-line test, and the central-pause test.' By the time he has finished he will probably discover that the induction is by Chettle, the first act chiefly by Dekker, assisted by Shakespeare, the second by Fletcher (two lines and eleven-sixteenths are by Shakespeare), the third by Dekker, Chettle, Fletcher, and Rowley (touched by Shakespeare), and the fourth and fifth the sole work of Dekker. We would be most happy to explain all this in these pages, but our space and time are too valuable.

This much, however, we will say :

1. If the author of *The Taming of a Shrew* was not William Shakespeare, he must have been a man acquainted with Stratford-on-Avon, with Wilmecote, with the Sly family, and with the tinker himself. Is it probable that two authors should exist having a cognisance of all these facts ?

2. If the author of the older comedy was not Shakespeare, the latter must have pirated an enormous quantity of lines and scenes from some other man, a fact which would not have escaped the notice of those who were ever ready to ridicule and censure him. But there is nothing on record to prove that he was ever criticised unfavorably for his production.

3. Burby in 1606-7 sold three plays to Ling, all of which were then recognized as Shakespeare's, and one of them was the older comedy. Burby's transactions were honorable, and he would scarcely have foisted a counterfeit production upon his buyer.

4. If the play as it now stands was not written before 1609 and after November 19th, 1607, all the contemporary evidence of Greene, Dekker, Henslowe, Kyd, Beaumont, Fletcher, and Rowlands, must be considered as worthless ; we must assign an earlier date to *Hamlet* than the one now usually received ; and we must ignore the remarkable circumstance that Smethwick bought the old play in 1607, and lent the proprietors of the first folio an improved version of it in 1622 or 1623.

ALBERT R. FREY.

A School of Shakespeare.

For his bounty,
There was no winter in't; an autumn 'twas
That grew the more by reaping.
—*Antony & Cleopatra*, V, ii, 86.

SCHOOL COURSES IN SHAKESPEARE.

WHAT plays of Shakespeare are to be recommended for school use, and in what order should they be taken up? These are questions often addressed to me by teachers, and I will attempt to answer them briefly here.

Of the thirty-seven (or thirty-eight, if we include the *Two Noble Kinsmen*) plays in the standard editions of Shakespeare, twenty at least are suitable for use in 'mixed' schools. Among the 'comedies' are *The Merchant of Venice*, *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, *As You Like It*, *Twelfth Night*, *Much Ado About Nothing*, *The Tempest*, *The Winter's Tale*, and *The Taming of the Shrew*; among the 'tragedies,' *Macbeth*, *Hamlet*, *Lear*, and *Romeo and Juliet*; and among the historical plays, *Julius Cæsar*, *Coriolanus*, *King John*, *Richard II*, *1 Henry IV*, *Henry V*, *Richard III*, and *Henry VIII*.

Certain plays, like *Cymbeline*, *Othello*, and *Antony and Cleopatra*, are not, in my opinion, to be commended for 'mixed' schools or classes, but may be used in others at the discretion of the teacher.

If but one play is read, my own choice would be *The Merchant of Venice*; except for *classical* schools, where *Julius Cæsar* is to be preferred. Most of the leading colleges now require one or more plays of Shakespeare as a part of the preparation in English, and *Julius Cæsar* is almost invariably included for every year. Harvard, for instance,

requires *Julius Cæsar* and *Twelfth Night* for 1888, and *Julius Cæsar* and *As You Like It* for 1889; and the requirements for these years are the same at Amherst, Dartmouth, Trinity, Tufts, Brown, and Wesleyan University. Probably Williams and the Boston University (whose last catalogues I have not seen) also follow Harvard in this respect, as they have done in former years.

If two plays can be read, the *Merchant* and *Julius Cæsar* may be commended; or either of these with *As You Like It*, or with *Macbeth*, if a tragedy is desired. *Macbeth* is the shortest of the great tragedies (only a trifle more than half the length of *Hamlet*, for instance), and seems to me unquestionably the best for an ordinary school course.

For a selection of three plays, we may take the *Merchant* (or *Julius Cæsar*), *As You Like It* (or *Twelfth Night*, or *Much Ado*,—the other two of the trio of 'Sunny or Sweet-Time Comedies,' as Furnivall calls them), and *Macbeth*. An English historical play (*King John*, *Richard II*, *1 Henry IV*, or *Henry V*) may be substituted for the comedy, if preferred; and *Hamlet* for *Macbeth*, if time permits and the teacher chooses. As I have said, *Hamlet* is about twice as long as *Macbeth*, and should have at least treble the time devoted to it. For myself, I have rarely ventured to read *Hamlet* with a class of average quality.

If a fourth play is wanted, add *The Tempest* to the list. *Macbeth* and *The Tempest* together (4061 lines, as given in the 'Globe' edition) are but little longer than *Hamlet* (3929 lines), and can be read in less time than the latter.

For a fifth play, *Hamlet*, *Lear*, or *Coriolanus* may be taken; or, if a shorter and lighter play is preferred, the *Midsummer-Night's Dream*. In a course of five plays, I should myself put this first, as a specimen of the dramatist's early work. For a course of five plays arranged with special reference to the illustration of Shakespeare's career as a writer, the following may be commended: A *Midsummer-Night's Dream* (early comedy); *Richard II*, *1 Henry IV*, or *Henry V* (English historical period); *As You Like It*, *Twelfth Night*, or *Much Ado* (later comedy); *Macbeth*, *Hamlet*, or *Lear* (period of the great tragedies); and *The Tempest*, or *The Winter's Tale* (the latest plays, or 'romances,' as Dowden aptly terms them).

For a series of *six* plays, following this chronological order, instead of one English historical play take two: *Richard III*, *Richard II*, or *King John* (earlier history, 1593-1595), and *1 Henry IV*, or *Henry V* (later history, or 'history and comedy united,' 1597-1599).

I may remark here incidentally that *Richard III* is a favorite with many teachers in a course of three or four plays; but, for myself, I should never take it up unless in a course of six or more, and only as an example of Shakespeare's earliest work—not later than 1593. I cannot agree with Mr. Lowell that it is mainly from another hand than Shakespeare's. Its peculiarities and imperfections may be due to a mingling of earlier work by another dramatist, or to its being a production of Shakespeare's 'prentice years, or to both these causes; but, to my thinking, it is essentially *his*. As Oechelhäuser puts it, '*Richard III* is the significant boundary-stone which separates the works of Shakespeare's youth from the immortal works of the period of his fuller splendor.' As such, it has a certain historical interest to the student of his literary career; but this seems to me its only claim to attention. I am not disposed, however, to quarrel with those who think otherwise.

To return to our courses of reading, for a series of *seven* plays, I would insert in the above chronological list, either *Romeo and Juliet* (early tragedy) *before* 'early history,' or the *Merchant* (middle comedy) *after* 'early history,' and for a series of *eight* plays I would include *both* these.

Henry VIII can be added to any of the longer series as a very late play, of which Shakespeare wrote only a part, and which was completed by Fletcher. *The Taming of the Shrew* may be mentioned incidentally as an earlier play that is interesting as being Shakespeare's only in part.

In closing, let me commend the *Sonnets* as well adapted to give variety to any extended course in Shakespeare. They are not known to teachers, or to cultivated people generally, as they should be. In my own experience as a teacher, I have found that young people always get interested in these poems, if their attention is once called to them. This past year I gave one of my classes an informal talk

on the *Sonnets*, merely to fill an hour for which there was no regular work, owing to an unexpected delay in getting copies of the play we were about to begin. Some months afterwards, when I asked the class what play they would select for our next reading if the choice were left to them, several of the girls asked if we could not take up the *Sonnets*, and the request was endorsed by a large majority. We gave about the same time to them as to a play, and I have never had a more enjoyable or, so far as I could judge, a more profitable series of lessons with a class.—W. J. ROLFE, in *Popular Educator*, Boston, June, 1887.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

R. T. M., Richmond, Va.—Professor Thom's course of Shakespeare Historical Reading is discontinued during the Summer, but will be taken up again and concluded in the Autumn.

A. S., La Salle, Ill.—*Mer. of Ven.* I, i: 'Why should a man whose blood is warm within,' etc., a living man, act like a dead man, and assume as stiff and still an attitude as the effigy of his grandfather cut in marble upon his tomb in the Church?

W. S. D., Phila.; R. R., Boston; and others.—Formal organization is the least important part of a Reading Club. Decide upon some series of plays to read in connection,—on this point note what Mr. Rolfe says above, or the recommendation of the Clifton Sh. Soc. to read the plays chronologically, as near as possible. On the arrangement of a scheme of study and on organization, the Clifton and the Locke-Richardson Clubs' reports with others which you will find in *SHAKESPEARIANA*, give you serviceable hints.

L. B., Brooklyn, N. Y.—Mr. F. G. Fleay pronounces his name as though it were Flay, rhyming with clay.

Open Court.

That's a question; how shall we try it?

—*The Comedy of Errors*, V, 1, 421.

In this I'll be impartial; be you judge
Of your own cause.

—*Measure for Measure*, V, 1, 166.

ANOTHER FEMININE 'WIGHT'

TO THE EDITOR:—In your issue for June, Judge John T. Doyle makes exception to 'that line next to the conclusion of Iago's verse in praise of a "deserving woman indeed."

She was a wight, if ever such wight were.

—II, i, 59.

The difficulty is with the word wight.' Your correspondent has it that, while the dictionaries give it as of common gender, it is only thus defined on the authority of one line of Shakespeare, and that but a single instance where the word becomes feminine can be found in the whole range of English literature.

Hence the deduction that, in the lines as quoted, 'wight' is a misprint for 'wife.'

In support of the correctness of the original word, I would refer you to that benefactor of English poetry, Thomas Sackville, who in or about the year 1557, laid the plan of an extensive work, to be called a *Mirror of Magistrates*.

In the highly poetical 'Induction' we find the poet wandering forth on a winter's night, and while musing on the cold felicity of human affairs, suddenly encounters a 'piteous wight,' clad all in black:

who was weeping, sighing, wringing of hands, in such sorrowfulness, that

Never man did see
A wight but half so woe-begone as she.

Here is evidence of a somewhat common use of the word 'wight,' and as applied to a female.

Shakespeare had probably so seen the word used before his own application of it.

Very respectfully,
S. W. SELFRIDGE.

Stratford, Ct., June 9, 1887.

A REJOINDER FROM MR. MORGAN.

TO THE EDITOR:—I read Mr. Burk's *Was Shakespeare a Syco-phant* with intense pleasure, because I believe him to be exactly right in the inference he draws, that 'the essay with which we most thoroughly agree is of the least value to us mentally:' and because the one proposition I have always insisted on is, that in Shakespearian matters (just exactly as in every other matter of human procedure or concern) we must take all the evidence and hear both sides in order to make any headway, or come to any conclusion. Therefore I especially hope that Mr. Burk will waive his disinclination for 'petty search for solitary phrases' in my behalf; and go through the Shakespeare Dictionaries, Phrase-Books, Indexes, and Lists of Familiar (or unfamiliar) Quotations, and give us what he can find under such headings (for example), as Liberty; Freedom; the People; the Rights of Man; Equality; Fraternity, and the like. (It may interest him to be assured that, before sending you the paper on Hugo, I turned over a great many of these compilations to check myself lest I should have passed over any in the text itself, but could not find any such headings even. But doubtless there are hundreds of these volumes, for I don't set much store by them, with which I am unfamiliar).

My own explanation of the phenomena I thought I gave explicitly, viz., not that Shakespeare was a 'sycophant,' but that he ran his theatres under the eyes of a Tudor Queen, whose definition of treason was elastic, and who was very much inclined 'to snuff treason' if one talked too freely; that all the Elizabethan dramatists were careful to talk on the side of power, and that Shakespeare surpassed them in this, as in everything else, in degree, etc., etc. To sustain his position that Shakespeare used these expressions of contempt merely because he followed in his models, Mr. Burk, I think, should find them or their prototypes in those models. I may add, as to Mr. Fleming's correction of the quotation from Hazlitt in Gervinus, that Mr. Fleming showed his letter to me in MS. before forwarding it for your esteemed pages, and I agreed with him that it ought to appear there. Gervinus, it seems, did not put the quotation between inverted commas, and so mislead me. I admit I am unequal to reading his tremendous volume *seriatim*, and only too happy to rely upon his index. However, until Mr. Burk converts me, I have the greatest confidence in my point.

Yours very respectfully,

APPLETON MORGAN.

21 Park Row, New York,
June 6, 1887.

SHAKESPEARE IN THE MORMON GOSPEL.

TO THE EDITOR:—I do not remember whether attention has been called in SHAKESPEARIANA to the resemblance between the familiar quotation from *Hamlet*:—

The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn
No traveller returns.—III, i, 79.

and verse 14, Chapter I. of the Second Book of Nephi:—

Awake! and arise from the dust, and hear the words of a trembling parent, whose limbs ye must soon lay down in the cold and silent grave, *from whence no traveller can return*; a few more days, and I go the way of all the earth.

How little did the greatest of the Smiths, according to Mormon belief, when he was translating the wonderful golden plates he claimed to have discovered, think the best thing in his book was taken from—

Shakespeare, who taught by none, did first impart
To Fletcher wit, to lab'ring Jonson, art. N.

Shakespeare Societies.

Such a holy witch
That he enchants societies into him;
Half all men's hearts are his.

—*Cymbeline*, I, vi, 166.

APRIL MEETING OF THE NEW YORK SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY.—The meeting was held at the usual place, the President, Appleton Morgan, Esq., in the chair. Hon. Alvey A. Adee presented a paper, which was read by Mr. Fleming. It is entitled 'A plea for a Reference Canon of Shakespeare's Plays, with a Uniform System of Notation applicable to all Critical Reprints of the Folio or Quarto Texts.' Mr. Adee said that the frequent and necessary reference to the old texts, and the collations of the original readings, demanded by modern methods of study, caused loss of time and annoyance from the absence of a standard system of line-numbers. The student of Shakespeare, in howsoever humble a way, is not content to follow blindly the teachings of the editors, but reserves the indefeasible right to scrutinize the processes by which conclusions are reached, and bear the testimony of his own judgment to the soundness of the result. To insure uniformity in comparative research, the consensus of opinion should, in the first place, decide what are to be treated as canonical plays and what as apocryphal; and in the next, should adopt some definite text as the standard by which all others are to be compared. Like most of the presswork of the early seventeenth

century, the known copies of the original texts differ widely, so that, as has been said, it is probable that no two copies of the 1623 Folio exactly agree, and even the possession of an original is insufficient to settle a textual dispute. The reprints, which the general student must consult, differ among themselves for the same reason; and not only are the issues by Wright in 1807, by Lionel Booth in 1864, by Howard Staunton in 1866, and by Chatto and Windus in 1876, discrepant, but it is impossible to fix the original copy from which they were made. Wright's and Booth's are from unascertained texts, and Staunton's superb photo-lithograph is a patchwork from the Ellesmere and Granville Folios, which belong to different periods and differ in minor typographical points. The four reprints have variations of their own, that of Booth being the most accurate, and from its wide diffusion among students, the most available as a common standard. None of the reprints are line-numbered, and the location of cited passages by the aid of the line-numbers of modern editions is troublesome. The numbering of these is discordant, for, despite the general acceptance of the Globe notation among critics, no other edition precisely follows it. Some critical editions resort to paragraph-numbering, which cannot help to locate a cited line in the original. Reference to page, column, and line of the Folio, or to signature, page, and line of the Quartos, is cumbersome. Act, scene, and line reference are worse, for of the Quartos preceding the first Folio, only one, the *Othello* of 1622, is divided into acts and scenes; and of the Folio plays only six are divided in agreement with the Globe standard. Hence it is suggested that a uniform standard of notation be adopted by the Societies, whereby the lines should be numbered continuously from the beginning to the end. The stage directions, and act and scene divisions when they occur, should be included in the numeration, for they are a part of the record. Examples were given of the essential character of the stage directions to critical, textual, and historical study, although the editors ignore and alter them and interpolate their own silently. By adopting the continuous system of line-numbers, reference could be conveniently made to '*Temp.*, F, 2936' or '*Ham.* Q. 2, 3153,' instead of inconvenient-

ly resorting to some such barbarous construction as 'Com. Errors, F, p. 88 (misprint for 86), col. 1, line 24.' The notation, so adopted by common consent, could be followed in all future critical reprints of the original text, and should be introduced and consistently adhered to in the forthcoming 'Bankside' issues of parallel quarto and folio texts now in preparation by the New York Society. Mr. Price, in moving the reference of Mr. Adeë's paper to the Publication Committee, said that the plan urged by Mr. Adeë seemed sound and wise. In respect of easy reference and of a standard system of citation, English philosophy was far behind the classics. Students of English literature were made to suffer loss of time and constant irritation. Most of all, students of Shakespeare were troubled by lack of a recognized standard in editing and in the numbering of lines. Thus if the Society could do aught to bring the other societies to adopt such a standard, great good would come. But he felt that if the numbering of the lines was to be used as reference, no agreement could be reached, for the numbering of the lines varies according to each editor's system of reckoning such lines as poetry, and such and such others as prose. In the old editions, and in the reprints of old editions, many lines that the poet made metrical are printed as prose. See, for example, Mr. Goldsmid's excellent reprint (1886) of Thomas Heywood's *Queen's Masque* of 1640. Here many passages of verse are printed as prose. No reference in such cases to the numbers of the lines would be possible. This difficulty may, however, be avoided by giving up the numbering of the lines, and adopting the page number of some preferred edition—*e.g.*, the singularly perfect Granville copy of the Folio in the British Museum. If the pagination of this edition were used by scholars for reference purposes, all difficulty, the speaker thought, would disappear. Mr. Frey called attention to a letter from Dr. Furnivall of the London New Shakspeare Society to our esteemed brother-member, Mr. W. J. Rolfe, taking issue with the remarks of Mr. Morgan as to Shakespeare's 'later style' compared with Tennyson's, at the last meeting. Mr. Morgan replied that having confessed himself unable to see anything whatever of value in Dr. Furnivall's verse tests, he could hardly expect Dr. Furnivall's

approval. His (Mr. Morgan's) point was that, while doubtless the style of a writer changes by lapse of time, perhaps we cannot always be sure just how and upon what lines. If, for example, Tennyson's style were found to change on exactly the lines which Dr. Furnivall assigned to Shakespeare, that was a most important argument in favor of Dr. Furnivall's theory, no doubt. But argument is not evidence—and Dr. Furnivall must remember that here was no evidence of any sort—presumptive, conclusive, direct, cumulative, or even corroborative; or, if evidence at all, only at the uttermost, evidence of a tendency in Tennyson which might also have been a tendency in Shakespeare. But then again, it might not. The chronology of Shakespeare as established by the verse tests either conforms to the chronology established by the printers' dates and the copyright entries, or it does not. If it does, the verse tests are superfluous. If it does not, then verse tests are of no value unless corroborated by external and circumstantial evidence. But external and circumstantial evidence is precisely what Dr. Furnivall declines to consider as against the conclusions reached by his verse tests. Besides, the chronology indicated by these dates and entries may itself be false. Who can say that an author's first success may not, in Elizabeth's day as in our own, have led to the printing of manuscript, which before no publisher could be found to touch, and whether it might not have been so in Shakespeare's case? Our friends must not be impatient with us if we are unable to accept argument for evidence in these matters, however unimpeachable from their own standpoint such argument may be. On motion of Mr. Price, the Chair then appointed a committee consisting of Messrs. Price, Adeë, and Fleming, to devise a plan of calling the attention of Shakespeare societies to the advisability of a convention on the subject of a uniform system of text reference—and on motion the Chair was added to such committee.

THE SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY OF PHILADELPHIA, the oldest of the Philadelphia societies, and the one which has the honor to have as its Dean, Doctor H. H. Furness, held, at the University Club, its thirty-fifth annual dinner on Shakespeare's Day, 'in honour of whose

birth these triumphs are.' The bill of the feast was of the same kind as its annual predecessors, for which this Society is noted, and was 'matched withal and grafted' with happy and ingenious citations from the Society's winter's study of *Pericles*. Hamlet could not ask for proofs of the good feast 'more relative than this,' and to read over the tale of delicacies is to feel ready to add a neglected phrase from the same play (*Pericles* V, i, 124)—'My senses credit thy relation.'

THE PHILADELPHIA SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY celebrated Shakespeare's birth on the 23d April, holding its fourteenth annual dinner at Augustin's, when it enjoyed a delicious menu both in fact and in catalogue, dressed cleverly out as were its items with appropriate Shakespearian 'quips and sentences,' 'odd quirks and remnants' of his good wit, taken all from *Cymbeline*, the play which has constituted the winter's study of the Society. Some literary diversions concluded the banquet, prominent among which were some verses by Mr. James Lane Pennypacker,—a chant of loyalty to the memory of Shakespeare, written to the air *America*. The following were the further subjects of the literary skill of the members: 'Imogen,' A. J. Hemphill, Secretary; 'Swamp Life,' James Lee Pennypacker; 'Ole Virginny,' April 23d, 1616, Henry William Dunne; 'Paul's,' Francis Henderson; 'Is the writing of tragedies a lost art?' Samuel Heilner; 'The English Renaissance,' A. B. Weimar; 'Shakespeare's Friend,' Andrew M. Beveridge.

The bill itself is a very pretty piece of printing, decorated with a fine engraving of the Shakespeare arms, and is a memento which the editor of this magazine wishes here to acknowledge the receipt of with thanks. In its relevant quotations the reader would find amusement also, were there room enough to give the bill here.

THE BALTIMORE SHAKESPEARE CLUB. is now in its second year. It was organized in 1886, and that winter devoted itself to reading Shakespeare's Plays. In the Fall of 1886 it re-organized, and has during the past winter met at the houses of different members. It meets fortnightly and makes it an invariable rule to read

not less than one act of the play under consideration, and then devotes the rest of the evening to listening to and discussing one or more papers upon the play in hand. The club numbers about two dozen members equally divided as to sex. During the winter the plays studied under guidance of SHAKESPEARIANA, have been *Merchant of Venice*, *King John*, *Richard II*, and *1 Henry IV*. Papers have been read by some of the brightest young lawyers, Johns Hopkins University men, and other members, as follows: 'The Law and Equity of the Merchant of Venice,' by Wm. T. Brantley; 'The Artifices of Portia,' by Archibald H. Taylor; 'Venice in the Possible Time of Shylock,' by Victore Smith; 'The Jew in Shakespere's Day,' by E. B. Allen; 'Magna Charta,' by John C. Rose; 'Two of Shakespere's Queens—Elinor and Isabella,' by H. P. Goddard; 'The England of Richard II,' by Geo. Savage; 'Bolingbroke,' by Geo. Whitelock. Papers are promised by W. L. Marbury on 'Hotspur,' and Dr. R. T. Ely, of the 'Johns Hopkins,' on 'The Common People in Richard Second's Day.' Some of the papers have been of great merit, and all in all the members feel that they have made great progress in Shakespeare study.

HENRY P. GODDARD.

THE DALLAS SHAKESPEARE CLUB, of Texas, had a reception in commemoration of the ever memorable 23d, in which the programme was begun by Mendelssohn's Midsummer-Night's Dream overture, by Mrs. D. H. Morrow; there followed an essay on Shakespeare by Mrs. John Kerr; a recitation of the Romeo and Juliet pction scene by Mrs. J. T. Trezevant, Jr.; Schubert's Song to Shakespeare's 'Hark! Hark! the Lark'; the Casket Scene from the *Merchant of Venice*, by Miss Morgan; the Wooing Scene from Henry V., by Miss Dickson; and an address by Mr. J. T. Trezevant on Jonson's words, 'He was not of an age, but for all time.' Previously, on the 16th April, the Dallas Club held an interesting debate on the Baconian authorship of the Shakespeare plays, a history of the theory was given by one member, Judge Holmes's arguments were summarized by another, and two other papers were read on the subject, when the President put the decision to the vote of the Club. The result was

a unanimous verdict for the Shakespeare side. The debate caused a good deal of interest, but the local reporters begged admission in vain, and the Dallas Club look back upon this debate as being not alone one of the most interesting events of their year's work, but also as one whose studious socialty was quite unmarred by publicity. After the reception the Club adjourned its meetings until the second week in October.

FRIENDS IN COUNCIL SHAKESPEARE CLASS, TOPEKA, KANSAS. Extracts from the address of the President, Mrs. Adelaide H. Wood, at the fifth anniversary banquet, Jan. 24, 1887.—About November 1st, 1885, under the epistolary direction of Anna B. McMahan, of Quincy, Ill., we began the study of *Hamlet*. Her plan of study provided for a consideration of the text of the play, its bibliography and history, followed by ethical and character studies. The mysteries of Hamlet's complex nature, involving the much-argued question of mental poise, the nature of his regard for Ophelia, and the *sweetness and lightness* of that fair maid, with interwoven topics seemingly without end, occupied our time and thoughts day after day.

After creeping through this prescribed course by ourselves, we were allowed the privilege of walking in company with grown-up critics, dramatic and literary, who themselves seldom escaped minor criticism from us, our senses having been sharpened under such healthful regimen.

The first discussion in which the critics led was a most interesting one on the relative value of reading and seeing Shakespeare's Plays. Lamb and Hazlitt, in whose view Mrs. McMahan coincides, argues in favor of the former, while naturally, Henry Irving, Salvini, Fechter, and most, if not all other great actors, and many eminent writers take opposite ground. George Eliot especially, who says:

In opposition to most people, who like to *read* Shakespeare, I like to see his plays acted better than any other; his great tragedies thrill me, let them be acted how they may.

After the general, the particular interest of course centred in *Hamlet*, with its intellectual problems so variously interpreted, and this led

directly to the literary critics. Taine affirmed that in *Hamlet* Shakespeare painted his own portrait, the soul of the poet which dreams but acts not, seeing the imaginary world too clearly to play a part in the real. The madness of Hamlet Taine considers feigned, but the high-strung, sensitive organization suffered a continuous nervous attack which must finally have proved fatal.

THE STRATFORD CLUB OF CONCORD :—Concord, N. H., is rich in Shakespeare Clubs; it supports at the present time no less than five flourishing and well organized ones, most of which have passed the period of infancy. The names of these societies are the Shakespeare, the Stratford, the Warwick, and the Avon Clubs, and the Juniors. With the exception of the Warwick, the clubs are composed entirely of ladies, who meet weekly on Monday afternoons. The Warwick Club has both ladies and gentlemen, and its meetings are held fortnightly on Tuesday evenings.

I purpose to give a little account of one of these geographically-named clubs, the Stratford. This club was formally organized in Nov. 1883, though most of the members had been in the habit of meeting together for Shakespeare and other readings before that time. A constitution and by-laws were adopted. I have not space to quote at length from these, but I can mention a few of the provisions which we have found most important in the government of the club. The annual meeting is held on the first Monday of Nov. at 2.30 P. M. at the house of the secretary. On every subsequent Monday a reading meeting is held at the house of some member. The regular meetings close the first Monday in May, though we frequently hold one or two extra meetings after that besides the June picnic, the great event of the year. The club was originally limited to fourteen, but that number has been raised to sixteen, which will probably remain stationary, as that is about as many people as one parlor will comfortably accommodate when all want good light on their books. The method of electing new members is very interesting, and it is conducive to perfect harmony in the club. When a vacancy occurs, different members send in the names of one or more candidates to the president. A list of

these is read, and the members ballot. The name which receives the most votes is then announced, and the members ballot again, voting yes or no as they choose. If the result is not unanimous the candidate is rejected, another name is chosen, and the balloting is carried on as before. It is thus seen that no one can be admitted to the club who is not perfectly agreeable to every member. This fact is so important that I must dwell a little upon it.

In all my dealings with women, I have found one great drawback to their effective and harmonious work, and that is their reluctance to debate in open field. They will not express an adverse opinion in public, the only proper place; but by compensation, nourish much ill-feeling and unkind speech in private. Our method of balloting, being secret, compels perfect honesty, and no one would hesitate to vote against the candidate of her best friend, if she did not think that the proposed member would be an acquisition to the club. It is hardly necessary to add that nothing less than death or removal to another part of the world would induce any of the members to resign their places, for they know too well the difficulties of getting into the club.

I regard our next most important provision as the five cent fine imposed upon every member who is tardy or is absent from any meeting for any cause whatever. If a member has a prolonged illness, or goes abroad for a year, or is otherwise incapacitated for attending, we grant her a leave of absence, but she pays a fine for every lost meeting on her return. We consider our members so valuable that we cannot allow any to deprive us of their society without making some compensation to the club. The result is that the fines from unavoidable absences amount to considerable in the course of the year.

The officers of the club are a president, vice-president, secretary and treasurer, and critic. The first three are elected annually; the fourth was elected for three months or a half season. After a time it was found difficult to fill the position of critic, and that office is now assigned alphabetically. Each member must take it in turn, and she holds it for two weeks only, or during the reading of one play.

It is the office of the critic to cast the play, assign the parts, prepare a short critical and historical sketch descriptive of the play, pronounce the entrances and exits, and in general, take the part of stage manager. At the end of each scene, or oftener if the critic advises, a pause is made in which mistakes of pronunciation are noted, questions are asked and notes are read. All take part in this, though the critic bears the responsibility of the exercise. It is easily seen that the critic's office is by far the most arduous and responsible in the club, and it was soon found advisable to impose it equally upon all the members, all of whom have been found quite competent to fill the office, though many were unwilling to acknowledge it. The order of exercises for each meeting is as follows: Roll-call, Reading of Minutes, General Business, Critique, Reading of the Play.

Two afternoons are devoted to the reading of each play. The club has read every play of Shakespeare once, and by the close of this season will have read all of them twice. The sonnets have been found of particular interest. At the beginning of the year some one is appointed to make out a list of the plays to be read. The historical ones are usually taken first and read in order. Sometimes it has been the plan to read the others in chronological order, but a more satisfactory way is to alternate a tragedy and a comedy, or an inferior with a great play.

The members of the club meet and read purely for their own enjoyment and profit. There are no spectators. We do not devote our time to increasing the world's sum of knowledge, but solely to making ourselves wiser and better. Twelve of the sixteen members are married and have household cares. As a club we make no pretensions to profound learning, nor have we time for curious antiquarian research. We do not write laborious essays, nor do we spend hours quibbling on a phrase, or on the reading of the different editions. On the other hand, we do not gobble a play at a single sitting, nor frown because some inquiring member disturbs the dramatic effect by asking for information.

Perhaps it is not too presumptuous to say that I believe the great dramatist himself would have liked our club. Shakespeare did not

write for antiquarians. I think he would have looked with half-humorous contempt at the quibbles and quarrels of the different editors. All that he cared for, if he thought anything about it, was that the spirit of his writings should penetrate the world. To bring this about, he should not be used as a text-book (compulsory) in schools, nor as a dissecting subject for pedants, but as the highest means of recreation by thoughtful, reverent readers. No one should feel too poor or too busy to form one of an assemblage under the influence of the master.

All kinds of editions are used in our club, though I think there is rather a leaning in favor of Rolfe. Still, Hudson has many friends, Grant White is admired, Knight is highly valued, and the handy-volume edition is not despised. I have never counted, but I should think that there might be twenty-five different kinds of Shakespeare editions in the possession of the members, ranging all the way from expensive English books down to the humble five-cent volume. We consider the books without notes just as good as any, but we put no trust in an expurgated edition. We read every word just as it is.

In this connection it may be proper to say that two years ago the distinguished lecturer, Mrs. Abba Goold Woolson, of Boston, delivered a course of lectures on the *English Historical Plays* under the auspices of the Stratford Club, and that a year ago she gave a course on general subjects in English literature. Each series was enjoyed by large and appreciative audiences.

At the close of the year we are not above enjoying a quotation party or a picnic.

FRANCES M. ABBOTT.

THE AVON CLUB, the oldest literary organization of Topeka, Kansas, held its seventeenth Annual Celebration under the inspiration of banquetting, literary quotations, music, prose essays, and some verses by Mr. Wheeler on Sacques' lines 'Motley's the only wear.'

Reviews.

Observations,
Which with experimental seal doth warrant
The tenour of my book.

—*Much Ado About Nothing*, IV, 1, 167.

A NEW REFERENCE-BOOK.



Is there any room left for a new, general, Shakespearian, reference manual? Strange to say there is a corner almost untouched by the labors of commentators, and Mrs. O'Connor has filled it. The work that was done for Dickens and for Scott in the Scott and Dickens dictionaries, oddly enough, was never done for Shakespeare, though he is as popular and as multifarious a maker of daily quoted characters as these younger writers, while his greater age, his persistent and universal renown, and the infinite riches of his speech and style, make it the more a useful task to frame a systematic index to his plays. The volume* just published fills this need acceptably, not only for an index to the throng of characters that people the dramas, and for summaries of the histories of each play—which is more particularly the scope of the dictionaries spoken of—but for a compact and inexpensive topical index to significant expressions, and the more important passages in which there is a notable or singular use of words. Of course, Dr. Schmidt's learned lexicon covers the latter ground, and it need not be said that it is more scholarly and more thorough than Mrs. O'Connor's *Index*; but, on the other hand, the new manual, having a less restricted plan, less elaborately developed, fills its own place, is cheaper and more com-

* An Index to the Works of Shakspeare, giving references, by topics, to notable passages and significant expressions; brief histories of the plays; geographical names, and historical incidents; mention of all characters, and sketches of important ones; together with explanations of allusions and obscure and obsolete words and phrases. By Evangeline M. O'Connor. New York: D. Appleton & Co., 1887 (price, \$2.00).

pact, and is especially adapted to be of constant use to all conditions of people who either read or refer to Shakespeare.

It will be seen that the restriction of its design to allude not to all, but to important passages, does not bring it at all into competition with the mere phrase-concordance. This condition of selection, which its plan requires, will also lay the editor's judgment open to criticism, and that she has slipped here and there, or missed citing an important reference, might be shown; yet, on the whole it appears that her choice has been fairly comprehensive and judicious. As for that part of the plan which refers to the characters, this is, as was before said, altogether new and useful in its design, and the account given in alphabetical order of each character is conveniently arranged so as to give, along with the description the progression of his action in each act and scene, and provide also, an index to the scenes in which he appears, and a guide to find where in the play certain situations occur in which he is involved. For example, the first entry in the book is

Aaron, a Moor, a character in *Titus Andronicus*, introduced in *i*, 1 or 2, as a prisoner. He is a lover of Tamora, Queen of the Goths. In *ii*, 1, he declares his designs against Rome and the emperor; in *ii*, 3, hides gold; discloses his plans, *iv*, 2; kills the nurse, *iv*, 2; exchanges his child, *iv*, 2; avows his deeds, *v*, 1; his sentence, *v*, 3. He is a hideous and unnatural character, cursing the day in which he has not done 'some notorious ill.'

With more important characters an extract from some one of the abler commentators is given, as with Hamlet for example, a brief sketch by Coleridge is given.

* * *

MRS. SIDDONS.



HE personal history of a great character, whatever be the walk in life in which he has figured, is always of absorbing interest. The biographies of the world's great people are all being re-written with this special end in view. Napoleon is no longer treated as a famous general, but as a man, and the same may be said of all great figures in history. This method of biography has received a pleasant addition in Mrs. Kennard's sketch

of Mrs. Siddons.* The personal life of most actors and actresses is not such as can be read, as a rule, with profit, but the Kemble family—with one minor exception—were remarkable for the purity of their lives, and there has seldom lived a woman of prominence whose life was so free from blemish of any kind as Sarah Siddons. It is of this feature of her life—her womanly nature—of her thorough love for her children and her devotion to her friends, that Mrs. Kennard writes chiefly, and the result is an interesting picture of a true woman, with her trials and her joys, her loves and her dislikes. The professional part of her life, while of course occupying the larger part of the book, is kept as much as possible in the background. And as a result, the sketch the author has drawn, gives one a very different idea of the great actress than had she dwelt more at length upon her stage life.

Any estimate of Mrs. Siddons's career on the stage must partake more or less of the nature of a panegyric, yet so careful is the author of this volume to avoid giving offence that, while without detracting from Mrs. Siddons's true greatness, she rather errs in her endeavor to be calm. The story of Mrs. Siddons's life, with its many triumphs, with its situations full of the strongest dramatic elements, is one well adapted to arouse enthusiasm, and the fact that Mrs. Kennard writes so impartially impresses one with a lack of sympathy with the subject that is entirely out of place in such a work. But the book is, on the whole, well done. Not faultless, it is so generally good that it deserves little but praise. Mrs. Siddons has been much neglected by later writers, although her contemporaries found time to write an astonishing deal about her. Her best biography is to be found, not in books bearing her own name, but incorporated with that of her brother, John Kemble, in Mr. Fitzgerald's *Lives of the Kembles*. There is, therefore, a positive need of a good biography, and while Mrs. Kennard's little book will not fill the want—and the author is too modest to suppose it would—it will do good service by bringing the real life of the greatest of actresses before the readers of a generation that can

*Mrs. Siddons. By Nina A. Kennard. Famous Women Series. Boston: Roberts Bros., 1887 (price \$1.00).

only know her by hearsay. To such the volume will be welcome, and to such it will be of value. It is not of course a great book, merely a sketch, but it serves the purpose for which it was written, and until we have a new and exhaustive Life of Mrs. Siddons, will doubtless hold a high place in virtue of its being the latest contribution to the subject. It is a matter of regret that so interesting a book should be defaced by numerous typographical errors.

F.

Literary Notes.

When comes your book forth ?

Upon the heels of my presentment, sir.

—*Timon of Athens*, I, i, 26.

SHAKESPEARIANA IN CURRENT MAGAZINES.—An article in *Science*, March 11th, by T. C. Mendenhall, entitled *The Characteristic Curves of Composition*, advocates the use of a curious method of literary analysis, based upon the mean length and frequency of occurrence of words in compositions, as a test or identification of their authorship. The consideration of a well-known method of material analysis suggested to the writer its literary analogue. This is his explanation :

By the use of the spectroscope, a beam of non-homogeneous light is analyzed, and its components assorted according to their wave-length, as is well-known, each element, when intensely heated under proper conditions, sends forth light which, upon prismatic analysis, is found to consist of groups of waves of definite length, and appearing in certain definite proportions. So certain and uniform are the results of this analysis that the appearance of a particular spectrum is indisputable evidence of the presence of the element to which it belongs. In a manner very similar, it is proposed to analyze a composition by forming what may be called a 'word spectrum' or 'characteristic curve,' which shall be a graphic representation of an arrangement of words according to their length and to the relative frequency of their occurrence. . . . It has been proved that the spectrum of hydrogen is the same, whether that element is obtained from the

water of the ocean or from the vapor of the atmosphere. Wherever and whenever it appears, it means hydrogen. If it can be proved that the word-spectrum or characteristic curve exhibited by an analysis of *David Copperfield* is identical with that of *Oliver Twist*, of *Barnaby Rudge*, *Great Expectations*, etc., and that it differs sensibly from that of *Vanity Fair*, or *Eugene Aram*, or . . . anything else in fact, then the conclusion will be tolerably certain that when it appears, it means Dickens.

Tables are given showing outlines made in this way from groups of a thousand, five thousand, or ten thousand words taken from *Vanity Fair*, *Oliver Twist*, Mills' *Political Economy*, etc.

The family likeness of the different group curves from *Oliver Twist* are not striking at a casual glance, and it perhaps needs some personal working of the experiment to enable one to perceive recognizable distinctions, like the familiar acquaintance one must have with twins before their separate individualities are unquestionable. Those who want to discover what more there is in this ingenious theory may open the books of their favorite authors, count words and letters, and make tables *ad libitum*, for only innumerable tests can justify the assumptions; that every writer makes use of his peculiar vocabulary in a way materially unchanging from year to year and work to work; that his personal peculiarities in sentence-construction 'will recur, in the long run, with such regularity that short words, long words, and words of medium length will occur with definite relative frequencies'; that the many experimental sections of the 'characteristic curve' will correspond so perfectly as to piece out and exhibit the whole characteristic; or, in short, that one thousand words here and a thousand words there can be proved to be an absolute measure of that pervasive and subtle thing—the style which is the man. The operation consists in counting the number of letters in every word in groups of a thousand words, and recording the number of words of one letter, two letters, three letters, etc. For the representation of the result a sheet of 'squared' paper is necessary, the numbers showing the letters in each word place 'at points along a horizontal line separated from each other by equal distances, above each of these place other points whose distance from the base line shall be proportional to the number of such words in a thousand; then join these points by a broken line, and the characteristic curve is shown.

Readers of Mr. Vining's account of his investigation of the history of the Gunther folio and autograph, and of his and Mr. Morgan's conclusions thereupon, as given in SHAKESPEARIANA for April (p. 154), will be interested in a careful article of Mr. A. R. Frey's on the same subject in the New York *Graphic* of May 7th. This paper occupies slightly over five columns, much of the space being taken up by *fac similes* of two of the Shakespeare will signatures, the mortgage and conveyance signatures, and the Montaigne inscription, as also of two of the Ireland forgeries, of the autograph slip pasted in the folio, and of the sundry other inscriptions the book contains. In the course of this account, all the clues and facts ascertainable are brought very clearly to light; but though the temper of the article is more evidently skeptical and impatient of ill-founded pretensions than the previous report, the burden of the recital, so far as the facts elicited are concerned, does not differ from it substantially. It seems to be shown that the little pasted slip all this ado has been about, antedates the Ireland forgeries, and no evidence connects it with intentional frauds; yet, of course, the authenticity of the autograph remains as doubtful as it must be, and as careful inquirers have all along considered it must be; and while the folio is doubtless the one referred to by Dr. Severn in his *Diary of the Rev. John Ward*, yet it is manifest that the John Ward who owned the folio was not the Vicar who died in 1681, but the actor who died in 1773.

An entertaining yarn might be spun from the actual circumstances, as discovered, of this aged traveler, tracing 'The Vicissitudes in the History of a Shakespeare Folio,' in its wanderings from England to Nevada, from the hands of Mary Savage, Eleanor Breakes, John Tiler, John Ward, Charles Lomax, and all its miscellaneous English owners to the proud possession of a Chicago antiquary, and of Mr. Gunther, and thence to the semi-official scrutiny of various members of the New York Shakespeare Society.

A *Shakespearian 'Cipher'* is the title of a paper in *Book-Lore* for May (pp. 160-162), which opens with a reflection upon the more enthusiastic hero-worship of Shakespeare in the States than in his

native England; couples with this a grateful compliment to the ability of SHAKESPEARIANA's editorship, and concludes by giving an account of Mr. Donnelly's CIPHER substantially as printed in SHAKESPEARIANA for February, p. 94.

A MODEL of what a dramatic libretto ought to be is the Memorial Theatre edition of Shakespeare's plays. We have to acknowledge with pleasure the receipt of two of the well-printed pamphlets of this series to be published from time to time, according to the usage of the Stratford-on-Avon theatre. These plays, *King John*, and *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, are carefully edited by the Hon. C. E. Flower, whose benefaction to the Shakespeare Memorial is evident in this editorial work as in the larger labors of love connected with his name in Stratford. The paramount feature to be commended is that these plays present the stage arrangement according to the custom of performance at the Memorial Theatre, yet, also, give the unmutilated text corresponding with modern library editions, the parts 'cut' in the customary action being given in their due place in smaller type. This enables the reader to follow at the same time, conveniently, both the actor's setting and the full text, to evident profit. A few useful notes are prefixed, sketching the chief points of previous English stage arrangements. In the case of *King John*, Cibber's and Valpy's adaptations and Kemble's, Kean's, and Macready's revivals of the play are noted, with the announcement that the present stage arrangement in the main follows Kean's. In the case of *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, Madame Vestris's version in 1840, Kean's of '56, the Sadler's Wells production, and Mr. Saker's, in Liverpool, in 1880, when children played the fairies' parts, are mentioned briefly, and acknowledgment is given of the especial use made of Mr. Mercer Simpson's faithful representation of 1873, in Birmingham.

(*A Midsummer-Night's Dream*; *King John*; Memorial Theatre edition. C. E. Flower. Printed at the *Herald* office, High street, Stratford-on-Avon. London: Samuel French. Price 6d.)

A CLEVER little volume, to part of which we have been already in-

roduced, comes to hand in dainty quarto style and form, made further attractive by red-lettered, parchment-paper covers, and leads us pleasantly into a second entanglement of Shakespeare and Shapleigh, by means of a forgotten quarto of the *Troublesome Raigne of King John*, the investigations of a Boston antiquary, and first of all, by a little black box, which contained a sailor's MS. narrative of a voyage to the 'China Seas' in 1640, and which was found in a New England gable-chamber after an opportune garret fire. An outline of the first entanglement was given in the June number of SHAKESPEARIANA (p. 288). For the second, see the brochure itself, enticed thereto by the fact that the upshot of this scholarly fooling is no less than Baconian proof that Sir William Shapleigh not only stood as model for the Kesselstadt death-mask, but was indeed the Shakespeare who wrote the immortal plays.

(*Was Shakespeare Shapleigh?* A correspondence in two entanglements. The whole edited by Mr. Justin Winsor, Librarian of Harvard College. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Sold in Philadelphia by Porter & Coates. Price 75 cts.)

Queen Elizabeth and 'The Merry Wives,' an article of Mr. Appleton Morgan's in the *Catholic World* for June (pp. 348-358), argues that the tradition of Elizabeth's order to exhibit Falstaff in love, and the supposed rapid production of this play, and also a subsequent growth and enrichment of it, may be shown to be 'perfectly in accordance with the known policies' of both the Queen and the playwright. He takes occasion to insist upon Shakespeare's exclusive employment of titled and noble personages to fill heroic niches in his dramas, reiterating much that was said on this point in his review of Hugo's *Shakespeare* in the April SHAKESPEARIANA (p. 187); makes much of Shakespeare's holding Sir John up to ridicule as the sole exception to his custom, for which, therefore, he must have had the Queen's warrant; and, drawing the Queen's image in the unflattering colors Mr. Morgan's palette always holds for her, he finds it probable that Shakespeare 'revenged himself by gibing at the Queen herself' and producing a play 'within the exigency of the letter,' but against

'the spirit of her royal order.' Mr. Furnivall's placing of the play in his second period is, of course, most improbable to the thinking of the 'Bankside' editor. He concludes that this local chronicle of English manners and domestic conditions, 'unlike any other of the comedies,' in that its 'robust action and high color are English, not French, Spanish, Italian, or classical,' became in the course of twenty-one years, from a 'rapid sketch made at the Queen's command,' the 'complete comedy of 1623, packed full of allusion to petty tradesmen, to the popular song-books and riddle-books of the day, to the discovery of Guinea; the introduction of hackney coaches; the trivial legislation of the Parliament of 1605-6; to the performances at Paris Gardens; the wholesale knighting of retainers by James I.; to dozens of other purely local incidents occurring at intervals of from one to three years,' whose 'constant recurrence is a proof of that very growth in the mouths of successive actors to which Hamlet alludes as a well-known phenomenon.'

Miscellany.

To knit again

This scattered corn into one mutual sheaf.

—*Titus Andronicus*, V, iii, 70.

THE CONCORD SCHOOL.—Among the lectures announced by the management of the Concord School of Philosophy for this summer, are: '*Shakespeare's Poetics*,' by the Rev. Dr. C. A. Bartol, of Boston; the '*Divine Nemesis in Æschylus and Shakespeare*,' by Prof. C. C. Shackford, of Brookline, Mass. These lectures will be given during a course devoted to dramatic poetry, and not less notable and helpful to students of Shakespeare's dramatic art will be the line of thought pursued in the whole series, the remaining lectures of which will be on: '*The Poetics of Aristotle in its Application to the Drama*,' by Prof. Thomas Davidson; '*The Dramatic Element in the Greek*

Drama and the Norse Edda,' by Prof. W. T. Harris; 'The Collision of Individuals with Institutions in the Greek and the English Drama,' by Mr. Edwin D. Mead; 'Aristophanes and the Elizabethan Drama,' by Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, of Boston; 'Ford and Massinger,' by Mrs. E. D. Cheney, of Boston; 'Browning's Dramatic Genius,' by the Rev. George Willis Cooke, of Dedham, Mass.

SHAKESPEARIAN EDITIONS.—It will be interesting to many to note the number of editions of the works of Shakespeare that have been published, from the original quarto editions of his plays and poems, to the close of 1886. In nearly every European tongue there are editions either of his complete works, or of one or more of his separate plays, besides several in Hebrew, Greek, and Latin. There are but very few libraries, that possess them in anything approaching completeness, and it is scarcely possible that any library can ever hope to get the entire number.

EDITIONS IN ENGLISH.

No. of complete works.....570 | No. of works containing selections.38

SEPARATE PLAYS (IN ENGLISH).

Hamlet.....	147	Merry Wives of W..	48	Measure for Measure	25
Romeo and Juliet.....	99	Richard II	47	Timon of Athens.....	23
Richard III.....	85	As You Like It.....	46	Henry VI., Part 3.....	22
Othello.....	83	Taming of the Shrew	45	Pericles.....	20
Macbeth.....	80	Coriolanus.....	44	All's Well.....	18
King Lear.....	79	Much Ado.....	44	Troilus and Cressida.	18
Merchant of Venice..	78	Henry IV., Part 2....	40	Love's Labour's Lost	18
Julius Caesar.....	67	Twelfth Night.....	39	Titus Andronicus.....	17
Midsmrs. N. Dream..	59	Winter's Tale.....	38	Henry VI., Part 2....	16
Tempest.....	58	Cymbeline.....	36	Two Gentlemen of V	16
Henry V.....	56	Antony and C.....	35	Henry VI., Part 1....	8
King John.....	56	Henry VIII.....	33		
Henry IV., Part 1....	51	Comedy of Errors....	29		1723

ASCRIED PLAYS (IN ENGLISH).

Number of complete works3

SEPARATE DITTO.

Mucedorus.....	11	Lochine.....	4	Arr. of Paris.....	2
Merry Devil of E.....	10	Lord Cromwell.....	4	Doub. Falsehood.....	2
Edward III.....	5	Puritan.....	4	Birth of Merlin.....	1
Sir J. Oldecastle.....	5	A Yorksh. Tragedy...	4	Fifth of Nov.....	1
Two Noble Kinsmen	5	Geo.-a-Greene.....	3	Second Maiden's Trag	1
Arden of Fev.....	4	Lon. Prodigal.....	3		
Faire Em.....	4	Vortigern.....	3		76

POEMS (IN ENGLISH).

Collected poems and sonnets.....	44
Number of editions containing selections.....	3

SEPARATE POEMS, ETC., (IN ENGLISH).

Sonnets.....	27	Lucrece.....	13	Passionate Pilgrim...	7
Venus and Adonis...	21	Songs.....	13		
					81

FOREIGN EDITIONS.

<i>German:</i>		Poems, etc.....	21	Selections.....	12
Collections.....	58			Separate Plays.....	190
Selections.....	26		473	Poems.....	2
Separate Plays.....	361	<i>French:</i>			
Ascribed ditto.....	7	Collections.....	13		217
Italian.....	85	Portuguese.....	8	Welsh.....	2
Dutch.....	40	Finnic.....	7	Flemish.....	1
Russian.....	40	Icelandic.....	6	Roumanian.....	1
Spanish.....	20	Bohemian.....	5	Roumelian.....	1
Hungarian.....	18	Latin.....	3	Ukraine.....	1
Polish.....	16	Croatian.....	2	Wallachian.....	1
Greek.....	15	Frisian.....	2		
Swedish.....	15	Hebrew.....	2		994
Danish.....	13				

Total editions in English.....2,538

Foreign editions..... 994

3,532

F. HAWLEY, Memorial Librarian, in *Stratford Herald*.

SHAKESPEARE AT CHATAUQUA.—Col. Homer B. Sprague will deliver three addresses at the Chatauqua meetings on July 19th, 20th, and 21st, on 'Shakespeare's Youth,' 'Shakespeare as an Author,' and 'Shakespeare as a Man.'

Shakespeare's *Hamlet* will be studied under the instruction of Prof. W. D. McClintock from July 9th to August 19th.

AN ANECDOTE OF SCHOLAR AND PUBLISHER.—No one would ever guess that the frank, practical speech of the late Philadelphia publisher, Mr. Joshua Lippincott, founder of the house of the Lippincott Company, had exercised a decided effect upon a rare quality of the *Furness Variorum Shakespeare*. Yet, a chance word of his, flying straight from his stock of common sense, seems to have made an

impression, which had a deal to do with clarifying the plan of the work and establishing the modesty of scholarship, characteristic of the Variorum editor. In the midst of his early studies, when the idea grew within him that the time had come for a new Variorum edition, he went to propose the publication of it to Mr. Lippincott. After having listened attentively to all he had to say, Mr. Lippincott answered in his bluff, hard-headed way,—‘Humph! There is not much money in that for the publisher, but a deal of glory for the editor, let me tell you.’ Thereupon Dr. Furness, then a young man, abashed and already inclined to dislike self-obtrusion, registered a vow before high heaven to beware of presumption, and in his work, especially, to take heed how he pushed forward his own opinions.

The fear of allowing an idle personal fame to blotch the methods of honest work, is as rare as it is wholesome, and it is not often that the practical element comes in contact with the scholarly to reach so valuable an end. But Shakespeare lovers, of all degrees, who consult the exhaustive stores of the Variorum volumes, and gain a realizing sense of the ripened scholarship and reserved power which dwells behind the words that guide them, will know how to appreciate this incident of the meeting of the young scholar and the veteran publisher.

ARABIA’S BIRNAM WOOD.—The Arabian traveller and writer, Mes’ûdiyy, who composed his *Meadows of Gold and Mines of Gems* in A. D. 943, relates, in chapter 47 of that work, the following incident as having occurred at the time of the total destruction of the ancient Arabian tribes of Jedis, who inhabited Yemâna, in Central Arabia, not very long after the confusion of tongues at Babel:

They had been shamefully tyrannised over by the king of their kindred tribe, Tasm, and at length had treacherously avenged their wrongs by the extermination of their tyrants. One noble of that tribe had escaped the massacre, and had journeyed to Yemen (our Arabia Felix). He presented himself to the Himyerite king of that country, and prayed him to avenge Tasm by the destruction of Jedis. The king consented, marshalled his forces and set out for Yemen. Arrived

at a distance of three days' march from Yemāma, the refugee noble of Tasm informed the king that a sister of his, married to a chieftain of Jedis, and then living in Yemāma, was possessed of so acute a power of vision as to be able to distinguish a horseman at the distance of three days' journey.

He therefore suggested that the king should command his troops to pluck up by the roots, every man, a young tree from a forest they had to pass through and carry this before him, so as to hide the advancing host and mask it from his sister's piercing glance. The king gave the order; and each man of the army plucked up a tree, carrying it in front of him. The quick-eyed lady, however, from an outlook on her housetop saw the advancing wood. Sharply scrutinizing it, and distinguishing behind the foliage one man 'who was nibbling a blade-bone or soling a sandal,' she informed the townsmen of what she saw. They took no notice of her warning. The army advanced, surprised the town, slaughtered all the men and made captives of the women and children. Thus the tribe was extirpated.

Mes'ūdiyy's story was written in the year that is exactly half-way to the present date, $943 \times 943 = 1886$ A. D., and the question naturally arises: Is there any mediæval channel known to seekers after folklore by which this incident could have become known to the writer of *Macbeth*, or to any other monkish chronicler through whom the Birnam Wood story may have been handed down? Macbeth's death and Malcolm Caumore's accession in A. D. 1057 were so long anterior to the crusades that it is not likely that the eastern story had reached Scotland or England. If the Birnam Wood incident really occurred it was a surprising coincidence; and if it was a monkish embellishment, it would be interesting to trace the story from the East, if possible. Mes'ūdiyy's version was most probably based upon some older story that may be found in Egyptian or Babylonian remains, or that may have come from Persia, India, or China. This is a problem for the adepts of folklore to solve if the means can be found.—*The Academy*.

A STANDARD LINE-NUMBERING OF SHAKESPEARE'S WORKS.—

Professor Henry Johnson, of Bowdoin College, a careful student and judicious critic, sends us the following sensible hints on this subject:—

If, as seems necessary, the line-numbering must be referred to the practice of a single collective edition, the First Folio has manifestly the best claims. The fact that the division into acts and scenes is lacking in the Folio is now not an argument against an act-scene-line reference, because the modern editors have practically agreed in settling the question of acts and scenes. There is an advantage in the ordinary three-fold reference, in so far as it would enable one to look up a reference more easily in any edition other than one with the new numbering. Then the prose lines must have an arbitrary numbering, that is, must accord with the practice of some one printer. Why not with that of the 1623 edition? Any variation among the copies of that date as to line-arrangement offers less forcible objections to the adoption of their alignment than can be urged against any other edition. Verse which has been printed in the 1623 edition as prose could be numbered to accord with the metrical and not with the typographical arrangement. In cases where there may be always a difference of opinion as to whether a passage is in verse or prose, a settlement can be reached only by common agreement; but here the running-line number would be less desirable than an act-scene-line number, as a difference of opinion would not affect all subsequent line-numbers in the play. In case the Folio omits a line or more, allowance could be made for it in the numbering, without deciding any question as to the right of the passage to a place in the text.—Mr. Rolfe's *Shakespeariana* in Boston *Literary World*.

MURDOCH'S HAMLET.—Shakespeare's birthday gave the occasion, in Cincinnati, for a public testimonial to an honored and veteran Shakespearian actor, Mr. James E. Murdoch. The Odéon was filled with an audience which received with cordial pleasure the five scenes epitomizing the play of *Hamlet*, which constituted the first part of the programme, and which Mr. Murdoch gave with all his old-time excellence of scholarly finish, and unforced, thorough insight. In the second part of the programme three scenes from *The School for Scandal* were given, in which Mr. Murdoch played his old part of Charles Surface with much of the wit and sparkle with which he made his great hit when he played the part in London for sixty consecutive nights.

AFTER SHAKESPEARE.



MODERN English literature is most important to the student in its two phases of Elizabeth and Anne. The two are inextricably braided together: they necessitate each other. The former is the height of English poetry; the latter marks the beginnings of lucid and capable prose. The courts of the two queens, a century removed, are the centres of the widest and most resplendent clusters of intellect to be found in the twelve brilliant and unbroken centuries of English literary progress. The change from the earlier period to the later is the transition from liberty to law, from genius to talent, from the natural to the artificial, from the romantic type to the classical. Wisely surveying both together, and co-ordinating them, we come to understand the singular changes that poetry suffered in the trifle more than a century that lapsed between the deaths of Shakespeare and of Pope, and to intelligently perceive the origin of our contemporary literature, with its many hints and memories of sixteenth century greatness.

The supremest summit of English genius is the Elizabethan era. All anterior literature is an ascent to it out of a contracted but often romantic country, and all our literature since has been a descent from it by wide ways through a broad and wonderful world. The benefits of Shakespeare study would be very seriously dwarfed by limitation to the personality of Shakespeare. Our study is most suggestive and most fruitful when we orient ourselves among the monuments of the sixteenth century, after the advent of Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*, and, looking before and after, clearly see the central and commanding place

of Shakespeare in the great history of our literature, his sovereign sway and masterdom over the resources and the directions of English speech, how the ascending influences of many years predict and necessitate such a culmination, and realize the inevitable destiny of poetry after the mind of the master is still.

Not the least important question for us, if we are to be more than mere textual experts, is the fate of poetry, and of prose, too, after the body of Shakespeare was borne to its obscure burial. Intelligently to resume the history of English writings after 1623, we must revert to precedent years, mingle in thought with early Elizabethan writers, and recollect the extraordinary and unexampled conditions of the time.

In the latter years of the sixteenth century England was making her greatest efforts. The venturous hands of her explorers were reaching out to the west to open up the portentous outlines of a new continent, and all her energies were roused to maintain her nationality against the powers of Spain and Rome. The Renaissance had suddenly expanded life by its revelations of the universe and of man; the new astronomy had torn away the roof of the contracted temple where men for centuries had squalidly dwelt. The revival of learning had exhumed from obscure dust the vestiges of human thought and power, the great things of mind and hand. Italy, too, with the stimulating atmosphere of her high culture, irritated the sensitive surface of fine natures who had the scholar's taste without the scholar's training. Learning was new, and became a passion. Marlowe pants after the impossible, and describes himself as 'climbing after knowledge infinite,' and seeking 'to comprehend the wondrous architecture of the world.' The age was tortured with that ecstasy which the Germans boldly call *Titanismus*, and which Mr. Swinburne has fortunately named 'the love of the impossible.' It was an age of personalities; the glamour of chivalry survived among the courtly gentlemen who made time into thought.

Hearts beat hard, and brains, high-blooded,
Ticked three centuries since.

The language assumed a majesty commensurate with the personali-

ties that employed it. Literature uttered the delight in the full life that thronged the pulses of the hero-gentlemen who occupied and adorned the brave court of a nation proudly conscious of its power and integrity.

At Shakespeare's death the waves of novel passion had spent their force, the new emotions subsided, but the style in which these strivings had taken permanent form retained its vehemence. It was a transmitted excitement and therefore unnatural. The genuine utterance of one age becomes the barren imitation of the next, and so the violent, often uncouth, yet splendid style of Shakespeare, Marlowe, and Webster, becomes the soulless rant of such men as Cyril Tourneur, who in his *Transformed Metamorphosis* drives language to the utmost edge of delirium. The post-Elizabethan poets, particularly in the drama, strove desperately to maintain the traditions of the great age, and they filled the place of failing originality with strained plots and unnatural incidents. They stimulated with impossible horrors and violent diction the jaded public taste until stimulants ceased to compel even a momentary spasm of attention. The popular mind was exhausted, all were weary of this ear-splitting rhetoric, a reform was inevitable. The change that then took place has recently been re-studied, and the entire chronology of seventeenth century poetry submitted to careful scrutiny by Mr. Edmund Gosse, one of the ablest of the younger English scholars. He defines the formal change from Elizabethan to Queen Anne poetry as the change from 'overflow' in verse to the classical couplet. 'Overflow' is the name that Mr. Austin Dobson proposed for what are commonly known as 'enjambé' lines, that is, verses in which the thought slips from line to line without pause. Such construction marks all romantic poetry. Thus in Keats—

The blue
Bared its eternal bosom, and the dew
Of summer nights collected still
To make the morning precious.

Or this from Wordsworth—

The human nature with which I felt
That I belonged and revered with love,

Was not a persistent presence, but a spirit
Diffused through time and space, with aid derived
Of evidence from monuments, erect,
Prostrate, or leaning towards their common rest
On earth, the widely scattered wreck sublime
Of vanished nations.

Here are continuous stridings-over, the sense flows freely through the verses to its natural close. In such a style is the Romantic poetry of the Elizabethans cast. They could not buckle their great thoughts within the belt of rule. And when liberty became license in post-Elizabethan times, such verse favored its extravagances: The salvation of poetry was the classical couplet. That alone could restrain the lawlessness and violence of intemperate verse. Middle High German obtained the same restraint by stanzas of six verses, the first four corresponding exactly to Tennyson's *In Memoriam* stanza, and the last two summing up and binding together their predecessors.

The new poetry we now know was not an importation from France, nor was Malherbe the harbinger of English classicism in the time of Queen Anne. The 'correct' distich, framed upon classical models, was, on the most irrefragable evidence, in print and in the hands of Englishmen nine years before any verses by Malherbe took published shape. It can no longer be believed that the classical re-action was the result of the Exile of 1644, which brought together, in Paris and under the influence of the school of Malherbe, the Royalist-poets, Waller, Cowley, Shirley, Fanshawe, and Davenant; the inexorable logic of dates shows conclusively that Waller had perfected the heroic couplet as early as 1621-3, and that in 1642 Sir John Denham, a cousin of Waller's most intimate friend, George Morley, and probably through him attracted to the new poetry, published his famous *Cooper's Hill*, and thereby contributed largely to the success of the classical style.

Dryden, the colossus who succeeds Ben. Jonson as a patriarch of letters, is dead in 1700, two years before Anne's accession. Pope, born in 1688, and living until 1744, marks the height of the precise, mundane, and artificial poetry of the eighteenth century. His *Rape of the Lock* is the social epic of the period. It exhibits the same

monotony of verse—'like frosting round a cake,' says Lowell. The translation of Homer was a successful performance, but it lends to the reader by its cold, sparkling motion, no conception of the resourceful power of the original. So completely has the conception that presides over criticism and dictates our judgments altered, that we have reverted for the ideal of our Greek rendering, to the weighty line of Chapman, and restored in our living speech much of the rigorous language of the Elizabethan, to the increasing neglect of the admired rhymster of the *Dunciad*.

When Pope died, Akenside published *The Pleasures of Imagination*, where line follows line with chilling monotony and without any advance. To quote Mr. Lowell again: 'You can always end Akenside off with an "etc.,"' conscious that what will follow is only the coming round again of what went before with the cheap numerosity of a stage army.'

Addison, too, gave us his frozen tragedy of *Cato*, but when we mention Addison, a new picture rises before us, and the significance of that stately, artificial age of English literature, surrounded by its trimmed hedges, is suggested to us. For with Addison begins our legitimate English prose, and the *prose* of Queen Anne's time explains the meaning, and asserts the real value of the *poetry* of the time, which we are apt to chant too low with our new ideas of poetic form and worth, and assign to a wrong place in the evolution of English letters.

In 1709, Richard Steele began the *Tatler*, the first of our series of periodical essays. In 1711, Addison inaugurated the *Spectator*. In 1712, the *Guardian* followed, and then the *Freeholder*. There had never been any such thing before. There would not be again until Dr. Johnson should continue the idea in the *Rambler* and *Idler*, and Charles Lamb, catching in his fine nature the very soul of the tranquil essays of the Queen Anne men, should repeat them in his *Essays of Elia* as if he had been of the company, and helped in the redaction of the first attempts at periodical literature. Such writing was more the starting-point of modern prose, than a reform of earlier methods. The prose of Richard Hooker and John Milton is dif-

ferenced heaven-wide from the prose of the *Spectator* and *Tatler*. The early prose-writers wasted their sturdy strength in involved and protracted sentences that make the mind ache, and attention flag to follow. Even Jeremy Taylor, 'the Shakespeare of divines,' is capable of a sentence, illuminated as it usually is by poetical imagination, of vast length and serpent-like involution. Before 1700 the entire body of English prose was in undeveloped confusion; it was full of rubs and botches; it was not even pawing to get free. All the magnificent progress in prose-craft has been accomplished in a century and a half. Elizabethan and post-Elizabethan prose, like its poetry, had been full of sound and fury. Milton surges along like a Roman triumph, a barbarous display of foreign ornament, rags and remnants of classic lore, elephants and other strange deer. But in Addison, all is clear and orderly, bright as the sunlit air, transparent as crystal. His style attempts no athletic feats, it is homely but radiant with the lighter play of fancy. The visions of Mirza, for instance, in *The Spectator*, an imaginary view of the end-all, with the bridge which spans the gloomy flood, and the world faring on the bridge, and the common calamity that in many ways befalls them all, are among the masterpieces of our language. And the supreme quality of it all is *sobriety—lucidity*. The essays are not torsos like the Elizabethan products, vast ideas half chiselled into shape by a fiery soul, impatient of painful care, but are finished with peculiar diligence and with a fine sense of style.

Neither prose nor poetry could long be confined within the restricted area appointed by the masters of the classical vogue. The artificialities ceased, and literature shook off its sterile curse when romanticism began again with Gray and Cowper, and the eyes of poetry were opened to the great world, and men began to look curiously at the flower they plucked when hands were reached into the romantic past, and Percy collected his *Reliques* and prepared the way for Chatterton and greater things beyond.

Our serious century is out of sympathy with the trifling prettiness of that copious sketch of English poetry from the death of Shakespeare to that of Pope. We admire its delicate lyrics, we thank


Waller for 'go lovely rose,' and we respect the *craftsmanship* of Pope, but the whole mass of literature which makes the so-called 'Augustan age' has not had its historic significance perceived. It was really an essential step in the progress of English letters. There was nothing retrogressive about it. It was necessary to build up, in an age of mediocrity, the solid foundations for future liberty, and when the reaction came, this century of 'correct' training was found to have furnished the possibilities of great advancement. Poetry was saved from madness by a period of dullness. The prose of De Quincey and Ruskin became possible through the intervention of the prose of Addison after Milton. In fact it was the great and two-fold achievement of the Queen Anne age that poetry lost violence, and prose learned its capabilities.

ALBERT H. SMYTH.

Philadelphia.

THE EDITORS OF SHAKESPEARE.

XVI. SAMUEL WELLER SINGER.

EW details concerning the life of Samuel Weller Singer have been preserved. He is believed to have been born in 1783, and was a native of England, but where he was born, or who were his parents, are matters which are unknown.

He early exhibited a love for literature, and edited, among other works, Fairfax's *Tasso* in 1817, in two volumes octavo; Sir T. More's *Life of Richard the Third*, 1821, duodecimo; Cavendish's *Life of Wolsey*, 1825, two volumes octavo; Herrick's *Poetical Works*, 1846, two volumes octavo; and Wayland Smith, 1847, duodecimo, and Bacon's *Essays*, 1856, octavo.

When Collier published his *Notes and Emendations*, Singer replied to them in *The Text of Shakespeare Vindicated*, 1853. Collier's volume, it will be remembered, gave an account of his finding the famous

Corrected Folio of 1632, and many of the principal corrections contained in it. Singer was determined not to be outdone by his friend, and in the preface to *The Text of Shakespeare Vindicated*, he tells us that in June, 1852, he

purchased from Mr. Willis, the bookseller, a copy of the second folio edition of Shakespeare, in its original binding, which, like that of Mr. Collier, contains very numerous manuscript corrections by several hands; the typographical errors, with which that edition abounds, are sedulously corrected, and the writers have also tried their hands at conjectural emendation extensively. Many of these emendations correspond with those in Mr. Collier's volume, but chiefly in those cases where the error in the old copy was pretty evident, but the readings often vary, and sometimes for the better.

Singer died December 20, 1858, and his valuable library was sold at auction in 1860.

His first edition of Shakespeare was published in 1826, in ten volumes duodecimo, with the following title:—

The Dramatic Works of William Shakspeare, With Notes, original and selected, by Samuel Weller Singer, F.S.A., and a Life of the Poet, by Charles Symmons, D.D. Vol. I. Chiswick: Charles Whittingham, College House. 1826.

The first volume contains an engraved portrait of Shakespeare, from the Chandos picture, drawn by W. Harvey, and engraved by John Thompson. The title-page of each volume also has a quaint wood-cut illustrating one of the scenes in the plays. The book is further illustrated by seven cuts showing the 'Seven ages of man,' and also with one scene from each play, which precedes the play it illustrates. In his preface Singer says:—

As a new candidate for public favour, it may be expected that the Editor should explain the ground of his pretensions. The object then of the present publication is to afford the general reader a correct edition of Shakspeare, accompanied by an abridged commentary, in which all superfluous and refuted explanations and conjectures, and all the controversies and squabbles of contending critics should be omitted; and such elucidations only of obsolete words and obscure phrases, and such critical illustrations of the text as might be deemed most generally useful be retained. To effect this it has been necessary, for the sake of compression, to condense in some cases several pages of excursive discussion into

a few lines, and to often blend together the information conveyed in the notes of several commentators into one. When these explanations are mere transcripts or abridgments of the labours of his predecessors, and are unaccompanied by any observation of his own, it will, of course, be understood that the Editor intends to imply by silent 'acquiescence that he has nothing better to propose.' Fortune, however, seems to have been propitious to his labours, for he flatters himself he has been enabled in many instances to present the reader with more satisfactory explanations of difficult passages, and with more exact definitions of obsolete words and phrases, than are to be found in the notes to the variorum editions.

Following the preface there is printed a life of the poet by Dr. Charles Symmons, commendatory verses, etc. Each play is preceded by 'preliminary remarks,' which are mainly taken from other writers. The notes are brief, and most of them condensed from those of former editors. The text is good, and owing to the beauty of its typography and the convenient form in which it appeared, the edition was long a favorite, and was often reprinted.

In 1853 Singer determined to issue another edition of his work, and set about its preparation. In 1856 it appeared in ten volumes duodecimo. It was from the Chiswick press as the former edition had been, and fully sustained the reputation for typography that Whittingham's books have always had. The title-page is as follows:—

The Dramatic Works of William Shakespeare, the text carefully revised, with notes, by Samuel Weller Singer, F.S.A.; the life of the poet, and critical essays on the plays, by William Watkiss Lloyd, M.R.S.L., etc., etc., London: Bell and Daldy, Fleet Street. 1856.

The first volume contains an engraved copy of the Stratford Bust, by E. Radclyffe; and there are wood-cuts, representing some scene in the plays, on the title-page of each volume. This edition is dedicated to Francis Douce, in recognition of his antiquarian learning, and in token of Singer's friendship for him. In the preface Singer says:—

In preparing the present edition, after a sedulous collation of the old authentic copies, it has been my endeavour to suggest such emendations and explanations as a careful and mature consideration of the corrupt and obscure passages, taken with the context, seemed to indicate; and it will be seen that I have freely availed myself of the labours of all my predecessors. . . . I have passed over nothing which seemed to me to require elucidation, and if the critical and initiated reader should com-

plain of superfluous comment, I must request him to remember that the book is not intended for such readers alone who have already made the poet their study, but for popular use, for those who may require such aid.

The plays are arranged in the order that they appeared in the First Folio, and each one is followed by a critical essay by Mr. Lloyd. These essays are charmingly written, and show much familiarity with the subject. The notes are short and are at the bottom of the page. The text is good, and in the main follows the old copies. Where any change is made due notice is given, and Singer has produced what he aimed to do—a well-edited edition, in handy form, for the popular reader. It has since been reprinted by the owners of the plates, but without material change.

Singer's knowledge of old English literature was extensive, and his short and sensible notes are often of the greatest possible assistance to the reader. The second edition was a great improvement on the first, and it has not been entirely superseded by any of the numerous forms in which the poet's works have since been presented to the world.

J. PARKER NORRIS.

THE LIFE NATURAL.

Overhead the leaf-song, on the upland slope;
Over that the azure, clean from base to cope;
Blanche the mare beside me, drowsy from her lope.

Goldy-green the wheat field, like a fluted wall
In the pleasant wind, with waves that rise and fall,
Moving all together, if it 'moved at all.'


Shakespeare in my pocket, lest I fell alone,
Lest the brooding landscape take a sombre tone;
Good to have a poet to fall back upon!

But the vivid beauty makes a book absurd;
What beside the real world is the written word?
Keep the page till winter when no thrush is heard!

Why read *Hamlet* here?—What's Hecuba to me?
Let me read the grain field; let me read the tree;
Let me read mine own heart, deep as I can see.

E. R. SILL in *Overland Monthly*.

SHAKESPEARE AS THE GIRL'S FRIEND.

UR great poet-teacher, who has given us 126 clearly-drawn and thoroughly individual female characters, who has depicted women with full appreciation of their highest qualities, yet with accurate perception of their defects and foibles, who has championed them with potential might by his chivalrous maintenance of their innate purity and devotion, while showing the points wherein their natural moral strength may be warped and weakened by circumstance, who has vindicated their truest rights and celebrated their best virtues—himself possessing keener insight than any other man-writer into womanly nature—Shakespeare may well be esteemed a valuable friend of woman-kind.

To the young girl, emerging from childhood and taking her first step into the more active and self-dependent career of woman-life, Shakespeare's vital precepts and models render him essentially a helping friend. To her he comes instructively and aidingly; in his page she may find warning, guidance, kindest monition, and wisest counsel. Through his feminine portraits she may see, as in a faithful glass, vivid pictures of what she has to evitate, or what she has to imitate, in order to become a worthy and admirable woman. Her sex is set before her, limned with utmost fidelity, painted in genuinest colors, for her to study and copy from or vary from, in accordance with what she feels and learns to be supremest harmonious effect in self-amelioration of character. She can take her own disposition in hand, as it were, and endeavor to mould and form it into the best perfection of which it is capable, by carefully observing the women drawn by Shakespeare.

From his youthful women she can gain lessons in artlessness, guilelessness, modesty, sweetness, ingenuousness, and the most winning can-

dor; from his wives and matrons she can derive instruction in moral courage, meekness, magnanimity, firmness, devoted tenderness, high principle, noble conduct, loftiest speech and sentiment. Grace of diction and eloquence of expression she may gather from them all; trying to emulate their manner, to acquire their tone of thought, to cultivate their mode of utterance, as far as may be consistent with non-sacrifice of ease and naturalness proper to individual identity. An unvulgar and unslipshod style of talking may well be encouraged without lapsing into the opposite fault of affectation and artificial phraseology; and the modern practice of allowing oneself to adopt slang in conversation, warrants a strong recommendation of rather aiming at superior and sensible wording in language than giving way to a commonplace and meaningless fashion of parlance. Apt terms, pertinent words, unhackneyed sentences, may all be stored for use from Shakespeare's English; and are surely well substituted for the threadbare epithets and phrases perpetually used even by those who consider themselves educated persons.

For moral introspection and self-culture Shakespeare is a grand aid, as well as for mental discipline; and, perhaps, peculiarly so, as regards women; since he, the most manly thinker and most virile writer that ever put pen to paper, had likewise something essentially feminine in his nature, which enabled him to discern and sympathize with the innermost core of woman's heart. Witness his sonnets,—where tenderness, patience, devotion, and constancy worthy of gentlest womanhood are conspicuous in combination with a strength of passion and fervor of attachment belonging to manliest manhood.

He himself has generously borne testimony to the superior fidelity and steadfastness of women in their attachments, where he makes his lover-duke say:—

For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,
Than women's are.

And he has drawn the majority of his women characters consistently with this estimate of their faithfulness in love. Compare many of his

lovers with the women they love, and it will be found that the latter are nobler and firmer in affection than the former. Look at Claudio and Hero, Proteus and Julia, Angelo and Mariana, Hermione and Leontes, Posthumus and Imogen, Othello and Desdemona; where the men are more readily credulous, and more easily shaken in their trust and confidence, than women are. Even where the men are not fickle, but merely misled, they allow their allegiance to waver; whereas the women, even when told their lovers or husbands are unfaithful, they themselves remain patient and lenient, still preserving hope and faith. He has shown how women are capable of great forgiveness—high qualities under wrong and injury.

See with what quiet dignity of sorrowful rejoinder Hermione replies to her husband's violent and injurious charge against her :—

How will this grieve you,
When you shall come to clearer knowledge, that
You thus have published me? Gentle, my lord,
You scarce can right me thoroughly then, to say
You did mistake.

And how meekly she submits :—

There's some ill planet reigns :
I must be patient till the heavens look
With an aspect more favorable.

And with what wifely concern, yet with what keen sense of his cruel injustice, she withdraws, saying :—

Adieu, my lord ;
I never wished to see you sorry ; now,
I trust, I shall.

Matched with this, observe how Imogen bears her husband's alleged and actual wrongs towards her. When calumniously informed of his levity, his carelessness of conduct, his forgetfulness of her, and even his infidelity towards her, she merely breathes forth the pained cry :—

My lord, I fear,
Hath forgot Britain.

And when urged to reprisal, she, with generous and sensible reservation from too hasty judgment, replies:—

Revenged!

How should I be revenged? If this be true
(As I have such a heart, that both mine ears
Must not in haste abuse), if it be true,
 How should I be revenged?

Not even when his disbelief in her innocence and his cruel mandate to kill her for her supposed guilt reach her knowledge is her tenderness for him shaken. Overwhelmed and stunned by this knowledge, which comes to her through perusal of his letter to the servant whom he has commissioned to murder her, she at first utters no syllable; but her condition and her silence are conveyed by the dramatist through the comment of this trusty servant Pisanio himself, who says:—

What shall I need to draw my sword? the paper
 Hath cut her throat already.

After the first spontaneous refutation of her husband's injurious suspicion, she instinctively throws the blame on others rather than on him:—

Some jay of Italy,
 Whose mother was her painting, hath betrayed him.

And she at once falls into tender regret for his lapse from due trust in her and from constancy to her, by remembering his protestations to her and by sadly exclaiming:—

Oh,
 Men's vows are women's traitors! All good seeming,
 By thy revolt, O husband, shall be thought
 Put on for villainy; not born where it grows,
 But worn a bait for ladies.

[Be it remarked, in passing, that this generalising a fault as that of men universally instead of as that of the individual man beloved, is a habit peculiar to women, and therefore here characteristically introduced by Shakespeare, who knew every item of woman's nature with such singular intuition.]

Imogen's next impulse is submission to her husband's will:—

Come, fellow, be thou honest:
 Do thy master's bidding: when thou see'st him,

A little witness my obedience : look !
 I draw the sword myself : take it ; and hit
 The innocent mansion of my love, my heart :
 Fear not ; 'tis empty of all things, but grief :
 Thy master is not there ; who was, indeed,
 The riches of it : do his bidding ; strike.

But in offering her bosom to the sword, she finds there her husband's letters to her ; and in the bitterness of seeing how his present cruelty belies his written professions, she will not keep them as defence. Yet, even then, she nobly says:—

Though those that are betrayed
 Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor
 Stands in worse case of woe.

And she has still the generous magnanimity to feel most for him when he shall have discovered his mistake and the wrong he has done her:—

I grieve myself
 To think how thy memory
 Will then be pang'd by me.

Imogen is a perfect exemplar of a devotedly loving wife and a high-minded, large-souled woman.

Mark the maidenly sweetness and reticence with which Hero answers the rough—nay, ruffianly—reproaches with which Claudio overwhelms her at the very altar, where they are to be married:—

And seemed I ever otherwise to you ?

Again :

Is my lord well that he doth speak so wide ?

Note how Shakespeare, even when penning one of his earliest-written plays, depicted loving constancy, tolerance, and frank forgiveness, as Julia's characteristics, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, while showing Proteus to be weakly wavering in his love to her, unworthily faithless to his friend, and merely returning to his loyalty to both when defeated in his disloyal purposes.

Pertinent token of our poet's knowledge of women's quick insight into character, and of a daughter's wisely bearing in mind her moth-

er's discreet counsel, lies in those few words of soliloquy spoken by Diana after the evil-pleading Bertram has left her :—

My mother told me just how he would woo,
As if she sat in his heart.

Shakespeare has read all gentle-charactered women a lesson on the danger of allowing gentleness to merge into timidity, and timidity into untruthfulness, by the picture he has drawn of Desdemona and of her ill-fated career. It is shown with all the subtlety and force of the dramatist's art, and with all his wonderful knowledge of womanly nature, how Desdemona's dread of her father leads her to conceal from him her preference for Othello, and to commit the grave error of a clandestine and runaway marriage. This enables her father to utter the ill-omened sentence to her new-made husband :—

Look to her, Moor, if thou hast eyes to see:
She has deceived her father, and may thee.

This also enables the villainous Iago to say :—

She did deceive her father, marrying you;
And, when she seemed to shake and fear your looks,
She loved them most.

To which, alas, her husband can only reply :—

And so she did.

Those four brief words are the seal to Desdemona's fate. Had Othello been able to confute them, he would not have fallen into the snare netted for him, and he would not have been prepared to believe her utterly false, by knowing that she could be false in a minor degree. Again, when he asks her for the handkerchief he had given her, and she evades, equivocates, and finally replies to his bidding her 'Fetch't, and let me see't,' by the direct falsehood, 'Why, so I can, sir; but I will not now,' although she has just previously lamented to Emilia the loss of that handkerchief, Desdemona confirms her husband's knowledge of her want of truth; for he has learned that she has no longer his 'first gift' in her possession.

So ingeniously and dexterously does the dramatist work, that he reminds us by a slight but significant touch of the perilous mode

in which gentleness is allied to timidity and falsity if permitted to merge into them instead of taught to strengthen into firm principle, where he makes Othello passionately and tenderly revert to this quality in her when he exclaims, 'And then, of so gentle a condition!' which brings from the snake Iago the sneering rejoinder, 'Ay, too gentle.'

To the very last, Shakespeare has preserved the characteristic softness of disposition in Desdemona which leads her to swerve from truth; though, in this instance, it is not to shield herself, but to screen him she loves from blame and punishment. When she is found dying by her mistaken husband's hand, and Emilia exclaims, 'Oh, who hath done this deed?' Desdemona, with her last breath, replies:—

Nobody; I myself. Farewell:
Commend me to my kind lord; O farewell!

Grandly consistent Poet-teacher, Shakespeare!

Another lesson, in minor morals and in discreet conduct, may be gathered by the young girl who is wooed by an urgent suitor when his previous life has not been all that her prudent parents approve, though his sincere affection for her and the reform it has wrought in him incline her to listen to his pleading. It is a brief dialogue, but full of noteworthy matter:

Fent. I see I cannot get thy father's love;
Therefore no more turn me to him, sweet Nan.

Anne. Alas! how then?

Fent. Why, thou must be thyself.
He doth object, I am too great of birth;
And that my state being galled with my expense,
I seek to heal it only by his wealth.
Besides these, other bars he lays before me,—
My riots past, my wild societies;
And tells me, 'tis a thing impossible
I should love thee but as a property.

Anne. May be he tells you true.

Fent. No, heaven so speed me in my time to come!
Albeit, I will confess, thy father's wealth
Was the first motive that I wooed thee, Anne:
Yet, wooing thee, I found thee of more value
Than stamps in gold, or sums in scaled bags;

And 'tis the very riches of thyself
That now I aim at.

Anne. Gentle Master Fenton,
Yet seek my father's love; still seek it, sir :
If opportunity and humblest suit
Cannot attain it, why then—Hark you hither.

And they talk apart, as other persons enter.

Quite another style of courtship, in its ultra romantic and poetic circumstances and environments, is that of the lonely island-bred Miranda and the princely Ferdinand, with her effusive, spontaneous, guileless candor of response to his proffered love, rendered additionally beautiful by the sanction of her father's assent, though unexpressed, and his presence, though invisible.

Ferdinand says :—

Hear my soul speak :
The very instant that I saw you, did
My heart fly to your service ; and for your sake
Am I this patient log-man.

Mira. Do you love me ?

Fer. O heaven ! O earth ! bear witness to this sound,
And crown what I profess with kind event,
If I speak true : if hollowly, invert
What best is boded me to mischief ! I
Beyond all limit of what else i' the world,
Do love, prize, honor you.

Mira. I am a fool
To weep at what I'm glad of.

Fer. Wherefore weep you ?

Mira. At mine unworthiness, that dare not offer
What I desire to give ; and much less take
What I shall die to want. But this is trifling ;
And all the more it seeks to hide itself,
The bigger bulk it shows. Hence bashful cunning !
And prompt me, plain and holy innocence !
I am your wife, if you will marry me ;
If not, I'll die your maid : to be your fellow
You may deny me, but I'll be your servant,
Whether you will or no.

Fer. My mistress, dearest,
And I thus humble ever.

Mira. My husband, then ?

Fer. Ay, with a heart as willing
As bondage e'er of freedom : here's my hand.

Mira. And mine, with my heart in't.

Then her father, Prospero, after they have left the scene, hallows by this sentence their engagement to each other :—

So glad of this as they, I cannot be,
Who are surprised with all ; but my rejoicing
At nothing can be more.

The behavior of Perdita to Florizel, foreseeing the king his father's objection to her as a supposed shepherdess, is full of gentle but persuasive remonstrance and reminder ; and when he beseeches her to 'be merry,' telling her :—

Your guests are coming :
Lift up your countenance, as it were the day
Of celebration of that nuptial, which
We two have sworn shall come,

She merely quietly rejoins :—

O lady fortune,
Stand you auspicious.

Equally characteristic in its way is the sweet dignity, combined with simplest modesty, conspicuous in Portia of Belmont's acceptance of Bassanio, when he has won her according to her father's will by choice of the right casket. It is the born lady who speaks—ladylike in her accustomed graciousness and dignified bearing—ladylike in its simplicity, modesty and generous humility :—

You see me, Lord Bassanio, where I stand,
Such as I am : though for myself alone
I would not be ambitious in my wish,
To wish myself much better ; yet for you,
I would be trebled twenty times myself :
A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times more rich ;
That only to stand high in your account,
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
Exceed account ; but the full sum of me
Is sum of nothing ; which, to term in gross,
Is an unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpractis'd :
Happy in this, she is not yet so old

But she may learn ; happier than this,
 She is not bred so dull but she can learn ;
 Happiest of all is, that her gentle spirit
 Commits itself to yours to be directed,
 As from her lord, her governor, her king.

In Helena we have a vigorous example of moral courage, perseverance, and steadfast faith in the power of self-help, together with a womanly self-abnegation and self-diffidence, when comparing herself and the man she loves. Witness her speeches of spirited confidence :—

Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,
 Which we ascribe to heaven ; the fated sky
 Gives us free scope ; only doth backward pull
 Our slow designs when we ourselves are dull.

And when she earnestly pleads to the king to let her essay for him her father's remedy :—

What I can do, can do no hurt to try,
 Since you shut up your rest 'gainst remedy.
 He that of greatest works is finisher,
 Oft does them by the weakest minister :

Dear Sir, to my endeavours give consent ;
 Of heaven, not me, make an experiment.
 I am not an impostor, that proclaim
 Myself against the level of mine aim ;
 But know I think, and think I know most sure.
 My art is not past power, nor you past cure.
 . . . The greatest grace lending grace,
 Ere twice the horses of the sun shall bring
 Their fiery torcher his diurnal ring ;
 Ere twice in murk and occidental damp
 Moist Hesperus hath quench'd his sleepy lamp ;
 Or four and twenty times the pilot's glass
 Hath told the thievish minutes how they pass ;
 What is infirm from your sound parts shall fly,
 Health shall live free, and sickness freely die.

And when, returning to gain the accomplishment of all her brave endeavours to win Bertram, how unflagging are her courage and energy :—

My husband hies him home; where, heaven aiding,
And by the leave of my good lord the king,
We'll be before our welcome. . . . We must away;
Our wagon is prepared, and time revives us:
All's well that ends well; still the fine's the crown;
Whate'er the course, the end is the renown.

Not even disappointment at finding the king has departed from where she goes to seek him discourages her; but she at once decides to follow him:—

All's well that ends well yet,
Though time seems so adverse and means unfit.
. We must to horse again,

At the same time that Helena is so firm and so self-reliant, she is very diffident of her own merits:—

It were all one,
That I should love a bright particular star
And think to wed it, he is so above me:
In his bright radiance and collateral light
Must I be comforted, not in his sphere.

And:—

I love your son:
My friends were poor but honest; so's my love:
Be not offended: for it hurts not him,
That he is loved of me; I follow him not
By any token of presumptuous suit;
Nor would I have him till I do deserve him,
Yet never know how that desert may be.

When, after marriage, he abruptly abandons her, she utters no reproach, only mournful regret; takes blame to herself for having been the cause of his leaving his home, and resolves to fly thence herself, that he may be free to return.

And in her brief speech to the king, after having cured him, and earned the reward he promised her, but which Bertram's disdainful rejection holds doubtful, she shows both spirit and submission, saying:—

That you are well restored, my lord, I am glad:
Let the rest go.

In Isabella, Shakespeare has shown us how warmly and earnestly a young maiden can plead, and dare to speak on most delicate and difficult subjects honestly and eloquently, when her appeal is to save a brother's life—a task most especially onerous in her case, who has been dwelling in the peace and security and purity of novitiate in a conventual life.

In Paulina he has given a specimen of womanly ardor in advocating a friend's cause—boldly confronting her royal master himself with plain-spoken remonstrance and rebuke, while vindicating her royal mistress's innocence, and striving to free her from the injustice of slanderous suspicion.

The venerable abbess in the *Comedy of Errors* affords a notable instance of judicious reproof and ingeniously administered demonstration of how it may be a wife's own fault if her husband prove neglectful and driven to distraction; while Luciana—sister to the lady who receives the abbess's subtly-given reprehension—presents a clever picture of a shrewd, calculating woman, who advises apparent submission and real domination, outward obedience and secret control. The conscientious wisdom and the worldly wisdom of the two female counselors are finely brought into unobtrusive but genuine contrast.

With exquisite skill in the delineation of Virgilia's character has Shakespeare taught the mode in which a young wife with a proud husband and a dominant mother-in-law may best preserve peaceful feelings for herself, and gain both esteem and love from them; for Volumnia, though she is in the habit of rating her daughter-in-law—ay, and roundly, too—has evidently a sterling regard and respect for her; while Coriolanus, her lofty husband, has the most passionate and tender affection for her. The secret of Virgilia's own tranquillity, and of her preserved attachment for mother-in-law and husband, lies in her power of holding her tongue. She knows how and when to be silent—a knowledge rarer, yet more precious, than many women properly appreciate; and therefore the rather should they reflect upon the monition that may be gathered from our dramatist's portrayal of Virgilia. Observe how he has drawn particular attention to this characteristic in her. When Coriolanus returns victorious from the wars,

and his mother, wife, friends, and fellow-citizens receive him with tumultuous acclamation, Virgilia's speechless heart-rapture is betokened by her husband's fond words:—

My gracious *Silence*, hail!

Would'st thou have laugh'd had I come coffin'd home,
That weep'st to see me triumph?

And she herself, in her deep joy, is content to utter no word during the whole remainder of the scene. In her depth of grief at her husband's banishment, she is equally reticent; for when his faithful friends and adherents gather round him while he is going forth from the city gates, after her first outburst of irresponsible anguish, 'O heavens! O heavens!' which her husband imperatively checks, she remains perfectly silent till all is over, and he is gone. She invariably leaves his devotedly attached and fully capable mother to influence him by argument and appeal; while, in turn, Volumnia as invariably yields to Virgilia the due right to be taken to his heart, and reign there. In token of this, see Volumnia's words in II, i: 'But O, thy wife!' when she herself in her motherly eagerness, and in the vehement impetuosity of her character, has been the first to greet him.

See also how, through Coriolanus's speech, we find that she lets Virgilia take the lead in reaching him and receiving his earliest embrace, when the Roman ladies go in procession to stir him, if possible, from his purpose of vengeance; and then how Virgilia leaves the eloquent and prevailing mother to plead with her son to relinquish his stern intention, and spare their native Rome.

From even the earliest portion of this grand play we may perceive how consistently and steadily its author has depicted Virgilia's forbearance from speech, and her quiet deference to her mother-in-law, with Volumnia's mingled sharpness of word-restraint and real yielding to her wishes. In the brief but wonderfully characteristic scene (the third of the first act), where the mother and wife of Coriolanus, while he is absent, receive a visit from their friend, the Lady Valeria, we see how Virgilia resists her persuasion to leave her 'stitchery' and come out of doors, even though the visitor has ingeniously bribed her by praise of her little son, and by promised 'excellent news' of her hus-

band, and though Volumnia enforces the persuasion; how Virgilia persistently abides by her resolution not to go 'over the threshold till my lord return from the wars'; and how, finally, Volumnia takes her part, gives way to her desire, by saying to Valeria, half-playfully, half-petulantly, 'Leave her alone, lady; as she is now, she will but disease our better mirth.' The sparing-speeched Virgilia is, indeed, a model of discreet conduct for a daughter-in-law; she avoids useless and unseemly word-contests, she refrains from talk when discussion or agitating event is going on, she placidly but usually gains her own way, and she secures the trusting attachment of those she most reveres and loves. Truly her character is worthy of serious consideration.

In Brutus's wife, Portia, and in Hotspur's wife, Lady Percy, we have glowing specimens of wifely eloquence, wifely interest, wifely devotion. Their respective speeches are magnificent; but space forbids their being quoted here. They are to be found towards the conclusion of *Julius Caesar*, I, ii, and in *1 Henry IV*: II, iii, and *2 Henry IV*: II, iii.

From scattered passages may be collected many points which Shakespeare instanced as supremely attractive in women. To cite a few:—

Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low,—an excellent thing in woman.

And:—

So delicate with her needle! An admirable musician!
Of so high and plenteous wit and invention!

And when a lady is spoken of, though she is disguised as a boy:—

How angel-like he sings!
But his neat cookery! He cut our roots in characters,
And sauced our broths, as Juno had been sick,
And he her dieter.

And again, a husband speaks thus of his wife:—

Thou art, alone
(If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,
Thy meekness saint-like, wife-like government,—
Obeying in commanding,—and thy parts
Sov'reign and pious else, could speak thee out),
The queen of earthly queens.

Happy she who at eight or nine years old has a copy of *Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare* given to her, opening a vista of even then understandable interest and enjoyment! Happy she who at twelve or thirteen has Shakespeare's works themselves read to her by her mother, with loving selection of fittest plays and passages! Happy they who in maturer years have the good taste and good sense to read aright the pages of Shakespeare, and gather thence wholesomest lessons and choicest delights!—MARY COWDEN CLARKE.—In *The Girl's Own Paper*, London, June, 1887.

Open Court.

That's a question; how shall we try it?

—*The Comedy of Errors*, V, 1, 421.

In this I'll be impartial; be you judge
Of your own cause.

—*Measure for Measure*, V, 1, 166.

THE DONNELLY DILEMMA.

[Our second Assistant Secretary of State, the Hon. Alvey A. Adee, in a letter not meant for publication, takes some exceptions to the cipher theory once again brought to notice by Mr. Donnelly in the current June and July numbers of the *North American Review*. It seemed good to give this criticism wider circulation, and accordingly, Mr. Adee having yielded his consent, part of this communication is here made an open letter. ED.]

. . . The fact is, that the time is not ripe for critical analysis of Mr. Donnelly's discovery. He keeps back so much that is essential to the application of his methods that a scientific refutation is impossible. In this, he is like your great townsman, Keely. No physicist, with due regard for his reputation, can undertake to demonstrate that Keely's motor is a fallacy. He can only say, dogmatically, that it appears to rest on a violation of all known laws of matter—to which

Mr. Keely rejoins: 'It is a violation of all known laws—because it is a new law—the law of molecular disintegration by vibratory force. We feel it to be a delusion, but we can't *prove* it such.

Now, Mr. Donnelly announces certain results which, in the few instances he has given, can be verified by actual count after certain arbitrary fashions—but the key to the key is withheld. He has never given the slightest intimation of the rules which, according to his own premises, *must* govern the system and prescribe an unerring method, showing whether the hyphenated, bracketed, or italicised words are to be used in each particular case, and from what point his counting begins,—and lastly, how order is to prevail in the arrangement of the heterogeneous jumble of words he picks out from the printed page.

The most that can be done now is, to demonstrate that a dilemma confronts Mr. Donnelly on one or other horn of which he runs the risk of impalement.

The plays on which he relies, 1 and 2 *Hen. IV*, and *Merry Wives*, were printed in quarto form twenty years or more before the folio. In the *Henry IV* plays, the two texts are substantially identical—the changes whether of revision, omission or addition, are infrequent in the passage from the quarto to the folio form, as compared with other altered plays like *Hamlet* or *Lear*. Most of the verbal constructions on which he dwells—the strained use of words and phrases—to claim that a cipher *must* be involved, are in the quartos. Thus we go back twenty-three or twenty-five years to find the 'worm-eaten hole of stone' and other phrases which he avers could not have been written by a sane man unless with the deliberate purpose of introducing words necessary to the all-pervading cipher. But these plays appear in the folio in strict chronological order, and the page-numbering follows in due sequence (with very few exceptions, and *those* varying in different copies of the folio). The page-numeration, therefore, does not arbitrarily fit the cipher, but the text, reprinted twenty years later, fits the page-numbers. Now, it is claimed that not only a 'quintuple' relation of the infolding words to the thing infolded exists (*i.e.*, that one word in five is a cipher-word), but it is alleged that in some pages more than *half* the words are cipher-words. So we have this alternative: either

(a) the quartos were so written and printed as to contain the hidden cipher, so that, when printed twenty years after, in the parallel columns of the folio, each cipher-word would fall naturally into its numerical place with reference to the page-number key, and, with but trifling changes of hyphenation and bracketing, unfold the cipher—or (b) the quartos do not contain the cipher, and were not framed with reference to future use, as a cipher, in the folio form—in which case the typographical changes are too few to account for half the words, or even one-fifth of them, being cipher-words.

Mr. Donnelly, by his reliance on the text-construction and the forced use of words (which are found in the quartos), seems to be committed to the first alternative. In this case, he is called upon to explain the singular spirit of prophecy pervading the work—as for instance, in the introduction of S. Albones (St. Albans), Bacon's title as Viscount, into the text of 1598—when he was not created Viscount St. Albans until January, 1621. [Bacon was plain Francis Bacon until 1603, when he became one of James's batch of 600 knights—and was made Baron Verulam in January, 1618.] Another prophetic instance is the alleged reference to Measure for Measure, which exists—if it exists at all—equally in the 1600 quarto,—whilst the play referred to was certainly not written until 1603-4.

The first alternative involves more of a strain on credulity than I think even Mr. Donnelly would care to impose. How, for instance, would Mr. Donnelly set about writing a quarto play now, which, twenty-three years hence, on being printed in parallel folio columns would, with trifling alterations, yield a cipher according to fixed rules of interpretation.

The second alternative involves an even greater strain. How, for instance, would Mr. Donnelly set about reprinting a twenty-year old play, even if written by himself, in folio form, so that, with a trifling alteration of hyphenation, bracketing, etc., half its words or one-fifth of them, would fall into a cipher narrative of events, some of them necessarily posterior to the original imprint. One might as easily print Washington's farewell address in folio form, so as to yield a connected narrative of the Beecher trial. The hyphenation, bracketing, italiciza-

tion and capitalization of the 1623 folio may perhaps seem more incomprehensible and arbitrary to Mr. Donnelly than to those who have diligently studied the imprints of the period, say from 1613 to 1630, when the wildest license prevailed in all these typographical peculiarities. It was a time of transition, and many of the compositors in London being then imported German craftsmen, the rules of Continental type-setting were creeping into English use. Approaches to a system are discernible. We find a beginning of the capitalization of nouns, which for a time became the English rule, and still obtains in Germany. Proper names are italicized; parenthetical expressions are bracketed, where before commas were used; and adjectival phrases of two, three or more words are frequently hyphenated. In the phrase 'smooth-comforts-false' (so hyphenated in the folio, but not in the quarto) I think I can see the effort of a German type-setter to make (as a German might do now-a-days) a visible word-picture of the *idea*, which is evidently 'smooth-false comforts' as opposed to 'true wrongs.'

If this book is ever published, and the Key to the Key honestly stated, it will, I doubt not, afford self-refutation, on the testimony of the quartos and in the light of a practical knowledge of the printing methods of the sixteenth and seventeenth century.

Till then, Mr. Donnelly and Mr. Keely may be bracketed, or hyphenated, and bide their time.

Very truly yours,

July 15, 1887.

ALVEY A. ADEE.

A NEW SHAKE-SPEARIAN ASSUMPTION.

[The following letter reaching us and conveying intelligence of a curious new-found philological light supposed to be strong enough to separate Shaxper or Shakspeare, the actor, from Shakespeare the dramatist, as the Baconians love to distinguish, is given here as a late bit of news from the London Bacon Society. ED.]

TO APPLETON MORGAN, ESQ.,

DEAR SIR:—

It is long since I last had the pleasure of corresponding with you, but a circumstance has occurred in the matter of the Shakespeare

controversy which, I think, will interest you, and which, I hope, you will consider sufficient to justify this, my intrusion upon your time and attention.

Dr. Zerffi in *Studies on the Science of General History*, now publishing (Hirschfeld Bros., London, 1887), discoursing upon the Indian Mythology, Part 2, p. 90—observes, ‘*Dierga*, like *Pallas*, takes her name from *vibrating* a lance. *Dierga* is the Indian representative of heroic valour, united with wisdom.’

In reply to my inquiry as to the occult meaning of the word ‘vibrating,’ Dr. Zerffi writes me as follows: “Take up a Greek dictionary and you will see that *παλλω-παλλεσθαι*, *παλλειν*, from which *Pallas*, the substantive, is derived, means to brandish, to sway, to quiver, to shake. That is quite clear. The sanskrit word *Dierga* has the same meaning, to shake, to vibrate. *Pallas Athene* means literally the shaking Goddess of Athens, and as she was represented scarcely ever without a spear, whether anybody called her the shaking Goddess has nothing to do with that fact that her name was derived from ‘shaking,’ and as she was represented with a spear, anybody might have called her allegorically, ‘The Shake-speare Goddess.’

Certainly this ability to thus dis-associate the name Shake-speare from that of Shakspeare, and to show that it might have been derived from an entirely different source, is a great aid, assistance and advance as to the inquiry into the authorship of the Shake-speare plays.

It also seems to throw some light upon Fuller’s mysterious piece of false Latin—*Hasti-vibrans*—which he applies to the author of the Shake-speare plays.

It seems to me probable that in selecting a nom-de-guerre for the concealed poet, the name of Shakspeare, the play-broker, may at first have occurred to Ben Jonson, and out of that the two arts and classical scholars, Bacon and Ben Jonson, may have educed the title Shake-speare, than which nothing could be more appropriate as applied to the Lord Chancellor of England—Nature and Art. Commending this new light to your consideration with free liberty to deal with it as you please, I remain with much respect and regards, and all good wishes,

Yours truly,

June, 1887.

WILLIAM HENRY SMITH.

Shakespeare Societies.

Such a holy witch
That he enchants societies into him;
Half all men's hearts are his.

—*Cymbeline*, I, vi, 166.

MAY MEETING OF THE NEW YORK SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY.—
The eighteenth regular meeting of the Society was held in Hamilton Hall May 26th, 1887, Mr. James E. Reynolds in the chair. The meeting was devoted to the disposition of accumulated arrears of business. The By-Laws of the Society were amended so as to provide as follows: that any society, club or other organization devoted to or organized for the purpose of reading, studying, or otherwise investigating the works of William Shakespeare, or the Shakespearian or Elizabethan Drama, may become a perpetual member of the Shakespeare Society of New York upon the same terms that are at present made to individuals becoming life-members, viz.: upon payment of the sum of fifty dollars at one payment, such payment to entitle such society, club or other organization to receive one copy each of the publications of the New York Shakespeare Society (except the Bankside Edition) as issued; said payment further entitling any and all members of the admitted society to the privileges of the floor of the New York Shakespeare Society for debate, reading of papers, etc., except the privilege of voting for officers. But such admitted society may designate one of its officers or members, residing in the State of New York, to cast one vote for such officers the same as if an individual member of the Society. Dr. Horace Howard Furness, of Philadelphia, was on motion duly elected a member. The Society then adjourned to the last Thursday in November.

'FRIENDS IN COUNCIL' SHAKESPEARE CLASS, TOPEKA, KAN.—

[Through an error in the make-up of the July number, the first part only was published of the report of Mrs. Adelaide H. Wood, summarizing the past season's study of Mrs. McMahon's Shakespeare class. The remainder of the report is accordingly given here with an apology for the interruption made. Ed.]

James Russell Lowell defines the motive of the play to be revenge as a religious duty; and inadequacy to its performance in one infirm of purpose, though never so highly gifted otherwise, the *application*. In Hamlet's case, to use the author's own words, 'The bond between the motive power and the operative faculties is relaxed and loose.' Lowell also believes the madness feigned, it being in accordance with the instinct of an imaginative nature, trying to escape the necessity laid upon it, to assume insanity while drifting and trusting to circumstances and chance to shape its course.

Jacob Feis, as reviewed by Karl Blind, argues that in *Hamlet* Shakespeare has so clearly delineated Montaigne, that the characters are identical, and that his motive in so doing was to warn his contemporaries against the pernicious influence of the brilliant Frenchman's philosophy, whose charm was generally felt and acknowledged in Shakespeare's time. This ingenious theory is ably wrought out by the author, and has the support of so learned a man as Max Müller, who believes that Shakespeare certainly had Montaigne in mind in portraying the character of Hamlet.

Goethe finds the key to Hamlet's character in the significant lines:—

The time is out of joint : O cursed spite,
That ever I was born to set it right!

—I, v, 198.

Shakespeare's motive being the depicting of a great deed laid upon a soul unequal to its performance. Hamlet is wrought upon from the outside far more powerfully than from within. He says: 'The hero has no plan, but the play is full of plan.'

Hudson insists that Hamlet was really mad, that so sensitive a nature could not withstand the successive shocks—the revulsion of

passionate emotion at his father's sudden taking off: violent disgust at his mother's outrageous conduct; the visit of the 'poor ghost,' with its tale of horror; the imposition of so tremendous a 'thing to do'; the imperative necessity for breaking off his relations with Ophelia; 'and so following.'—Hudson argues that Hamlet was in no sense a weakling, but in every point the reverse, possessing a strong moral nature whose every fibre revolted against the killing of his father's murderer, even when most strongly urged thereto.

Coleridge avers that 'Hamlet's mildness is but half false: he plays that subtle trick of pretending to act only when he is very near really being what he acts.' To understand the character of Hamlet we must bear in mind that one of Shakespeare's methods is to take a moral or an intellectual faculty in excess, and then put a person so constituted, under given circumstances. Hamlet exemplifies an overbalance of the imaginative power, whereby he becomes the creature of meditation, and loses the power of action.

Hazlitt calls Hamlet 'the most amiable of misanthropes,' incapable of deliberate action, and hurried into extremities only when he has no time to reflect. Upon the question of Hamlet's madness, he is quite silent.

Dowden declares Hamlet's malady to be as deeply seated in the heart as in the brain—with a preponderating power of reflection, every thought is impregnated with feeling. His life of study has given him culture of every kind but that of active life, his long course of thinking destroyed his very capacity even for belief, which requires a certain power of the will, so that he cannot adjust the infinite part of him to the finite. He assumes madness to conceal his actual disturbance of mind.

Despite Richard Grant White's advice to avoid Ulrici as a 'mad mystic' we did not turn him the cold shoulder. He repaid us with a somewhat bewildering non-solution of vexed questions. The secretary concluded the minutes of the afternoon's proceedings thus: 'Finally we were not sure whether it was Hamlet, Ulrici, or the *Friends in Council* who was mad.' Gervinus also perplexed and worried us with his 'all-overishness,' and we understood his explanations and elucubrations no better than those of his fellow-countryman.

White calls Gervinus a literary Dogberry who bestows his testimony upon the world with a generosity surpassing that of his prototype; and with characteristic spleen 'R. G. W.' declares that 'the Germans, like the Western diver, go down deeper, and stay down longer than other critics, but like him too, they come up muddier,' which statement *Friends in Council* are prepared to accept, *in toto*. This hurried résumé of our study of *Hamlet* may afford the indulgent participators in our anniversary festivities some idea of the lines worked on by us. In jotting down the points of argument in favor of this or that thing in the great masterpiece of dramatic literature I have sometimes thought:—

We do it wrong, being so majestic,
To offer it the show of violence;
For it is, as the air, invulnerable,
And our vain blows malicious mockery.

—I, i, 143.

THE LADIES' LITERARY CLUB, Cortland, N. Y., organized March, 1880, for the study of general literature; after taking a course of English literature, reading Lessing, Schiller, and Goethe, also the classics by translation, the *Iliad*, *Odyssey*, *Aeneid*, and the Greek dramatists, the Club settled into the study of Shakespeare, and has pursued that for some time with great advantage to its members. The historical plays were studied, the plays being read in the club, the characters assigned two weeks in advance. Critical essays upon prominent characters, upon the leading idea of the drama, the period of the action, the history of the play and the source of the plot, have been interesting features of the meetings of the Club, which is composed of about twenty members. The plays last studied have been *The Merchant of Venice* and *Hamlet*.

MRS. MARY B. STOWELL.

Reviews.

Observations,
Which with experimental seal doth warrant
The tenour of my book.

—*Much Ado About Nothing*, IV, i, 167.

MARLOWE'S 'FAUSTUS' and GREENE'S 'FRIAR BACON'



HIS edition* is worthy of special notice for several reasons. In the first place the plays themselves mark the culminating points, Greene's in Comedy, Marlowe's in Tragedy, of the pre-Shakespearian drama. The *Bacon* serves as a standard by which we can estimate the immense difference between the airy, natural, human comedy of the earliest sketches of the great master, and the artificial, uncharacterized buffoonery of his most popular predecessor. The *Faustus* proves that had it not been for the premature death of his academic rival, it might have been possible for England to possess the two greatest tragic writers of the world. Ignorant as we are of the form in which Shakespeare's earliest collaborations were presented to the audiences at the Cross-Keys and the Rose, we may yet safely assert, that until the production of *Richard II*, in 1595, he had given no proof of tragic power, and that not till the *Hamlet* of 1601, thirteen years subsequent to Marlowe's *Faustus*, did he show a capability of surpassing the sublime scene which ends that play, or of eclipsing the treatment of supernatural subjects which,

* *Old English Drama. Select Plays. Marlowe, Tragical History of Dr. Faustus; Greene, Honourable History of Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay.* Edited by A. W. WARD, Litt.D. Second edition revised and enlarged. Clarendon Press, 1887. London: Henry Frowde. New York: Macmillan & Co. For sale in Philadelphia by J. B. Lippincott Co. Clo. 8vo. cxxxv. 296 pp. (6s. 6d., or \$1.60).

even long after that date, still made Marlowe's creation as great a favorite with the groundlings of the seventeenth century as it has been with the greatest poets of a later time—Goethe, Byron, and Shelley. But Mr. Ward's book is something more than a mere presentment of plays so well deserving notice from the general readers for their own sake; it is almost a unique example of scholarly editing. At a time when 'new' editions of Shakespeare, founded on the 1821 variorum, with the help of a little cheap erudition derived from Schmidt's *Lexicon* and the indexes to Abbott's *Grammar* are as plentiful as blackberries, and spoiled re-hashings of Dyce's editions of the lesser dramatists are regarded as scholarly exemplars, it is most refreshing to come on a monograph exhibiting the patient labor, the careful choice of material, the artistic setting of this one. It is deserving of a place on every student's shelves by the side of the great work of Dr. Furness, and may there serve to show how far American sympathy exceeds that of England for all that illustrates the dramatic history of the greatest period of English literature. For this, and one or two other monographs, are all that we can really claim, in England, as truly original work by way of editing our elder drama, since the issue of Dyce's excellent series. Mr. Ward, moreover, has the advantage of a catholic acquaintance with the drama of other European countries; he is equally at home in the plays of Schiller, Molière, Calderon, Alfieri or Oehlenschläger—he is a sound, classical scholar, and knows his *Æschylus* and *Plautus* as well as his *Goethe* and *Regnard*, *Nihil dramatici sibi alienum putat*; and he writes in a style at least as good as that of any contemporary dramatic critic, Professor Dowden alone being really worthy of standing by his side. Taking his qualifications altogether, he is *facile princeps* among his contemporaries, and the only object of regret caused by his present volume is that we should be receiving from his hand a monograph, however valuable, instead of a new edition of his *English Dramatic Literature*, corrected and enlarged to the extent of our present knowledge.

Literary Notes.

When comes your book forth?
Upon the heels of my presentment, sir.

—*Timon of Athens*, I, i, 88.

IF THE marksman is known to be skillful, one may judge by the exactness of the hit, what the aim was. Then, in looking over the fair, clear pages of the new *Victoria Shakespeare*, in three volumes, divided, according to the first folio fashion, into comedies, histories and tragedies—with the addition of the poems—three well-proportioned books that fit the grasp easily and open wide to a well-backed binding; in running the eye along the chosen text—the ‘Globe’ version, but in larger type—unmarred by note or comment more obtrusive than the sudden apparition of a printer’s dagger, †, so, before a reading which Mr. Aldis Wright thereby shows he is not content with yet; and in following on to the crowning touch of this edition, the full and newly prepared glossary, one may see, then, by the exactness of the hit, that Messrs. Macmillan & Co. have intended to make their jubilee-year *Shakespeare* the standard popular edition. There is, it seems, no longer an excuse left to stand on for anyone to own a ‘family edition’ of Shakespeare, in a single, fat, clumsy, illegible, centre-table volume, when he may have, cheap, the standard text set forth by irreproachable types and paper, not after the heavy manner of a bible or a dictionary, but with all the affable air of a three-volume novel.

One thing might be better about it. Why did not the skillful publishers give this edition the ‘Globe’ line-numbering, too? Perhaps it was out of regard for the unmolested sale of their old single

volume 'Globe' edition. Surely, everyone would prefer for use on the reference shelf in a type that does not try the eyes a three-volume edition, with the convenient Comedy, History and Tragedy division, of the standard text, together with the standard line-numbering.

(The Victoria Edition. *The Works of William Shakespeare*. Macmillan & Co., London and New York. 1887. 3 vols. 8 vo. \$1.75 each, or \$5.00.)

ANOTHER recent issue of Macmillan's is especially acceptable to Shakespearians—the Clarendon Press edition of Boswell's Johnson—for in the illustrious roll of Shakespeare editors there is no name more luminous and attractive to the student of English letters than that of Dr. Samuel Johnson. And, of all the innumerable editions of this photographic biography, perhaps none has so many biographical advantages as has this, by reason of its careful editing, full index and concordance, some additional letters hitherto unpublished, and new light tending to clear up some obscurities.

(Boswell's *Life of Samuel Johnson*. Edited by George Birkbeck Hill, D.C.S. Pembroke College, Oxford. Macmillan & Co. 1887. 6 vols. \$16.00.)

THE examination questions on *Hamlet* and on *Macbeth* in Professor Thom's useful and excellent little book, *Two Shakespeare Examinations*, are revised in a new edition now ready for the press, and to these are added examinations on *Lear*, *Othello*, and *The Merchant of Venice*, also a Chaucer examination set chiefly by Professor Child, of Harvard, and based upon the 'Prologue,' 'The Knight's Tale,' and 'The Nun's Priest's Tale' of the *Canterbury Tales*. Some further notes and suggestions are incorporated with the remarks in the earlier edition on the study of Shakespeare in Schools and in Shakespeare Reading Clubs, and not the least interesting and profitable of the new matter resulting from recent school-work will be found an additional examination, or rather discussion, in which a post-graduate student bears a hand, on 'some aspects of womanhood in Chaucer, Shakespeare, and Tennyson.'

Professor Thom's aim—to stimulate Shakespeare study, both directly and by comparison—is well known. His especial methods may not necessarily be adaptable to all needs or conditions, yet to all such they can afford hints and contrasts applicable in various ways to school-room culture, and to all lovers of Shakespeare, Professor Thom's class-work in higher English must appeal, not only because it may be seen to have aroused his own pupils to earnest work, but because it is manifestly to him an enthusiasm and a labor of love. The volume will be published shortly by Ginn & Co., of Boston.

• MR. JOHN BARTLETT'S *New and Complete Concordance or Verbal Index to the Dramatic Works of Shakespeare* is now passing through the hands of the printers. It will make a work of about 1600 quarto pages; the 'Globe' will be the text used; a unique feature of it will be that the passages given will be full enough to make further reference to the text itself unessential.

THE NEW publishing firm of Messrs. Benjamin & Bell of New York, whose first season is promisingly begun by the issue and announcement of a range of volumes offering various classes of attraction for book-lovers, are to publish Mr. Appleton Morgan's forthcoming work, *Shakespeare in Fact and in Criticism*. The curious little satire on *The Poet and Poetry of America*, which opens their catalogue, is a dainty reprint, in linen-paper covers, of a cheap, anonymous pamphlet of 1847, issued by a Race St. printer, of Philadelphia. It is now 'enlarged to as much again as it was' by an elaborate argument, with accompanying notes, setting forth the claim of the present editor, 'Geoffrey Quarles, that the disgruntled critic who penned this satire, signing himself 'Lavante,' and who vented his phials of scorn at Griswold's early puffery of poets half-forgotten, a list illumined only by the persistent names of Bryant, Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes and Lowell, was either Edgar Allan Poe *aut diabolus*, that is to say, if one may define the diabolus, in this case, someone unknown who wrote 'with Poe's experience, Poe's doctrines, Poe's animus and in Poe's language.' The restoration of this fugitive piece will interest explorers in the byways of American literary beginnings. Another volume announced *Society*

Verse by American Authors, the expressed essence of our facile magazine school of poets, fresh from the De Vinne press, too—appeals, on the other hand, to those who like the new and present; while a spicy pessimistic novel—*Mr. Incoul's Misadventure*, by Edgar Saltus—and the enlarged fourth edition of Ireland's *Book-Lover's Euechiridion*—compact of choice and happy bits, skillfully arranged, fit for the nice taste of literary epicures—seem framed to challenge the attention of other factions of the book-market. Neither then, we may be sure, are the claims of the Shakespeare cult forgotten. The President of the New York Shakespeare Society has spent some of the warm days of this sultry summer in correcting the proof sheets for the Shakespearian contribution, to this new firm's book-list, and the volume in question now in the hands of the binders, will be out this month. Of the nine essays which make up the volume, several are in the line of treatment of the same subjects written of by Mr. Morgan in recent articles contributed to current magazines. The titles range over an easy circuit of good hunting grounds. 'Shakespeare and the Aesthetic Critics,' 'Whose Sonnets?' 'Sir Wm. Davenant and the first Shakespearian Revival,' 'The growth and vicissitudes of a Shakespearian play,' 'Have we a Shakespeare among us?' and others. The change of tone which is perceptible in Mr. Morgan's later writings and the riper study he has devoted to Shakespearian matters will both have their share in making the new volume especially notable.

A UNIQUE new edition of Shakespeare, now in preparation, has these good points: the standard text, line for line, numbered; full glossary and notes of the Cambridge, Dyce, and Valpy editions; these notes neither being relegated, unsightly, to the foot of the page, nor teasing you to turn for them to the end of the volume but standing unobtrusively in smaller type, within glance, as near as possible to obscure words; volumes of small convenient size, seven in all, printed in a clear and exquisite type from a new font, on hand-made Holland, and on Japan paper. In case some Shakespeare students would like so dainty a volume it is planned to issue a few copies on thin bond writing paper. This edition of excellent promise is to be issued by George Barrie, the well known art-book publisher of Philadelphia.

Miscellany.

To knit again

This scattered corn into one mutual sheaf.

—*Titus Andronicus*, V, 111, 70.

THE SHAKESPEARE MEMORIAL.—The 323d anniversary year of Shakespeare's birth was memorably begun by the meeting called by Mr. Irving, at the Lyceum Theatre, on the eve of the poet's birthday. But much work remains to be set on foot during this passing year, if the impetus then given to the idea of building at Stratford-on-Avon a universal memorial of the poet's birth into the heart of England and English-speaking people shall be productive of fit results. Those who read the very full account of the Lyceum meeting given in the June number of this magazine (p. 290), know with what enthusiasm measures were taken to secure such results. The leaflet inserted at the end of the present number, which is the circular sent out by the standing committee, sums up these measures. It may serve to indicate clearly just what help will be acceptable, and how all who honor Shakespeare may bear a hand in the work proposed to be done, and it is here given with the idea that it may prompt each reader of SHAKESPEARIANA to offer what aid he may. Mr. Frederick Hawley, the Memorial librarian and a member of the English Committee, writes that he is desirous of forming in this country an American Committee of gentlemen who take an interest in Shakespearean matters, who will appreciate the objects set forth in this circular, and will make an effort to collect and send the Memorial Library, at Stratford-on-Avon, every Shakespeare edition and a copy

of every Shakespearian work that has been published in the United States, with contributions of general and dramatic literature coming within the scope of the resolutions. The gentlemen proposed to serve on this committee are, Messieurs H. H. Furness, G. W. Childs, W. J. Rolfe, Wm. Winter, Edwin Booth, Augustin Winsor, and James Russell Lowell.

THE following summary of the works now contained in the Library, and the complete list of American publications included, which is furnished SHAKESPEARIANA by Mr. Hawley, will serve to show what is already on the shelves, and, scarcely less clearly, how many works remain to be put there. The deficiencies in the American list call for the American Committee's attention, and there are many readers of this magazine who can assist the Committee to supply these deficiencies.

STRATFORD-ON-AVONSHAKESPEARE MEMORIAL LIBRARY.

LIST OF AMERICAN PUBLICATIONS.

COMPLETE WORKS:	Vols.	Size.	
1802. Boston . . .	8	duo.	M. of V. 1871. Booth's Ed.
1878, etc. Furness' Variorum (in prog.) . .		8o.	M. Wives. 1886. Daly's Ed.
1884. Rolfe's Friendly Ed. N. York . . .	20	duo.	Othello. N. D. Booth's Ed.
SEP. PLAYS:			Rich. III. N. D. Booth's Ed.
Hamlet. 1865. Booth's Ed.			" 1875. "
J. Caesar. 1871. Booth's Ed.			Romeo and J. N. D. "
Macbeth. N. D. Booth's Ed.			T. Shrew. 1887. Daly's Ed.
M. of V. N. D. Booth's Ed.			" " (A second copy, handsomely bound and mounted on Imp. Fo., and illus. with photographs of the Company, etc.
			Twelfth Night. 1881. N. York. Rolfe's Ed.

SHAKESPEARIANA:	Vols.	Size.
1848. Romance of Yachting. N. York	1	8o.
1858. Sh.'s Dream. Brougham. "		

		Vols.	Size.
1860.	Inquiry into Collier's Sh.	pam.
1864.	Lowell Sh. Memorial 1	8o.
1865.	Golden Leaves from Sh., etc. N. York 1	duo.
1866.	Sh.'s Delineations of Insanity. " 1	duo.
1870.	Index of vols. citing from Sh. in W. S. Walker's Liby. Phila.
1875.	Concordance to Poems. Mrs. Furness. Lippincott 1	8o.
1876.	Sh. Article (in <i>The Western</i>). St. Louis	8o.
1879.	Harvard University. Sh. Poems. Cam., Mass.	4o.
1879.	Article on S.-on-A. (<i>Harper's Mag.</i>) N. York
1881.	The Sh.'n Myth. Morgan. Cinci. 1	8o.
1881.	S.-on-A., etc. (in 'The Trip to England'). Boston 1	duo.
1881.	Harvard University. Halliwelliana. Cam., Mass. 1	4o.
1881.	S.-on-A. (<i>Harper's Mag.</i>)
1882.	Authorship of Sh. Holmes. Houghton & Co. 1	8o.
1882.	Some Sh.'n Commentators. Morgan. Cinci.	8o.
1882.	Ancient Lethe (in type-writing)
1882.	The Subjection of Hamlet. Leighton. Lippincott 1	4o.
1882-5.	Minutes of Phila. Sh. Socy. (Sh. Quotations)	pam. 4o.
1883.	Two Sh. Examinations. Thom. Boston 1	duo.
1883.	The English of Sh. Craik. Boston 1	8o.
1884.	Bacon and Sh. Bibliography. Wyman. Cinci. 1	8o.
1884.	Sh. and Bacon's Scrap-Books (<i>Am. Monthly</i>). Chicago
1884.	Whist Club. Quotations. Columbus, O.
1884.	Quotations of April, the Poet's Month (<i>Am. Monthly</i>) Chicago
1884.	Medical Thoughts of Sh. Field. Phila.	pam. 8o.
1884.	English Rambles. Winter. Boston 1	duo.
1884.	A Dream of Sh. Cinci.	8o.
1884.	Essay on Hamlet. Schaeffer. Phila.	pam. Fo.
1885.	The Bacon and Sh. Controversy. Dawson. Columbus	8o.
1885.	Medical Thoughts of Sh. Field. 2d Ed. Easton, Pa. 1	8o.
1885.	Sh. Autograph in the Ward Folio (<i>The Current</i>)
1885.	Cat. of Sh. Books. Crosby Liby.	8o.
1885.	Shakespeariana. L. Scott Pub. Co.
1886.	The Authorship of Sh. Holmes. Boston 2	8o.
1886.	What we really know about Sh. Dall. Boston 1	8o.
1886.	Proof that Sh. couldn't write. Burr. N. York 1	duo.
1886.	The Mystery of Sh. revealed. Churcher. Detroit 1	duo.
1887.	Sh.'s Insomnia. Herd. Boston 1	duo.
1887.	Legend of Hamlet. Hansen. Chicago 1	duo.
1887.	Was Sh. Shapleigh? Winsor. Houghton & Co. 1	duo.
DRAMA:			
1844.	Irene (in Saml. Johnson's works). N. York	8o.

	Vols.	Size.
N. D. Brutus. Booth's Ed.	8o.
1880. Nero. Comfort. Phila.	duo.
BIOGRAPHY, ETC. :		
1881-2. American Actor Series. Winter, etc. Boston 5	duo.
1884. Richardson's Recitals. N. York pam.	
1885. Henry Irving. Winter. " 1	8o.
MIS. AND GENL. LITERATURE :		
1844. Works of Saml. Johnson. Murphy. N. York 2	8o.
1887. Poems. Winter 1	duo.

[Sixty-five entries cover the ground! and several of these pamphlets of the slightest calibre, though desirable, of course, as adding to the completeness of such a Shakespearian cairn as this Memorial Library should be.]

LIST OF SHAKESPEARE EDITIONS.

MEMORIAL LIBRARY, 13 JUNE, 1887.

	No. of works. Vols.		No. of works. Vols.
Complete works	84 661	M. for M.	3
Selections	11 69	Mer. of Ven.	13
SEP. PLAYS :		Mer. Wives	11
All's Well	4	M. N. Dream	7
Ant. and C.	7	Much Ado	10
As Y. L. It	8	Othello	17
Com. of E.	5	Pericles	2
Coriol.	11	Rich. II.	7
Cymbeline	12	" III	15
Hamlet	22	Rom. and Jul.	13
1 Hen. IV	10	T. Shrew	7
2 "	9	Tempest	9
Hen. V	3	T. of Ath.	5
1 Hen. VI	1	T. And.	3
2 "	2	T. and Cres.	3
3 "	3	T. Night	12
Hen. VIII	12	Two G. of V.	5
J. Caesar	18	W. Tale	12
K. John	12		-314 314
K. Lear	7	Ascribed Plays : Collec-	
Love's L. L.	2	tions	2
Macbeth	12	Ascribed Sep. Plays	10
			-12 12

	No. of works.	Vols.		No. of works.	Vols.
Poems, etc.: Collections	6		Hist. of the Stage,		
" Separate	2		etc.	65	74
		8		—	—257
Shakespeariana	456	559			305
Foreign Comp. works	9	60	FOREIGN DRAMA:		
" Selections	6	19	Complete works	10	49
" Sep. Plays	41	41	Selectns. and Sep.		
" Ascribed	4	4	Plays	9	9
" Poems, etc.	5	5	Hist. of the Stage,		
" Shakespa.	55	56	etc.	6	8
		—120		—	25
DRAMA:		185	Mis. and Gen. Literature	67	623
Comp. works	41	79			1354
Selectns. and Sep.			Sep. Plays omitted		2802
Plays	151	152			24
					1378

From the latter summary it will be seen that the Library of the Shakespeare Memorial consists at present, including pamphlets, of 2,826 volumes. Among them are eighty-four complete works of Shakespeare and three hundred and thirty-eight separate plays. The volumes of ascribed plays and of the poems number twenty; of Shakespeariana there are four hundred and fifty-six works and pamphlets; and the foreign copies of Shakespeare editions and literature amount to one hundred and twenty. The drama is represented by two hundred and fifty-seven works, the foreign drama by twenty-five, and the works on miscellaneous and general literature number sixty-seven, including the papers of the old and new Shakespeare Societies, and the Chaucer and Early English Text Societies. The earliest edition in the Library is the second folio of 1632, and there is no other early edition of the plays or works, either original or reprint, except Staunton's Fac-Simile of the first folio.

America is represented in the above list by Rolfe's Edition of the complete works, by a Boston edition of 1802, and by Dr. Furness's, as far as it is yet issued; and its copies of the separate plays number thirteen only. Shakespeariana has contributed forty-two works and pamphlets, the drama six, and miscellaneous and general literature two. It is evident there is ample room for additions, and

America, which has so many Shakespeare Societies, and so many ardent students and admirers of the great poet, can help. An endeavor should be made to send to it, at the least, a copy of every Shakespearian work that has been published in America, with as much else as can be spared of other editions, as well as of general and dramatic literature. It must be our business to see that our Minister in his speech at the Memorial Meeting, in the Lyceum in London, formed a true estimate of his fellow-citizens in saying they would not only consent to contribute, but would claim it as a right and a privilege.

THE SHAKESPEARE FOUNTAIN AND THE BANCROFT GARDENS.—Stratford-on-Avon celebrated the jubilee on the 20th of June with all ambitious paraphernalia of banquetting, fire-works, processions, and speech-making, but the eminent events of the day were the opening of the 'Bancroft Gardens' and the laying of the corner-stone of the new clock and drinking fountain, presented to Shakespeare's town 'on behalf of the American nation,' as the generous donor put it, by Mr. G. W. Childs, of Philadelphia.

A peril had threatened the naming of the gardens then opened for the good of the town, which Mr. Sam: Timmins happily averted. A proposition was thoughtlessly made to call these grounds the 'Jubilee' Gardens, which did not lack for efficient protest from one of the most zealous and public-spirited of English Shakespearians in a vigorous letter published in the *Stratford Herald* of June 10th. 'One of the many charms of Stratford,' he wrote, 'is its old-world names. "Rother-Market," "Guild Chapel," "Scholar's-lane," "Old Town," and others help us to recall Shakespeare's Stratford, and surely no good reason can be given for changing old names for new.

Is it true that the new gardens by the Avon are to be called the "Jubilee" Gardens? What has the Jubilee to do with this excellent and graceful work for the good of the town? The Queen and the Court have not subscribed. The proposal and the payment are entirely local, and the local character of the work ought to be kept. "What's in a name?" Much, very much; and when a good name exists, why change? Why not the Bancroft Gardens? That is an

old familiar name; it is, further, historical—the Bank Croft, the Croft on the River Bank. It has pleasant associations with the Bank-side Theatre, and was a household word with Shakespeare from his boyhood to his death.

Surely Stratford will not follow the precedent of the Charnel-house, the College, and the Mulberry Tree, and remove or change needlessly memorials of Shakespeare's days.

And so, the Stratford Gardens, thanks to a word in time, retained a good old name when they were formally opened for the use of the burgesses of the borough forever. Mr. Charles Flower defrayed the expense of laying out the Gardens, and Mr. Edgar Flower also assisted in their adornment. Shakespeare, of course, furnished the quotation from *Julius Cæsar*, which is inscribed over the entrance:—

He hath given you all the walks on this side Tiber,
Common pleasures to walk abroad and recreate yourselves.

Dr. Macaulay, the editor of the *Leisure Hour*, through whom the generous Philadelphian proffered his gift to Stratford, conferred with Mr. Timmins as to the design chosen for the fountain and the site selected. The open space in Rother St., whence the fountain may be seen to advantage, was the situation decided upon, and accordingly here the jubilee throng, its dignitaries, processions and the undistinguished crowd, gathered on the 20th to witness the laying of the corner-stone by Lady Hodgson, the wife of his Honor, the Mayor of Stratford. The Mayor received a letter from Mr. Childs, regretting that he would be unable to be present at the opening of the fountain. Later, when the fountain will be completed, it is hoped that the American Minister and Mr. Irving may come to Stratford. The monument, which is being carried out by Mr. R. Bridgeman, of Lichfield, according to the design and under the superintendence of Mr. Jethro A. Cossins, of Birmingham, will be about fifty feet high to the summit of the gilt vane, and twenty-eight feet at the base. The cost is estimated at £1,000. It is composed of three stages, and is crowned by a circular spire of concave outline, surrounded by four spirelets, each with gilded terminals. The structure is square on plan, with massive diagonal buttresses at the corners. In the base are the

troughs and basins of the fountain, all of polished Peterhead granite. Over these on the four sides are pointed moulded arches on columns, with carved capitals. The tympanum of each arch is filled in with geometric traceries and carved foliage. In the four rectangular spaces beneath the springing lines of the arches are the following inscriptions, all of which were selected and arranged by Dr. Macaulay:—

1. 'The gift of an American citizen, George W. Childs, of Philadelphia, to the town of Shakespeare in the Jubilee year of Queen Victoria.'

2. 'In her days every man shall eat in safety under his own vine what he plants, and sing the merry songs of peace to all his neighbours. God shall be truly known; and those about her, from her shall read the perfect ways of honour, and by those claim their greatness, not by blood.'—*Henry VIII*, Act v, scene 3.

3. 'Ten thousand honours and blessings on the bard who hath gilded the dull realities of life with innocent illusions.'—Washington Irving's 'Stratford-on-Avon.'

Over the drinking fountain:—

'Honest water, which ne'er left man i' the mire'—*Timon of Athens*, Act i, scene 2.

In the second story are arcades of three arches, with circular turrets at the corners, and in the upper story the four dials of the clock, under enriched gablets, with finials representing Mustard Seed, Cobweb, Moth, and Pease Blossom. The buttresses of the lower story terminate in lions and eagles alternately, bearing shields with the arms of Great Britain and with the Stars and Stripes of the United States. With the exception of the granite basins, steps and plinth, the whole is to be executed in a fine-grained, very hard and durable stone, of a delicate grey tint, from Bolton Wood, in Yorkshire.

A statement on vellum of the dedication of the fountain, together with coins of the realm, and copies of the *Illustrated London News* of June 18, 1887, of the *July Leisure Hour*, giving a description and illustration of the fountain, and a copy of the *Stratford-on-Avon Herald* of June 17th, 1887, were deposited within the corner-stone by Lady Hodgson.

HUXLEY ON THE NEXT BEST THING TO SHAKESPEARE.—At a recent jubilee celebration in Warwickshire, Mr. Huxley, in the course of making a short address on the scientific, literary, artistic and legis-

lative progress of the reign of Queen Victoria said, that in many things the age resembled that of Queen Elizabeth, and that, though we had no Shakespeare, we had 'the next best thing, a desire to study and appreciate him.'

THE SCHOOL-BOY AS A SHAKESPEARIAN COMMENTATOR.—Among the 'genuine answers to examination questions in our public-schools,' collected by Miss Le Row in *English as She is Taught*, few of the doubled-edged comicalities in which it abounds are more significant than the school-children's comments on Shakespeare. Witness these examples.

Shakespeare is an English author, who is uncomputed.

Shakespeare was a fiction and allegorical writer. His father married a lady of means, but they became greatly reserved in circumstances. His most intimate friend was Ben Butler, who was also a great fiction writer.

Shakespeare translated the Scriptures, and it was called St. James because he did it.

On the play of *Hamlet*: *Hamlet* set to the stage by so many eminent artists, bears strongly the character and mind of the writer. It has been judged not much over much, and still holds the palm.

Hamlet was a young man, very nervous. He was always dressed in black, because his uncle had killed his father by shooting him in his ear. He could not go to the theatre because his father was dead, so he had the actors come to his house and play in the front parlor, and he learned them to say the words because he thought he knew best how to say them. And then he thought he would kill the King, but he didn't. Hamlet liked Ophelia. He thought she was a very nice girl, but he didn't marry her because she was going to be a nunnery. Hamlet went to England, but he didn't like it very much, so he came home. Then he jumped into Ophelia's grave and fought a duel with her brother. Then he died.


Hamlet was exceedingly sensitiveness. He denounced his mother because she entered the matrimonial condition, and showed her two photographs, which he said one was Hesperus and one a satire. He was engaged to Ophelia, but had to neglect her, as he was obliged to give his attention to revenging his father's death. His uncle was the murderer of his father, Hamlet's father. He had a mournful existence, and was a great philosopher.

NOTES ON THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

[THE following notes have been made while studying the plays with a view to testing my theory of their growth by accretion in the actors' mouths, in the interval between about their first quarto and first folio dates. My point is that if we can find allusions in the folio text to occurrences of exceedingly slight local and temporary importance—which happened at considerable intervals of time between those dates—those allusions are more likely to have been interpolations made during the stage-life of the plays, than parts of their original draughts. To believe otherwise appears to me to suppose that these trivial and unimportant incidents were carefully treasured up in the dramatist's memory, and the allusions to them sprinkled into the plays at his final revision, which, I think, would have been almost as impossible as for him to have anticipated them prophetically. These notes, however, are offered, not insistively, but with submission to the critical readers of SHAKESPEARIANA, for whose criticisms I should be very thankful.

Glamorgan, July, 1887.

APPLETON MORGAN.]

HE 1602 version of *The Merry Wives of Windsor* is such a mere outline, and the difficulties of supposing it the work of anybody with the merest knack of stage business so great, that I am obliged to believe it 'stolen and surreptitious.' But that all these quartos were stolen from Shakespeare, I find it equally impossible to credit. Shakespeare was certainly no fool in business matters. He may have been unfortunate enough to be robbed once. But had he suffered himself to be robbed periodically and at stated intervals, he would have deserved no such tender term as 'unfortunate.' The man whose house is regularly 'burglarized' as often as night comes, surely expects no sympathy. And if Shakespeare knew that the plays he produced were to be stolen as fast as he mounted them on his boards, he would have taken the advantage of his own experience and found means to stop the proceedings.

The conclusion proper in the premises may yet be evolved. Did Shakespeare sell the stealage as well as the stage-right of his plays? Was the piracy outside obtained from him as well as the performing of them inside? Or did he merely sell the use of his name (which latter theory would account for all the sonnets, poems, doubtful plays, etc., which Heninges and Condell rejected)? The man who took care not to be defrauded out of a bushel of malt at Stratford, surely would not see others making a profit out of merchandise to which he had a prior claim at London—not once, but in some thirty-eight instances—himself being in London, and on the ground himself, all the time.

Unlike any other of the canonical comedies, *The Merry Wives of Windsor* is, in its robust action and high coloring, exactly and exclusively English—instead of French, Italian, Spanish or classical. Moreover it is unlike any of Shakespeare's other English plays, in that it deals, not with historical matter which could at any time have been taken from the chronicles and made up into a play at pleasure, but with allusions to such local incidents of trifling importance and of temporary interest as had occurred at intervals of a few months or a few years apart, during the twenty-one years which elapsed between 1602 and 1623. It seems impossible that all these trifling incidents should have been carefully memorized and allusion to them inserted in a lump in the play long years after. Whatever momentary importance they had possessed had entirely disappeared. It seems much more rational to believe the 1602 quarto to have been a fair short-hand of the play written in response to Elizabeth's suggestion and the folio version, the product of this twenty-one years of growth—by increment of localisms, asides, interpolations and by-play of the actors, or by touches of the dramatist himself—as the popular ear was to be caught—the product, as it stood in 1623; when such play-books of the comedy as came first to hand were taken by Heninges and Condell to print from.

I pass to a rapid résumé of what appear to me unmistakable signs of their local and intermittent growth of twenty-one years.

Merry Wives, I, i: The country justice Shallow, since being a wit-

ness to the discomfiture of Falstaff in the last scene of *2 Henry IV*, has picked a quarrel with the fallen nobleman, and is now threatening 'to make a star-chamber matter of it.' So far goes the 1602 version. But in that of 1623, this quarrel is made use of by the dramatist for an entirely novel situation and purpose. Nothing is better authenticated in the life of William Shakespeare than the unpleasantness arising in his youth between himself and a certain Sir Thomas Lucy 'touching deer stealing.' It now appears that after production of the play written at Elizabeth's order, it occurred to him that here was the precise opportunity for revenging this unpleasantness, especially since his legal luminary had been imported into the very neighborhood where the unpleasantness had occurred. To render Shallow a little nearer the likeness of Sir Thomas Lucy, the dramatist touches him up from a justice of the peace into a 'justice of the quorum' (or, as Slender says, 'coram'). A 'justice of the quorum' was a third justice of the county; called in, ostensibly to assist, but usually to aggravate, the incompetency of the other two, in cases of supposed county importance. The institution was universal to the entire kingdom, even among the then little visited hills of Wales. In Lewis Dunn's 'Visitation of Wales in the years 1586-1616' (years almost exactly corresponding to Shakespeare's London career), 'written in an extraordinary compound of Welsh and English, scarcely to be understood in either tongue,' he speaks of 'Dustin or Pies or Cyrym,' that is, 'Justice of the Peace and of the Quorum' (*Limbus Patrum Morganiae et Glamorganiae*. George T. Clarke. Lambard's *Eisen Archa* 1607. London: Wyman & Sons, 1886). This justice of the quorum was ex officio always the *Custos Rotulorum*, which tremendous title the popular wit at a very early date metamorphosed into 'high cockalorum,' in which form it survives to-day. The popular idea of a justice of the peace—that of a more than average nincompoop inspired by the moon to make himself as utterly ridiculous as possible—was indeed recognized in the very law-books of the period. 'Because,' said Lord Holt in *How v. Prin.* (Holt 652), 'it is not a slander to call a justice of the peace blockhead, ass, etc., for it was not his fault that he was a blockhead, for he cannot be otherwise than

his Maker made him,' and there are three or four other cases in the books to the same effect. In their jurisdiction of petty assaults these *pie poudre* magnates had full scope for their stupidity, and their decisions were by-words among the very yokels and rustic oafs, who paraphrased them much as did Sampson, when careful to inquire if it were libellous to admit that he bit his thumb, not at Abram and Gregory, but on general principles (*Romeo and Juliet*, I, i, 50).

When it first occurred to Shakespeare to make Shallow over into a lampoon on Sir Thomas, we may, of course, never know. But the Davies minute on Shakespeare ('Sir Lucy . . . had him oft whipt, and sometimes imprisoned, and at last made him fly his native country to his great advancement; but his revenge was so great that he is his Justice Clodpate, and calls him a great man, and that in allusion to his name bore three lowses rampant for his arms') shows that the hit was recognized and appreciated. 'Clodpate' may have been the reverend gentleman's heterophemy for 'Shallow:' or the actors, who were not letter perfect (we see how they make Slender swear sometimes by his gloves and sometimes by his handkerchief in the same sentence; and Bardolph to be thrown into the mud beyond Eton or Maidenhead, or the landlords 'cozened' at Reading or Colebrook indifferently in the quarto and folio) may have been responsible. But the assignment to Shallow of the Lucy escutcheon, and Shallow's boast of its antiquity, nailed the allusion: nor would any stenographer have omitted so pointed and pertinent an episode.

The entire subject of this quarrel in the 1602 is passed over in a few lines of dialogue between Shallow, Slender, and Page, (who at the same time are discussing a match between Slender and Anne Page,) and finally dismissed by the Parson, who announces that the quarrel is to be arbitrated—just as such settlements are conducted to-day—before three arbitrators, each party to choose one, and the two so selected to choose a third.

We find nothing of the sort in the quarto, but in the folio, in the course of this dialogue, Anne Page's dowry is stated to be £700, besides a better penny from her father. Mr. Halliwell-Phillips assures us that Elizabethan money values may be roughly estimated

from a twelfth to a twentieth of the latter in money, and from a twentieth to a thirtieth in landed or house property, and that 'even these scales may be deceptively in favor of the older values, there having been in Shakespeare's days a relative and often a fictitious importance attached to the precious metals, arising from their comparative scarcity and the limited appliances for dispensing with their use.' Mistress Anne, then, was to bring her husband present value of money from £8,400 to £14,000, and a still larger sum from her father. This is not, to be sure, quite as reckless a use of values as the fixing of Falstaff's reckoning at the Garter Inn at £10 (between \$500 and \$600) per week. But it is rather startling. These seem to me more likely to have been the impromptu of an actor gibing at the poverty of the stage surroundings than the work of the dramatist, especially of a dramatist who five years before had purchased the great house at Stratford—lands, tenements and curtilage—for £60.

Evans (to be utilized as a schoolmaster in the 1623 version) explains his selection as an arbitrator in the Falstaff-Shallow affair by saying, 'I am of the Church,' which is probably how he comes to be described as 'a Welsh knight' in the 1602 title-page: 'Sire' being a title often given to clericals, and so perhaps misunderstood by the 1602 printer who made up his title-page from the 'business' before reading his 'copy.' The character of Evans is, I am convinced, a fling at the Puritans. The Rector of Sapperton expressly asserts that Shakespeare was—at his death, at least—a Roman Catholic, and could hardly have been mistaken as to a fact so readily ascertainable. While this statement seems inconsistent with the records of Shakespeare's baptism and burial in an Anglican sanctuary, the apparent inconsistency is explained when we remember that the transfer of the throne to Protestantism was then very recent, and on no hand considered or even conjectured to be permanent. During the period covered by the possible tergiversations of a Vicar of Bray there is no reason (as I have elsewhere demonstrated at length) for supposing that to the great mass of Englishmen the slightest difference in their parochial duties or privileges was apparent, whatever ecclesiastical fluctuations may have obtained at Court. William Shakespeare would doubtless have

hesitated as long as the most punctilious of his nineteenth century commentators if asked whether he was Catholic or Protestant. Shakespeare could hardly have failed to be witness of the Puritan uprising in England; nor would he have been apt to neglect an opportunity of ridiculing a gentry who were soon to begin to take matters entirely too seriously for him or his play-houses. Later on, when Jonson lampooned them in *Bartholomew Fair*, they were everywhere. But that time had not come yet. A Catholic or an Anglican clergyman would hardly appear as arbitrator in a quarrel, but Parson Hugh has no objections. He appears for Shallow, Page appears for Falstaff, and the landlord of the Garter Inn will be the third man. The tremendous dignity of Shallow, however, prefers the Star Chamber—which had jurisdiction of atrocious riots—nor did an assault on this justice of the quorum require anything less in the complainant's eyes. Falstaff, however, has a better idea of comparative values, and—on entering with his retainers—assures this important personage that, terrible as it all is, it is not, nevertheless, of national moment, and that to go to Star Chamber with it will only be to get the complainant laughed at; a sentiment in which Parson Evans reluctantly—since he appears for Shallow—concurs.

The comparison from this point onward will reveal steadily the tendency, the instant Falstaff and his retainers leave the stage, of the two versions to fall widely apart, if not to deal with different matter, yet always to use a different dialogue. This alone would confirm our tradition, that the purpose of the first play (reported in 1602) was to show the Falstaff party once again. And it will be noticed also that passages of quarrel or wordy altercation calling for action—as where Slender accuses each of the coney-catching gang in turn of robbing him—needing no touching up to increase their popularity, received none. The Elizabethan actor, too, quite as well as his successor of to-day, understood the value, in the way of trade, of a word here and there. When, in the part of Slender, he mentioned having purchased the shovel boards out of which Postol cozened him of 'Yead' (Edward) Miller, his intention, perhaps, was only to wipe his last score from off the slate of that eminent money lender, coin dealer

and pawnbroker around the corner. He little dreamed that his happy thought would go down the ages as 'Shakespeare.'

Another proof that the stenographer must be absolved from the piracy of the 1623 edition is that here, in the quarto, Slender meets Anne Page for the first time and immediately proposes to her, although, several scenes further on, he is to meet her again, and, egged on to speak, bashfully exclaims, 'I faith I know not what to say.' In the 1623 the low comedy 'business' of the laggard in love is capitally and elaborately worked up. Slender shuffles and stammers, until Shallow, in disgust, makes the offer for him, leading Mistress Anne, something in a Priscilla vein, to say, 'Good Master Shallow, let him woo for himself.' At the first meeting between Falstaff and the Merry Wives the 'business' is entirely different. In the quarto he mistakes one for the other. In the folio he kisses only Mrs. Ford. And in the 1623 version, too, Slender makes considerable play by expressing a wish for his 'Book of Songs and Sonnets,' and his 'Book of Riddles.'

Perhaps this was another advertisement allusion, this time of '*The Songes and Sonnetes written by the Right Honorable Lord Henry Howard, late Earle of Surrey, and others*, printed in 1567; or of the *Passionate Pilgrim*, of 1599. The other assistance wanted was *The Booke of Merry Riddles, together with proper Questions and witty Proverbs to make Pleasant Pastime, less Usefull than Tchoonefull, for any young man or child to know if he be quick-witted or no*. London: printed by T. C. for Michael Sparke, dwelling in Green Arbor, at the signe of the Blue Bible, 1629.' Mr. Rolfe copies a few of the shortest of these riddles as samples:—

The li Riddle:—

My lover's will
I am content for to fulfill;
Within this rime his name is framed;
Tell me, then, how he is named?

Solution:—His name is William; for in the first line is *will*, and in the beginning of the second line is *I am*; and then put them both together, and it maketh *William*.

The liv Riddle:—How many calves' tailes will reach to the skye?

Solution:—One, if it be long enough.

The lxx Riddle :—

What is that, round as a ball,
Longer than Paul's steeple, weather-cocke and all?

Solution :—It is a round bottome of thred when it is unwound.

The lxxvii Riddle :—What is that that goeth thorow the wood, and toucheth never a twig?

Solution :—It is the blast of a horne or any other noise.

If there be no hint of such easily recognized by-play as this at all in the 1602, what else is to be concluded except that there was no bashful lover in the play at that time? A stenographer employed to procure a marketable transcript would scarcely have earned his money by overlooking all the telling points of the play he was sent to pirate. Not only is there no allusion to these riddles in the quarto, but 'the tune of Green Sleeves,' a broad and popular song of the day, is mentioned twice—once by the *Merry Wives* (II, i, 56), and once by *Falstaff* (V, v, 17), in the 1623, not at all in the 1602. So constant and instantly popular was this tune, that it was utilized by the Puritans (the Salvation Army of that day, in method at least) for spiritual purposes : an entry in the Stationers' Books—'Greene Sleeves moralised to the Scripture, declaringe the manifold benefites and blessings of God bestowed on sinfull man' following,—by only twelve days,—the prior entry of the sinful and catching 'new northerne dittye of the Lady Green-Sleeves' (581-2). In truth no other play is so packed with allusions to familiar matters, or on that account so easy to be reported by a stenographer. And to suppose the 1602 such a report of the original 1623 is to make the stenographic reporter deliberately discard every one of the local, familiar, and popular matters touched upon by the actors.

In the course of his excuses for not going in to dinner, *Slender* diverts the conversation to the general subject of bears, and relates how he once held a bear by the muzzle. But some time afterwards, in a bear show held at *Paris Gardens* in London, a famous brute named 'Sackerson' seems to have been exhibited, and the town ran to see it. Our stenographer would certainly have caught the familiar name had it been pronounced on the evening he took down the dialogue. Later on, some actor in the part of *Slender* made a hit by the allusion, perhaps. At any rate, here it is in the 1623 :—

I have seen Sackerson loose twenty times, and have taken him by the chain; but I warrant you the women have so cried and shieked at it that it passed: but women indeed cannot abide 'em; they are very ill-formed, rough things.

which must be a considerable stumbling-block to the commentators who read allusions into the Shakespeare text, and arrive at the dates at which particular plays were composed thereby. Much of this speech of Slender's to Anne Page in the 1602, on examination turns out to be a *double entendre* quite too unsavory to dilate upon to ears polite. That these expressions have been so softened in the 1623 text as to pass so generally unnoticed is a strong evidence—one of the very strongest in fact—of the point which these notes appear to me to substantiate.

The second scene is a 'carpenter's scene,' which allows the stage to change from the green in front of Page's house to a room in the Garter Inn. It is difficult to account for this with the knowledge that the Shakespeare stages were not set and reset, but that different scenes were indicated by lettered signs hung out stating the locality, or by appeals made similar to those of *Henry V* (Chorus) to the imagination of the audience; or by scenic poetry such as the description of 'Shakespeare's cliff' in *Lear*. But here it is, nevertheless.

The next scene, being concerned with Falstaff and his precious crew, is about identical in the two versions. This being the last appearance of the famous band, the work of its disintegration is now with true playwright art to begin. Bardolph is first to go, and is transformed into the inn tapster. The discrepancies between the 1602 and the 1623 return the moment Falstaff and his gang leave the stage, scene iv in the former occupying but 66 lines to 146 in the latter. There is scarcely text enough, indeed, in 1602 to indicate that the French Doctor speaks broken English to his man-of-all-work, and that Simple is put into the closet. In the 1623 version Quickly uses two expressions which may well detain us for a moment. She says that if Dr. Caius find anybody in the house there 'will be an old abusing of God's patience and the King's English.' Why 'King's,' and not 'Queen's'? Even had the play not been

written at Elizabeth's order, it would have been complimentary to have alluded to her here, and opportunities to introduce compliments to the reigning sovereign were never thrown away by the players. To be sure Falstaff had been associated on the stage with the dates of *Henry IV* and *Henry V*. But the Shakespeare plays are so packed with utterly purposeless anachronisms that it would seem as if one with an object might not have been overlooked here. The explanation is, of course, that, after Elizabeth's death, the speech was an interpolation in compliment to King James, her successor. Quickly also tells Rugby to 'go and we'll have a posset for it soon at night'; and, a little further down, Dr. Caius says, 'I will teach a scurvy jack-a-nape priest to meddle or make,' etc.

Now, 'meddle or make' and 'old' are Warwickshire dialect, the former signifying to *meddle*, and the latter being an adjective, meaning *frequent* or *constant*; or, as a superlative, excessive, very abundant.

Warwickshire dialect is surely not out of place in a Warwickshire play. But, singularly enough, there is no specimen of it in the 1602. Was the reviser of the play, then, a Warwickshire man? The question is complicated by the fact that 'soon,' in the passage 'soon at night' is not Warwickshire but West of England dialect. Is this to be accounted for by supposing that among the actors to whom the play was entrusted there was a west of England man? The fact that the Shakespeare plays contain specimens of all the dialects into which the England of that was, like the England of this, day divided (since we cannot suppose any one man to have been at home in them all) is one of the reasons which have led modern students to doubt whether the Shakespeare plays were, after all, the monographs of one man. Neither must it be overlooked, in examining this problem of the dialects, that these plays were not performed by strolling actors.

The allusions which every commentator has noticed and enlarged upon, viz., the hits at the desultory legislation of the Parliament of 1605-6, the revival of the Cotswold games, the wholesale knighting of subjects by King James, the discovery of the Guinea coast, the Court sitting at Windsor instead of at Greenwich in 1603, the introduction of coaches—are precisely such incidents as a comedian would

be apt to utilize for interpolation, when current and familiar to his London audience, but which would attract very limited attention five, ten or twenty years later. But, as I say, it is impossible to believe all these dribblets of passing incident hoarded up by a dramatist like Shakespeare for use twenty years afterwards.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Open Court.

That's a question; how shall we try it?

—*The Comedy of Errors*, V, i. 421.

In this I'll be impartial; be you judge
Of your own cause.

—*Measure for Measure*, V, i. 166.

THE DONNELLY CIPHER FROM A BUSINESS POINT OF VIEW.

In the attention he has attracted to his forthcoming book on a Baconian cipher in Shakespeare, Mr. Donnelly has met with the utmost success. Ever since the announcement of the work, several years since, it has permeated the press. Whenever the public interest in it seemed to lag, Mr. Donnelly could be relied upon to come up smiling with an interview, whether at the national capital, the rotundas of the St. Paul hotels, or in his library at Nininger. All this has had the tendency to vigorously 'boom' the book, just as it was intended to do.

But the climax was not reached until the appearance of the *Shakespeare Myth*, an article in the *North American Review* for June and July. The reader has long noticed the predilections of the vendors of fancy soaps for the advertising pages of our principal magazines. They pay for it, and roundly, too—some hundreds of dollars to the page. But here is a first-class notice inserted, not as an advertise-

ment, but in the body of the book, and occupying many pages; yet, so far from having anything to pay for it, doubtless Mr. Donnelly got a good-sized cheque for himself. And it would be interesting to know whether the *Review* has waked up to the real fact. When Lord Byron in *Don Juan* wrote,

I've bribed my grandmother's review—the British.

the editor, with a stupidity that seemed impenetrable, in a solemn and labored article denied the charge. So may our grandmothers of the *North American* plaintively protest that they did not see the point, and secretly wish that the cheque had crossed their counter from the outside.

Mr. Donnelly has long been a puzzle to us. The question we were unable to answer was, Does he believe in this thing himself? A brilliant orator, the author of several learned and ingenious books, a man of mark in many ways, could he afford to peril his reputation by making an assertion that he could not sustain? Yet the seeming paradox may be accounted for. Our impression is that at the first he *did* believe it. He unquestionably started in with the belief that there was a cipher in the plays, and it is probable that certain mathematical coincidences which he reached, in the years in which he figured over the First Folio, confirmed him in the opinion that he had found it. So he promised it to the world. But here, we think, it ended. Finding himself with a mass of words and no way to put them together, too late to go back, and without the wherewithal to go ahead, he can only trust to generalities that are suggestive, but prove nothing.

—For it is nothing to show that by certain mathematical processes of his own he gets such words as *found* and *out*, unless he is able to show some connection between the two, and also what it was that was *found out*. It is certainly easy enough to get a collection of words by his system of computation, and with the privilege of filling in others at pleasure, to make a sentence out of them. But all this proves nothing unless the authority for their use is shown.

It has been understood from the first, that the great reserved secret—the rule for connecting these words—was to be imparted to us with the publication of the book. As an instance, the following is from

an interview at Washington, published in the Chicago *Morning News* of March 24, 1885. We italicize:—

Mr. D.—The most difficult part of the cipher is to find the sequence or order in which the words follow each other. It took me two years of almost continuous labor to solve this part of the problem. The rule is a very ingenious one, and very simple when you have once found it out. Then it proceeds as regularly and certainly as that 5 times 50 make 250, and the sentences are as perfect as possible, and bear the marks of the master mind that made the plays and the cipher.

Reporter.—Can you make the cipher plain enough to prevent any cavil?

Mr. D.—Oh, yes. *While I don't want to reveal the entire rule until it comes out in my book*, I can convince any intelligent person in five minutes of the existence of the cipher, and that it is precise and wonderfully ingenious. All he needs is a pencil and paper, and I will show him that which is as far removed from accident as are the movements of the planets. When I publish I shall make the book of quarto size and print in it facsimiles of the pages of the folio, so that the reader can count for himself and satisfy himself.

But in the two years that followed, a change seems to have come over Mr. Donnelly, as shown by another interview, signed by 'Paul Brown,' in the St. Paul correspondence of the *Chicago Saturday Evening Herald* of March 5, 1887:—

P. B.—When are you to publish your new book on this cipher, and what will it be called?

Mr. D.—I shall probably publish it in the coming summer. . . . *I shall not divulge the rule by which I work, of course*, but I shall give instances similar to the ones I have shown you, to demonstrate that I have a rule at the basis of my works.

Our next extract is from the July number of the *North American Review*. It would naturally be expected that in this article—the fore-runner of his book—he would promise to reveal this secret. At first reading, he may seem to do so, but careful observation shows that the language is highly diplomatic, and promises nothing:—

I cannot at this time give the rule of the cipher; I hope to have my book in the hands of the printer in two or three months, and satisfy fully the expectations of the world; but I can give enough, I trust, to convince any one, not absolutely steeped to the lips in ignorance and prejudice, that

the composition is artificial and not natural ; that it is gnarled, compressed, condensed, with its weight of compact thought ; and that it is twisted to conform to the requirements of a mathematical cipher.

Shall we have that rule? By giving it, Mr. Donnelly can—if it works—prove his cipher absolutely. And any bright American schoolboy can tell, with the assistance of a fac-simile of the First Folio, whether it works or not. But if it is still withheld, the world will believe that it exists only in the imagination of its discoverer.

W. H. WYMAN.

A CLUB OF TWO.

TO THE EDITOR:—To many persons the bare term 'studying Shakespeare' calls up in the 'mind's eye' visions of an ambitious reading club, or Shakespearian Society, and being unable or perhaps unwilling to join such an association they end by doing nothing.

To such, a brief account of the plan pursued by two lovers of the poet, may serve to whet their almost blunted purposes, and induce them to begin a study in which, did they but know it, there is unlimited pleasure and profit. Our club of two has been in operation nearly three years, during which time we have read and studied some twelve or fifteen plays. In the beginning, we followed somewhat the plan suggested by the terse advice of Richard Grant White when asked how to read Shakespeare, which was, to read it.*

Thus, in a rather desultory but thoroughly enjoyable fashion, we read most of the historical plays ; then, the other member moving to a distant city, a new plan was adopted, which we think much superior to the old one. Our present method is to buy a Rolfe edition of the play selected, study one act each week, which we make the basis

* [The advice referred to, which it may be well to recall here, runs as follows: 'Many letters have come to me during the last few years, asking what seems to me a very strange question—How to read Shakespeare? My answer would naturally be: The way to read Shakespeare is—to read him. The rest follows as a matter of course. If not having read before, you read anywhere, you will know a new delight; you will read more; you will go on; in your eager reading you will consume the book. Having read all you will read again, and now will begin to ponder, and compare, and analyze, and seek to fathom; and having got thus far, you will have found an occupation which lights with pleasure the whole of your leisure life.'—*Studies in Shakespeare*, Richard Grant White. Boston: Houghton Mifflin & Co. 1886. P. 1. Ed.]

for a lengthy weekly letter. Our plan embraces a study of the sources and plot of the play, together with the opinions of all available writers on the subject. This has led us into wide fields, and introduced us to such a host of Shakespearian writers, that the mere mention of half their names would probably result in having 'the enginer hoist with his own petar,' by deterring some of the more timid from making a beginning. Furness's Variorum edition, however, we have found invaluable. After having studied each act thoroughly, we select, by lot, the principal characters of the play, subject them to a more exhaustive study, and prepare papers on them, which are exchanged and criticised. This has given rise to many long and interesting arguments, which are finally settled by an appeal to some well-known Shakespearian scholar. In this way we have studied *Romeo and Juliet*, *Twelfth Night*, *Antony and Cleopatra*, *Julius Caesar*, and the Sonnets. *Hamlet* we study all the time, having set apart a portion of each letter, which we call 'Hamletana'; but one of our most successful ventures is a series of Shakespearian note-books, in which we enter our own ideas, together with those of other people, names of books read, with criticisms on the same, and in fact everything that we find of interest relating to Shakespeare and his works. These books when filled, are also exchanged. We attend all Shakespearian dramatic performances as a matter of course, note the rendering of different actors, and keep a book of programmes.

Inspired by Professor Thom's articles in SHAKESPEARIANA, we have begun again the study of the historical plays, and purpose following his course of reading. We have now gone through about half of *King John*, following Professor Thom's readings, and have found the course eminently satisfactory. It is impossible in the space at our disposal to enter into more minute details, or to tell how much benefit and enjoyment we have derived from our 'Shakespearian Duet,' but of two things we are fully persuaded: that any two who will follow our plan will find, as we have found, that increase of appetite grows by what it feeds on, and that Shakespeare is the key, not to himself alone, but to the literature of the world.

A. R. D.

K. L. G.

THE GENDER OF 'WIGHT' AGAIN.

TO THE EDITOR:—In addition to the illustrations of the use of 'wight' in the feminine given by Mr. Furness and Mrs. Selfridge in the June and July SHAKESPEARIANA respectively, it is worth noting that Dr. Schmidt, in his *Shakespeare Lexicon*, gives the word as both masculine and feminine. And in his very interesting and valuable *Shakespeare's Predecessors*, Mr. J. A. Symonds quotes (p. 236, London edition, 1884) from *Garboduc* a portion of the Queen's invective against her son Porrex, as follows:—

Murderer, I thee renounce. Thou art not mine.
Never, O wretch, this womb conceivèd thee,
Nor never bode I painful throes for thee!
Changeling to me thou art, and not my child,
Nor to no wight that spark of pity knew;
Ruthless, unkind, monster of nature's work,
Thou never sucked the milk of woman's breast,
But from thy birth the cruel tiger's teats
Have nursèd thee.—

where the word is evidently feminine. As Mr. Furness says: 'If there be a rule without exception it is that you should never say "new" in reference to the use of words.'

WM. TAYLOR THOM.

EDITOR SHAKESPEARIANA:—In regard to Iago's lines in praise of 'a wight, if such ever a wight were,' I cannot but think Judge Doyle mistaken in his opinion that this word is a misprint for 'wife,' for on top of Mr. Selfridge's reference to the word 'wight,' as applied to a woman in a *Mirror of Magistrates* (or the 'Induction' rather), I would call your attention to the last verse in the second stanza of Shenstone's *Schoolmistress*.

And think, no doubt, she been the greatest *wight* on ground.

Very respectfully yours,

H. W. MERCHANT.

Philadelphia, July 9th.

Shakespeare Societies.

Such a holy witch
That he enchants societies into him;
Half all men's hearts are his.

—*Cymbeline*, I, vi, 166.

CLIFTON SHAKSPERE SOCIETY, Twelfth Session.—Bristol, England.—Meeting of Oct. 2, 1886: J. W. Mills, Esq., president, in the chair.—The secretary in his annual report, reviewed the work of the previous session, pointing out that the results of the introduction of plays by some of Shakspeare's contemporaries were successful beyond the anticipations of even the most sanguine. While the reading of the non-Shaksperian plays was not without interest, but in this respect notably falling below the reading of Shakspeare's own, the literary work of the critical evenings was of a high order, and cannot fail to have left lasting impressions on the minds of those who followed the plays critically.—An address by Mr. Mills, the outgoing President, was then read on 'Shakspeare's Schools, Schoolmasters, and Scholarship.' No historical materials are extant from which could be written a true description of Shakspeare's school life. Legend and tradition slowly encrusted his famous name. As far as they go, they give support to the popular notion of his wild unruly youth; his deer-stealing in Charlecote Park; the prosecution and lampoon; the flight to London; the revenge in *The Merry Wives*. About his schoolboy days the oracles are dumb. And yet if, as Wordsworth sings, 'the boy is father of the man,' Shakspeare-students will sometimes feel a natural longing to learn how the youthful poet felt, thought, and acted, when as yet he was but 'a breeching scholar in the schools.' From the plays themselves something may be gathered. See *Coriolanus*, I, iii, 60-1; *Romeo and Juliet*, II, ii, 157-8; *Coriolanus*, III, ii, 116-7; *As You Like It*, II, vii, 145-7; *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, II, i, 22-3; *1 Henry VI*: I, i, 36; *Love's Labour's Lost*, III, i, 179; *Merchant of Venice*, I, i, 140-3; *Much Ado About Nothing*, II, i, 228-30; *Winter's Tale*, II, i, 103; *Midsummer Night's Dream*, III, ii, 201-15; *Hamlet*, III, iv, 202;

Measure for Measure, I, iv, 46-8; *Julius Caesar*, V, v, 25-7; *Taming of the Shrew*, IV, ii, 63-5; *Twelfth Night*, III, ii, 80.—Mr. John Taylor was elected president for the session.

Oct. 23 :—J. H. Tucker, Esq., in the chair.—Mr. Walter Strachan read a general paper on *The Merchant of Venice*, urging that the popularity of the play proves that the influence of its moral lessons must be great. Viewed in the light of English law in Shakspeare's period the bond, once signed, became a legal form, strictly entitling the lender to have his forfeiture the moment the day for payment was past. It was after Shakspeare's time that the Court of Chancery would have interfered to prevent such injustice; but the *theory* of strict forfeiture, as in case of mortgage of land, where the intention is manifest that the land is merely security, survives in our law even to this day. A legal writer gives a quotation from Beaumont and Fletcher to show that this rigour of the law was generally known. If looked at from this point of view, the quibble by which Antonio escaped does not seem so much a subtlety. The Jew, when he went to the notary, should have thought how to provide for his penalty.

Mr. Leo H. Grindon sent a note on 'The Botany of *The Merchant of Venice*.' He said there was scarcely another play so devoid of allusions to trees, plants, flowers, and fruits. There are only two that can be called poetical. The pretty reference to the old familiar custom of looking at a blade of grass to see 'how sits the wind' leads pleasantly to the consideration of the deep significance there may be in what we somewhat thoughtlessly call 'trifles,' there being, in truth, no such things as trifles. Simple occurrences become weighty ones precisely in the measure of the intelligence brought to bear upon the contemplation of them. There is also for our delight the reference, now immortalized by its place and the circumstances in which it appears, to the willow (V, i, 9-12). This one lovely citation redeems the play from its otherwise negative character of 'unbotanical.' Miss Florence Herapath read a paper on 'Nerissa.' Nerissa, although at first sight she seems to be outlined in the faintest colors, has a very distinct individuality. Passages were quoted to show that she was somewhat of a philosopher, yet with a trust in an overruling Providence. She was full of sly sarcasm and an innate love of teasing, and exhibits the naturalness of a woman's pleasure in discussing her neighbors.

Nov. 27:—John Taylor, Esq., president, in the chair.—Mrs. C. I. Spencer read a paper on Peele's *King David*. Peele has distorted but little the facts which he has introduced into his play; but he has failed to grasp the characters fully, and, by his disregard of the lapse of time, has not only confused the incidents, but has made the conduct of the actors in them unnatural and inconsistent, if not incomprehensible. The opening soliloquies of Bethsabe and David do no fulfil the promise of the lofty tone of the prologue. They are pitched in a very earthly, not to say feeble, key. He adds details of the contest with the Ammonites which would

fall in with the contemporary taste for fighting on the stage. Many instances were quoted to show Peele's mistake in time. The information of the sin of Amnon was not carried by Absalom to David, in whose speech on the occasion the few lines beginning 'Sin with his sevenfold crown' are very fine. It looks like a mere blunder to make Amnon give the feast at which he is killed. The announcement of the death of Urias, one of the most graphic touches in the whole story, is strangely omitted in the play, and only mentioned feebly by the Chorus. The lovely story of David's silent grief and self-mortification at the time of the illness and death of the child is vulgarized by Peele, who makes the king utter a fantastic lament, and yet rejoice directly the child is dead, with the strange idea that expiation has been made for his sin and the shame of it wiped away. This, and other instances, show that the passages of profoundest pathos are just those in which Peele fails utterly. Peele is not the only person who takes it for granted that Absalom was caught in the tree by his hair; but this is not certain from the words of Scripture. The long interview between David, Bethsabe, Solomon and others, is not necessary to the development of the story, and must have been rather dull on the stage, though parts of it read well. The contrast between the Bible scene of David's grief for Absalom and Peele's presentation of it is just the contrast between real grief and its counterfeit. Cool regret may turn neat sentences, but hot anguish can only moan. Some of the lines in the play are very beautiful; but it is a pity that the writer omitted many striking incidents, added unnecessary details, and deviated from the course of the story with distinct loss to the dramatic structure.—A paper on *Achitophel*, by Miss Louisa Mary Davies, was also read. Left to Peele alone for a grasp of the character we should find ourselves sinking into a perfect bog of insoluble enigmas. We are, therefore, bound to call to our aid the few passages in the Bible about him, and couple with them a little Jewish tradition. Throughout the whole drama, force seems to have been sacrificed to sweetness. But yet, with all this monotony of sweetness, the various characters are cut out in a sufficiently delicate relief.—Mr. John Taylor read a note on 'Peele's Metaphors,' saying that Peele, in his figurative comparisons, aimed at the audacity of Æschylean metaphor, which itself appears to have been derived from the extravagant or peculiar character of Oriental fancy. *King David* differs from the old mystery-plays, in that the treatment is throughout sedate and even serious. It is simply a calm and reverent paraphrase of Scriptural story, humour being as absent as in the book of Samuel itself. The finest figurative passage in the drama is perhaps the reply of Solomon to his father when advised as to the attainment of wisdom.—Mr. L. M. Griffiths presented a report upon the rare words of *King David*. The following are not used by Shakspeare:—*dis-colored* for divers-colored; *weesel*=weasand or wind-pipe; *nill*, except twice in proverbial phrases and in the doubtful *Passion-*

ate Pilgrim and *Pericles* chorus; *shalm*=shawm, P. B. equivalent of cornet in A. V. and R. V.; *to shend*=to defend, a sense given by Nares in two quotations; *gite*, literally, a grand dress, metaphorically, gorgeousness; sparkle, as a noun; *fruition*, except once in 1 *Henry VI*; *unwares*, except once in 3 *Henry VI*; *organon*; *bedare*.

Dec. 18:—John Taylor, Esq., president, in the chair.—A paper by Mr. Leo. H. Grindon on 'The Botany of 1 *Henry IV*' was read. The allusions here are almost exclusively rustic in character. With the exception of the hedge-rose, not a single flower is mentioned. The reference in III, i, 33, to 'moss-grown towers' is not to botanical mosses, but to lichens, so frequently introduced in poetry, as in the opening lines of *Evangeline*. The lichens always do their best to 'make glad the solitary place,' and on the forsaken tower and the crumbling arch are a capital illustration of optimism, which is truly the delightful art of making the best of everything that may happen. In the description of the reeds in I, iii, 105, the charming epithet 'trembling' deserves notice, for no suggestion of the beauty of a calmly flowing river is more pleasing or forceful than when its peacefulness is announced by the mention of the reeds which neither sway, nor shake, nor even quiver, but simply 'tremble.' The hedge-rose is alluded to (I, iii, 176), under the name of 'canker'—a strange designation for it, since the word also denotes the rot in buds and fruits, caused by certain kinds of venomous blight. In comparing Bolingbroke to the hedge-rose, Shakspeare does not mean to disparage the plant in regard to its individual merits, for no man, assuredly, ever looked with more delight upon the incomparable pink concaves of the *Rosa canina*, helping, as they do, to give perfect gladness to midsummer scenery—he adduces it simply as the contrary of the deep-bosomed double or 'cabbage' rose of the garden.—Mr. John Taylor read a paper on 'Oldcastle and Falstaff,' dealing with the various literary references to the identity or non-identity of the two personages.—Mr. G. Munro Smith wrote on 'The Virtues of Falstaff.'

Jan. 22, 1887:—John Taylor, Esq., president, in the chair.—*Friar Bacon* was the play for consideration. A paper by Mr. J. W. Mills was read, pointing out that although Greene's play and Marlowe's *Faustus* were based upon the same legend, there are some striking contrasts in the mode of dealing with the dramatic materials. Marlowe omits the comic element altogether. After his death, at least £4 worth of most inferior workmanship was foisted upon the play; and thus crept in the comic scenes. At least, no clown is found in any unaltered drama of Marlowe's. Greene has passed over the solemn contract made by *Faustus* with the devil; Marlowe turns that incident to good account in his well-known scene of overpowering horror. The contract was indeed the very core of the fascination which won for the story instant and greedy reception in Germany, England, Holland, and France. Greene omits all reference to Helen of

Troy; Marlowe makes her the occasion of the famous soliloquy. Omissions so remarkable seem to make the conclusion irresistible, that Greene, familiar with Marlowe's play, must have been smitten with profound consciousness of his own vast inferiority, and, dreading to provoke disparaging comparisons, left Marlowe in undisputed possession of that portion of the dramatic story. The play was probably written before its author had reached the age of thirty. It is immeasurably superior, as a drama, to *Lochrine* in every respect, and, as a romantic play, to *Campaspe*. But, comparing it with the youthful efforts of Marlowe, we are led to the conclusion that Greene, though a clever writer, of versatile intellect, quick invention, and very fair powers of expression, gave no tokens of possessing sparks of that Promethean fire that blazed with fierce and fitful energy in all the writings of Marlowe. Had Greene lived longer, perhaps he might have made a second Ben Jonson.—Mr. Mills added a note on *Bocardo*.—Mr. Walter Strachan had a paper on 'Lacy,' about whom there is a sense of honesty and generosity, making him a very attractive character. He is a good instance of Greene's skill in placing the natural and preternatural side by side, without allowing the one or the other to preponderate, and so be displeasing.

Feb. 26:—John Taylor, Esq., president, in the chair.—Mr. Taylor read a paper on 'The Two Falstaffs,' pointing out that in the first folio of *Henry VI*, the name of the undoubted companion-at-arms with Talbot in France, Sir John Fastolfe, of Caistor Castle, is spelt 'Falstaffe.' But as it is quite clear that the Falstaff of 1 & 2 *Henry IV* is identical with the Sir John Oldcastle of the 'Famous Victories' on which Shakspeare founded his own work, we have only to re-change the name to its original form to disunite the Fastolfe of *Henry VI* from Oldcastle or the humorous Sir John, who, however, is said by Master Shallow to have been page to Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk—a post actually held by Fastolfe. Their cowardice is the only point in which Shakspeare represents them alike. Fastolfe was testy, proud, petulant, and always at strife with his neighbors. There are in the *Paston Letters* many proofs of this. As he was thus unpopular, Shakspeare might for this very reason have given the same name to Sir John Oldcastle, who was represented in the old play as a companion of the prince, under whom, as Henry V, he suffered so cruel a martyrdom for his religion. Oldcastle was fat, but by no means the sensual, lying, idle, though entertaining braggart of the ideal creation. His traditional unpopularity was the reason why he became traduced on the stage; for the Reformation was, at the time of his martyrdom, scarcely begun, and his brave confession for the faith that was in him won him no sympathy in an age when to witness the torture of a fellow creature was to an average Englishman as merry a sight as a bull-fight to a Spaniard. Although Jack Falstaff was as favorite a creation with his author as with the audience at the Globe, and with all lovers of the poet's dramas

since, it seems hazardous to say that Shakspeare was really an admirer of the character on whom he had expended so much of his own genius and wit. Had he been so, should we have seen poor Jack finally repulsed by the new king and made an object of contempt and reproach by him who had been the boon comrade of his revels? The necessity was rather moral than dramatic, that Falstaff should meet this treatment; and the poet evidently felt that the moral law was no jest and could be made no subject of jest, and that broad humor and quick wit, however mirth-provoking, were no substitutes for lofty principle.—A consideration of a few words in 2 *Henry IV*, was read by Dr. J. N. Langley, who thought that the following words were invented by the writer of the play: 'presurmise' (I, i, 168); 'juvenal' (I, ii, 22); 'sortance' (IV, i, 11); 'forgetive' (IV, iii, 107); 'considerance' (V, ii, 98).—An interesting discussion followed the introduction of the note which Prof. Hagena communicated to the New Shakspeare Society on April 13, 1878, showing that according to Shakspeare's intention the 'Lord Bardolph' of 2 *Henry IV*, I, i, should be Sir John Umfreville.

March 26.:—John Taylor, Esq., president, in the chair.—*The London Prodigal* was the play for consideration. Prof. C. H. Herford sent a note pointing out that the play is an early example of the comedy of manners, which, if not exactly imitated by Ben Jonson, first became a vigorous branch of the drama after the appearance of *Every Man in His Humour* in 1598. It bears traces also of the pre-Jonsonian school of domestic drama sporadically cultivated by dramatists of the Puritan proclivities. In reference to alleged Shaksperian origin, the guess is *mal trovato*, and evidently wrong. Shakspeare does not use English domestic drama for pathetic or didactically moral purposes. *London Prodigal* belongs in time and character to the group of plays among the lesser dramatic ornament of the first years of James's reign. The Secretary read the passage referring to *London Prodigal* from Fleay's *Shakespeare Manual* (1876, chap. xiii). Mr. John Taylor read a paper saying that the drama is a travesty of the parable of the Prodigal Son with the spiritual meaning left out. Two papers on 'The Women of the Play' were read. 'Girls of the Period 300 Years Ago' by Miss L. M. Davies, was the first paper. Woman whose mutability in the concrete is a favorite plaint or ever fresh delight, is in the abstract immutable. In taking a glance at three young women of the sixteenth century, we are not studying specimens of extinct animals in a museum, but duplicates of those we meet daily. Delia gives a perfect illustration of a meekness which comes from nature. Nowadays, if she had not to keep house for a widowed father such a girl would betake herself to a sisterhood or a hospital ward. In Franke we find familiar traits. She has only the faintest symptom of 'heart,' and she and her husband are an example of dual selfishness and that fatuous disregard of the commonest elements of politeness and consideration towards the outside

world often conspicuous in those recently married. Luce is the most complex in character. To an excessive meekness she adds an unsurpassable mulishness. When compelled to marry Flowerdale she considers it her duty to cling to such a scapegrace. She forgets that it is only when our brother repents we are to forgive him seventy times seven times, and that holy things are not to be thrown to the dogs. Her meekness differs from Delia's. It is a matter of discipline. If sovereignty is in proportion to sacrifice and suffering Luce Flowerdale sits on a throne her peaceable possession of which few heroines of fiction will arise to dispute. The second paper, 'A Trio—Delia, Franke and Luce,' considered Delia well-drawn, as a matter-of-fact, considerate, clever woman; Franke, a representative of those silly girls to whom the set of a curl or the fashion of a head-dress outbalances the affairs of kingdoms; but Luce, as a character with infinite perfections and a most subtle charm.

April 23 :—J. H. Tuckey, Esq., in the chair. — 'Thoughts on *Henry V.*' by Miss Louisa Mary Davies, was read.—Miss Davies said that the drama may be epitomized, in its own words used for another purpose — 'A fearful battle rendered you in music.' A warrior-king is its hero, soldiers its subordinate characters, and brave and true men, both French and English, do one another to death merrily to the sound of trumpets. The low comedy is found in the squabbles of soldiers; the genteel comedy in camp-fire jesting and a royal soldier's wooing; while the ghastly tragic element comes out sharp and strong in the realistic picture of a graceless soldier's last fight with mortality. Such being the case, there is a rare simplicity and singleness of motive in the whole, which fixes the attention from first to last on one central figure, leaving scant leisure of soul for examination of the accessories. The drama is a monument raised to the praise and glory of Henry V, and as such, is a most effective piece of workmanship. That it is justified by fact, or the surface of fact, must be admitted. The Englishman of to-day is the child of the hero who fought at Agincourt, and he owes the manliness and courage in which he rightly rejoices to the manliness and courage acquired and proved by his ancestors in a hundred fights of long ago; so that, with the long series of disasters culminating in the loss of Calais, not all the results of Agincourt have passed out of existence. Its memory is still an inspiration to Englishmen, and they dare not, if they would, be recreant to the high standard of bravery that was there set before them. The 'history' contained in *The History of Henry V.* is less wildly at variance with the fact than is the case with some of the historical plays. Shakspeare cannot, at any time, be supposed to teach history, but he uses it as being often more dramatic than the best-conceived fiction, and more certain of arousing the sympathy and interest of his audience. Miss Davies, having pointed out the historical inaccuracies, proceeded to analyze some of the characters. It is evident that Shakspeare spared no pains in the portraiture of Henry, who really

seems to have been 'his ideal of highest manhood.' To the men whom Elizabeth delighted to honor, and who were ever ready for war, the character of Harry of Monmouth must have been all that was congenial and inspiring. But yet, like most conquerors, he is unable to appreciate and reward bravery that opposes itself to his will, and a momentary loss of presence of mind on his part entails the terrible slaughter of all the prisoners. The pious humility which characterizes him in the play is amply confirmed by the chronicles of the period. Shakspeare makes no mention of Henry's cruel persecution of the Lollards, and perhaps it was as much the fault of the times as of the king. This play, so popular as read, is very unsuitable for the stage, by reason of its extreme length and the martial character of the scenes. From the historical point of view its value is nothing. As a drama even it is somewhat heavy, and too much encumbered with long speeches; and though there are many passages of choice poetry scattered with a prodigal hand, it is not on them that the merit of the work must depend. It is as a carefully worked-up portrait of our soldier-king that we have to regard it, and as such it must be admitted to be nearly perfect. Rival interests are kept carefully in the background. Those characters only are introduced who, from contrast or dramatic position, will bring out most clearly the king's unrivalled lustre—churchmen, that he may seek their counsel; conspirators, that he may justly condemn them; broken-down soldiers, that he may comfort and encourage them; slain officers, that he may mourn over them; the French braggarts, that he may crush them under his heel; valiant captains, that he may graciously fraternize with them; and Pistol and men of that ilk, that he may expound in action the contrast between false and true valour.—An anonymous paper on 'The Boy in *Henry V.*' was also read. The writer considered him to be a little monkey who aped the coarseness of Pistol, Bardolph, and Nym, and who showed, by his gruesome joke about Bardolph's nose, that he had no regard for his old and kind master. It is strange that Shakspeare has not given us one picture of a real human child that we look on with any pleasure. Poor Macduff's 'pretty one' is certainly not an engaging child. While his father is in England, and perhaps in danger, he and his mother amuse themselves in their Scotch castle by a war of words, in which there is nothing really amusing, but, on the part of the child, a most offensive effort to be funny, no matter at what cost (*Macbeth*, IV, ii, 38-63). Clarence's son and daughter are most unnatural little prigs (*Richard III.*: II, ii, 62-5). We are not told in history that Clarence's children were at all like this. Why should Shakspeare have gone out of his way to make them objectionable? Of little Prince Edward nothing bad can be said certainly, but as certainly nothing good. But of his brother of York, the sweet and innocent child of history, Shakspeare gives a most distorted view (*Richard III.*: III, i, 122-35). In this scene, as in the one with young Macduff, Shakspeare gives up every-

thing to that unconquerable love for a quibble—a practice which Dr. Johnson so severely condemned in him. In Mamillius there is nothing good beyond the one touch of nature—that he likes ghost-stories. He gives us with most unchildlike detail his ideas of what a woman's eyebrows ought to be (*Winter's Tale*, II, i, 7-15). The attractiveness of Arthur in *John* we learn more from history than from Shakspeare, who makes him plead with arguments most unnatural for a child, who would not have reminded Hubert of past services, or have quoted, in his own praise, his great superiority over a poor man's son. It may be urged that very few other authors have thought it necessary to take any trouble with their children's characters; but, at any rate, they do not rob them of their native beauty. We can imagine how beautiful a child

Apparelled in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream,

might have been drawn by Shakspeare's hand. Alas! that we have to say—'might have been'!

May 28:—John Taylor, Esq., president, in the chair.—Papers by Miss Emma Phipson and Mr. J. W. Mills on *Edward III* were read.—Miss Phipson began by quoting the warm admiration for the play which had been expressed by Mr. J. A. Symonds, and which was directly opposed to the depreciatory criticism of Mr. Swinburne, who says that at the time of the play there were 'at least six, and not improbably a score' of writers equal to it, but he does not condescend to give a single name. He says that Shakspeare could not have written *Edward III*, for 'he was the author of *King Henry V*.' But instead of settling the matter out of hand this remark increases the difficulty of coming to a decision, for out of the many passages which bear resemblances to Shakspeare's works the great majority have reference to *Henry V*. If the date usually ascribed to *Henry V* (1599) is correct, how should this similarity to a play written in 1594 or 1595 arise? Miss Phipson cited the similar passages of the justification of the claim of the English king to the French crown; the reproduction of the metaphor in the taunt of Warwick; the sneers of the French at the appetite of the English; the parallelism of Edward's description of his lady's perfections with a passage in *Henry V*; the figure of the impartial favor of the sun; the closeness of the two incidents of the swift steed and the tennis balls; the roll-call after the two victories. So many instances of similarity suggest a most puzzling question. How is it that we have two plays of unequal merit on a very similar subject, and the inferior one said to be written by a direct imitator of the author of the play written five years later? Was *Edward III* a rough sketch of Shakspeare's thrown aside by him as unsatisfactory, and worked up by another writer of greatly inferior dramatic skill? Or did Shakspeare take from this play the idea of transforming a dry narrative into a grand historical drama?

Cressy's field had found a patriotic, if not a very able chronicler. Agincourt should have a more soul-inspiring record. There is much evidence against Mr. Swinburn's idea that the author of *Edward III* copied Marlowe at second-hand. In the play there is a marked absence of classical allusion; and the treatment of natural phenomena by the writer is not in Marlowe's line, but it is in Shakspeare's. Compare *Edward III*, I, ii, 141-2 with Sonnet xxxiii, 1-2; I, ii, 95-7 with Sonnet xvii, 1-4; II, i, 279-80 with *Love's Labour's Lost*, IV, iii, 105-6; IV, v, 1-5 with 1 *Henry IV*, V, i, 3-8. Several phrases in the play show a knowledge of hawking which was apparently not possessed by Peele or Marlowe. Looking through the play of *Edward III* we notice that the passages which strike us as familiar have reference almost entirely to dramas written by Shakspeare at a later date. Mr. Mills's paper was mainly a review of the edition of the play in the series of "Pseudo-Shaksperian Plays," now being published at Halle under the editorship of Drs. Warnke and Proescholdt. If a Shakspeare Society or private student feels the want of a really good, cheap, instructive, and charming edition of the Doubtful Plays he must import it from Germany—a result hardly creditable to English culture, or flattering to insular pride. The good work undertaken by these professors ought long ago to have been done by the Clarendon Press; but the energies and enterprise of Oxford in this direction seem to have been exhausted in the production of three early English plays. What can we expect from men who will not even give us an etymological dictionary of Shaksperian words? The introduction in this edition discusses at length (1) the various texts, (2) the sources of the plot, (3) the authorship. The editors state with great fairness and impartiality the views and arguments of those who hold to the belief that Shakspeare wrote some portions, at least, of the play; and it is surprising to find that sometimes the very thoughts and expressions used in it are to be met with in Shakspeare's received dramas. Passages are quoted from *Edward III* with their parallels in *Love's Labour's Lost*, *Hamlet*, *Measure for Measure*, *Julius Caesar*, *The Merchant of Venice* and the Sonnets, from which one line is a verbatim quotation. But, notwithstanding all this, the editors maintain that Shakspeare had no hand in either the composition or the revision of *Edward III*. Upon this, Mr. Mills joined issue with them and controverted their five positions, viz. (1) 'The play is no more than a versified chronicle; with the exception of the king, not even an attempt is made to give the development of a character.' The Countess-Episode was adduced to disprove both portions of this statement. (2) 'In no play has Shakspeare made use of two sources so much opposed to each other.' Against this assertion Mr. Mills quoted *Cymbeline*, founded upon Boccaccio and Holinshed. (3) 'The scenes are not seldom as little connected as the two plots.' But the Countess-Episode is indispensable in pointing the moral of the play as we find it expressed in V, i, 50. (4)

'The general character of the style is non-Shaksperian.' The editors admit that the best passages of the episode suggest Shakspeare. But they endeavor to explain away the force of this fact; and, in doing so, prove too much, as then we should never be allowed from internal evidence to trace Shakspeare's hand in any drama. (5) The editors think it 'highly surprising' that, if Shakspeare were the author of *Edward III*, Meres should have neglected to mention it and the editors of the First Folio to include it in their volume. But Meres mentions *Titus Andronicus*, and it was also printed in the First Folio; yet the ablest critics now reject the reputed Shaksperian authorship, or, at most, allow that the drama was retouched by Shakspeare. Again, *Pericles* was not included in the First Folio, nor is it mentioned by Meres; yet critical opinion in this country assigns Acts III and V, and part of Act IV to Shakspeare from internal evidence alone. Thus then, by what they have done as well as by what they have not done, Meres and the editors of the First Folio have forfeited all claim to be considered a final court of appeal in a question of authorship. If it be not Shakspeare, who was the great unknown that could write lines so different from the diction of any known contemporary? Mr. Walter Strachan had also some 'Notes' on Shakspeare's handiwork in *Edward III*.—This meeting brought to an end the society's twelfth session. The work for next session is *The Taming of the Shrew*, *Every Man in his Humour*, *Merry Wives of Windsor*, *Thomas Lord Cromwell*, *Much Ado*, *Antonio and Mellida*, Poems and Sonnets, *Antonio's Revenge*. The hon. secretary (9, Gordon-road, Clifton, Bristol) will be grateful for any magazine articles, newspaper scraps, or anything else to add to the society's library, which now consists of 259 volumes.

L. M. GRIFFITHS,

Hon. Secretary.

THE CONCORD SCHOOL.—*The Literary World* says that the Rev. Geo. W. Cooke's lecture at the Concord School, the evening of the 25th of July, on 'Browning's Dramatic Genius' was appreciative but not adulatory, and subjecting to discipline 'those critics who are fond of spelling Browning S-h-a-k-e-s-p-e-a-r-e.' As was evident from the programme of the lectures announced in our July number, Shakespeare has held a large place in the discussions and lectures of this session. On the evening of the 27th there were readings, with comments, from *Julius Caesar*, by Mr. Wm. O. Partridge, of Boston.

The Drama.

Betwixt mine eye and heart a league is took,
And each doth good turns now unto the other.

—Sonnet XLVII.

‘HAMLET’ A LA COMEDIE FRANÇAISE.—To Monsieur de Ducis belongs the honor of introducing *Hamlet*, the favorite son, the most beautiful child of Shakespeare, into France. But the French translation of 1769 had a strange look. It wore a mask that made it almost unrecognizable. There was in it neither the ghost of Hamlet’s father, nor the rat behind the tapestry, nor the grave-diggers and Yorick’s skull. Instead there was shouting of Danes, willing to invest the melancholy youth with royal dignity, and Claudius and Gertrude had each such a confidant as have the heroes and heroines of Racine.

In 1847 Le Théâtre Historique performed *Hamlet*, and Monsieur Rouvière tried his best to make every spectator an enthusiast for the immortal beauties of Shakespeare. He used the translation of Alexandre Dumas and Paul Meurice; it is a good and, one may say, a faithful translation in rhyme, and stands on equal terms with the prose translation of François Victor Hugo. *Hamlet*, the opera by Ambroise Thomas, was also a true friend of the prince of Elsinore, who became thus more and more known in France, and who was also glorified by the paintings and lithographs of Eugène Delacroix; since then he has been the subject of many other paintings, and he re-appeared with Horatio and the grave-digger in the well-known picture of Dagnan Bouvert, at the Salon of 1884.

And now he is played at the Comédie Française! and every *gamin* in Paris knows Hamlet, the sensation of the last season.

It was a Sunday afternoon, about 1 P.M., when I entered the Comédie Française. The thought of the names even of the men associated with this theatre is inspiring: Molière, Corneille, Racine, La Fontaine, Boileau, Régnier, Victor Hugo, Augier, an illustrious line of statesmen from Colbert to Jules Grévy. What men have sat here since 1680, and waited for the rise of the curtain! and what grand performances have they witnessed here! what names of artists have carried the fame of the Comédie Française to the remotest ends of the earth! Talma and Rachel! Yes, thought I, the words of Napoleon are true: '*Le Théâtre Français c'est la gloire de la France; l'Opéra n'en est que la vanité!*' I looked at the programme. Here it is:—

HAMLET.

DRAME EN CINQ ACTES.

EN VERS.

Alexandre Dumas.

Paul Meurice.

Hamlet . . . MM. Mounet-Sully.

Le Spectre . . . Maubant.

Le Roi . . . Silvain.

Polonius . . . Got.

Laërte . . . Raphaël Duflos.

Horatio . . . Baillet.

Mareellus . . . Grivollet.

Rosencrantz . . . Leloir.

Guildenstern . . MM. Villain.

Osric . . . Truffier.

Premier Fossoyeur . Coquelin Cadet.

Deuxième Fossoyeur . Roger.

Premier Comédien . Dupont-Vernon

Lucianus . . . Falconnier.

Bernardo . . . Hamel.

Un Prêtre . . . Pierre Laugier.

Ophélie . . . Mmes. Reichemberg.

La Reine . . . Agar.

Baptista, reine de thé-

âtre . . . Hadamard.

Le Prologue . . . Martin.

A knocking, three times repeated, and the curtain rose on the platform of the castle of Elsinore. It was cold. I could feel it in the way Horatio and his friends were speaking, and Bernardo shivered and blew his hands. I have never seen this scene carried out as well as here. 'A good beginning,' my neighbor remarked.

The intermissions were very short, no frivolous music, no *forge in the forest* interrupted the unity of the performance and the serenity of the play, only at the end of every act enthusiastic applause and cries of Bravo! were heard in honor of Mounet-Sully-Hamlet, who stands there, every inch a prince, in black silk and velvet garments, only around the neck a linen lace, and on his head a black barret with feathers, his left hand hidden in the negligent drapery of his mantle.

Long, black, natural hair falls upon his shoulders; his full beard reminded me of a photograph I had seen of Fechter's Hamlet. How old is Mounet-Sully's Hamlet? About twenty-three years, I think. He is passionate, he is rather a Frenchman than a Dane, he has loved Ophelia (for the sake of Dumas), and loves her still. 'How he hates his uncle,' remarked my neighbor, who seemed to be very full of observation, and inclined to let everybody profit by it. His Hamlet is childish in practical life, like all men who have hid themselves for years among books, and who have rummaged every corner of the university library, but hardly know what a sunrise in the country is. I thought of the words of Théophile Gautier: 'One sees in him the Norman, the *enervated* descendant of Scandinavian heroes, in whom thought stands for action.' He is a dreamer; he is not the cold, meditating Hamlet of Edwin Booth. Now, he smiles, his half-opened mouth shows two rows of handsome, white teeth; his laugh sounds like the laugh of a madman, but one may understand he only imitates it; he is not half-mad, no, he is only confused by those strange things which have happened lately at the court.

Without doubt Mounet-Sully has become a great actor while playing Hamlet.

* * *

At my arrival in Paris, several weeks ago, I saw in every shop-window photographs of Mounet-Sully-Hamlet. I went into a restaurant at the Champs Élysées, and heard several gentlemen talking—about Mounet-Sully. I returned to my room, and the next morning the chamber-maid asked me: 'Monsieur, avez-vous vu Mounet-Sully—Hamlet? Il est un grand acteur, Monsieur!' I was pursued by these names as was Goethe once by '*Marlborough s'en va t'en guerre*,' and the poor Heyne of Weber's '*Wir winden Dir den Tungfernkranz*.'

They say Mounet-Sully has studied the character of Hamlet for several years, that he even reads his Shakespeare between the acts. 'Englishmen may be not quite satisfied with his conception, but has his conception, therefore, less right to exist?' This question I have seen put in prominent newspapers. Sarcey, the veteran critic, frowns, and mumbles 'old Shakespeare!' He does not care a bit what Cha-

teaubriand, Villemain, Victor Hugo, or Taine have said about the Stratford poet. But theatre-goers care less for Sarcy, and they glory in Mounet-Sully, who is the *Rôuget de Lisle de la Comédie Française*.

* * *

In America I have often heard exclamations upon the gracefulness of Edwin Booth. Yes, he is graceful, but the grace of Mounet-Sully is elegance. My neighbor remarked, 'He is a Frenchman.' That means, with other things, that grace is natural to him. Behind me two young English ladies were sitting, with their mother, I suppose, and I heard how one said to the other: 'How he has loved Ophelia, how he has loved his father, did you notice how often he kissed the medallion?' They were both charmed, but the old lady said, shaking her head: 'Henry Irving is better, he is more scholar-like!'

Very elaborately did Mounet-Sully study each detail of his lofty creation. Before speaking the monologue, '*Seul enfin! pauvre fou, miserable et risible!*' he waited till all had left the room, he looked after them, till it was quiet in the corridor, and then he began, softly, sometimes almost too softly. His monologues are nothing more than loud thinking. A hush goes through the audience. When he speaks his '*Etre où n'être pas*,' he thinks it, he does not know it by heart, he creates every word himself. In the following scene he is wild, wild as Salvini in the third act of *Othello*; he has seen the king behind the tapestry, he begins now to doubt Ophelia, after the apparition at night has robbed him of his love to her. Every scene is well elaborated, showing taste and thought, and a most skilful execution.

* * *

Got, as Polonius! Got, the *Figaro* of the past, the *André Lagarde* of Emile Augier's *Cantagine*, how did he impersonate the reverend lord chamberlain? Well, I may say, he was comical, and yet the old respectable courtier, whose whole life has been a continuous line of ceremony. But one could easily see that Got is not used to playing Shakespeare; Molière's fine and funny pathos peeped through, wherever it could.

And Ophelia! A girl hardly sixteen years old, with long, light brown hair. She looked like an innocent child. The other day I saw

Madame Reichemberg in a carriage near the *Arc de Triomphe*. Clad in velvet, a smile on her lips, a Parisian lady *comme il faut*, and according to my estimation at least thirty-five years old. Is this not the best proof that she is an artist? A few days afterwards, I had the opportunity to see a good engraving of the Ophelia of the painter Gouvion-Saint-Cyr, but how much more pleasing to the sight was the lovely Ophelia of Madame Reichemberg.

The other characters were well played, Horatio and the first comedian were excellent. The motion of groups, and the scenery can stand the test of every critic, except Sarcey, and the costumes surpass in harmony, in agreement of colors even those of the Royal Theatre in Munich.

* * *

The end of the play draws near.

Hamlet looks for the last time at the picture of his father, presses it to his lips, and, with eyes half-veiled with tears, murmurs: '*Le reste . . . est . . . silence.*' He erects his body, there he stands—once more the *prince* of Denmark, and then he sinks down, dying in the arms of Horatio, his friend.

C. SADAKITSHE HARTMANN.

SHAKESPEARE OUT OF DOORS.—*As You Like It*, at the Botanical Gardens, Birmingham, July 26th, is thus described by a writer in the *Birmingham Mail*:—

'When the early experiments in *al fresco* performances of *As You Like It* were made at Coombe a couple of years ago, all the conditions and accessories were more agreeable, and the impression made was, on the whole favorable. At least it was recognized that a selected scene might without conspicuous incongruity vary the monotony of a sylvan pic-nic, and might afford new excitement for a few fashionable idealists, without greatly shocking the true dramatic sense of fitness. But pastoral drama, as we saw it yesterday, was robbed of all the realism it strove to embrace. True, the trees were real, the

sky was real, the rain was very, very real—indeed, feelingly so. But there was something shockingly unreal in being asked to exercise every few minutes, for more than a couple of hours, that gigantic power of imagination which was necessary in order to realize that the same old trees in the same old spot were about a dozen “other parts of the forest.” The scenic artist saves our imagination such strains by a judicious shuffling in the wings, and an occasional variation of the curtain background. To produce a perfect realistic effect, the audience should have taken up their seats and walked to another part of the grounds about four times in the course of Act II alone. The process would have its inconveniences. And in the middle of a scene, when by an effort of will the audience had carried their minds away into the depths of the Forest of Arden, in the year of grace 1400, or thereabouts, it was really very trying to be brought back instantaneously to the nineteenth century and the Birmingham Botanical Gardens by the rush of a noisy locomotive on the railway close by, drowning a fragment of the dialogue which had been rescued from the rustling of the winds and the patter of the rain drops on the awning of umbrellas. Idealism, realism, or naturalism of this description is the quintessence of silliness and a useless fad. Far likelier is the imagination to be carried away by well-placed properties behind the familiar footlights, and where each word of the dialogue falls clearly upon the ear. As we have remarked, it would be treating a farce too seriously to dilate on acting under such conditions. It would be unfair, also, to the performers. But it must, nevertheless, be owned that Mr. Greet appears to depend more upon the “natural scenery” which we found so unnatural and incongruous, than upon great histrionic merits in his company. *As You Like It* has been played more imperfectly, but it should never be placed at the mercy of an only mediocre company, unless all the accessories are in their favor, and not against them, as yesterday. Mr. Henry Cooper sang very sweetly the song that fell to the lot of Amiens; indeed, his part is the only one that left little to be desired. Miss Alexes Leighton might make a much better Rosalind on the legitimate stage, but her interpretation of the part lacked delicacy and

finish yesterday. Nor does Mr. Greet realize the ideal Touchstone. The part of that sage fool requires an actor of exceptional mobility. It is scarcely necessary to specify the other parts. In better weather, the play might have satisfied those who expected merely a pretty novelty. As it was, the epilogue was the most warmly appreciated item on the programme.'

As You Like It, at the Masconomo House, on the 'singing sands' of Manchester-by-the-Sea, near Boston, Aug. 9th, was in better favor with the Signal Service gods than the Birmingham representation. The sea breezes had their effect in carrying off captive many of the merry quips and winged words that sought the ears of the audience in vain, just as did the inland winds at Birmingham, and as the unrespectful powers of the air will roguishly delight in doing always, to the enduring triumph of the old-fashioned method of performing plays in-doors. The old proverb about good wine might be adapted to suit the case. For it is true that good plays 'need no bush.' However, the American open air *As You Like It* would have been an interesting performance on a real stage, aside from the novel and pastoral atmosphere the fair day lent it.

The cast of the play was as follows: *The banished Duke*, Mark Price; *Duke Frederick*, Frazer Coulter; *Amiens*, Lillian Conway; *Jaques*, Frank Mayo; *Lebeau*, F. B. Conway; *Oliver*, Charles Abbott; *Jaques Dubois*, George C. Boniface, Jr.; *Orlando*, Osmond Tearle; *Adam*, George C. Boniface; *Charles the Wrestler*, Harry Meredith; *William*, W. H. Crane; *Touchstone*, Stuart Robson; *Sylvius*, Arthur Falkland; *Corin*, George A. Schiller; *First Lord*, O. E. Boardman; *Rosalind*, Rose Coghlan; *Celia*, Minnie Conway; *Phebe*, Maida Craigen; *Audrey*, Agnes Booth-Schoeffel.

Lillian Conway was the *Amiens*, and the chorus of huntsmen included such well-known singers as C. R. Adams, W. H. McDonald, H. C. Barnabee and others, with the accompaniment of a large orchestra. The singing is said to have been more effective than some of the speaking, at least until the actors got their bearings upon the open stage. Rose Coghlan's *Rosalind* was markedly buoy-

ant, and Mrs. Booth made a palpable hit as *Audrey*. Before the play she spoke the following prologue, written for the occasion by William T. Ball, of Boston :—

AN OCCASIONAL PROLOGUE.

I.

By the margent of this summer sea ;
Befitting place! where Shakespeare's self might be ;
With the greensward responsive to our tread,
This broad o'erhanging firmament o'erhead ;
Where the winds whirl to list our sylvan sport—
Here, where King Oberon might hold his court,
I give you welcome, beauty, youth, and age,
To this our rustic playhouse and our stage.

II.

In the great master's time, who made our stage
The applause, delight, the wonder of his age,
The playhouse all was open to the day.
We only follow where he led the way.
And so e'en now with us shall not be seen
The garish lights, the tawdry painted scene.
Lend your imagination all its wings,
And you'll forget there ever were such things ;
Here they are needless, here—where nature rare
Provides no mimic scene, but all so fair,
The turf our stage, the trees our forestry,
The fleecy clouds our glorious canopy—
To read the master's honeyed page aright
Needs no decked cloth, no meretricious light.
What better than the leafy boughs, earth's sod,
For him who best communed with nature's God ?

III.

The toil-spent actor, when his work is done,
Seeks for some comfort when the race is run,
Some kind assurance that his latter years
Shall not be bound to saucy doubts and fears.
He's been a prodigal ; that is too true ;
Yet only prodigal to pleasure you.
He has been rich—giving joys to all,
Yet somehow wealth came never to his call.
Worn out with service, when his days are o'er
And he can rove the drama's field no more,

To soothe his cares, to ease his bed of pain,
 So the proud privilege his brothers claim.
 Thus, the life's labor done, to give him ease
 We ask from you, for whom he lived to please.

IV.

For my dear sisters and my brothers all,
 Who've left their ease to answer to the call
 Of broad humanity, your hands I crave ;
 The ministering angels are who save.
 Deal kindly with our faults, we are but human ;
 Or, like yourselves, we are but man and woman.
 Deep in your heart of hearts let us be sown ;
 Then, if we grow, the harvest is your own.

It is pleasant to add that the Actor's Fund, for the benefit of which this representation was made, is the gainer by it to the amount of \$3,000.

Reviews.

Observations,
 Which with experimental seal doth warrant
 The tenour of my book.

—*Much Ado About Nothing*, IV, 1, 167.

SHAKESPEARE BOOKS IN 1885-1886.



NOT 'marble nor the gilded monuments of princes' could have made a more wonderful memorial of the genius of Shakespeare, or of the influence of his 'powerful rhyme,' than the Biennial Bibliographies which Mr. Albert Cohn, of Berlin, has learnedly and industriously compiled for sixteen years.* As they have mostly appeared as an Appendix to the *Jahrbuch* of the Shakespeare Society of Weimar, they are not generally known,

* *Shakespeare-Bibliographie 1885 und 1886* (mit Nachträgen zur Bibliographie seit 1864 in Band I, II, III, V, VI, VIII, X, XII, XIV, XVI, XVIII, und XX des *Jahrbuches*), von Albert Cohn. Separat-Abdruck aus dem *Shakespeare-Jahrbuch*, Band XXII, Druck von R. Wagner in Weimar.

and have never had the laurels and the honors they deserve. A few copies have, however, been issued separately, and as Mr. Cohn has year after year sent me one, it will be an act of justice as well as of gratitude to record what he has done as a labor of love for so many years. Complete sets of the *Jahrbuch* are rare, and complete sets of the separate reprint are rarer still, and yet no Shakespearian Library can be complete without one or both. It was an old pagan custom to lay a stone upon a hero's cairn, so that the memorial was ever growing in size and significance. Mr. Cohn has not only added to the Shakespeare cairn, but he has also given the origin and named the giver of each special stone in Shakespeare's honor.

The literary honors to Shakespeare during these sixteen years have been memorable in every way. No library contains, or can ever hope to possess, all these literary honors to Shakespeare as a literary man. They represent all peoples and all tongues; all opinions and all criticisms; all wisdom and all folly too. Except the books about the Bible and Bunyan—the translations into all tongues—no book or books have ever had such a mass of tribute from all parts of the world. Prospero's words were prophetic of Shakespeare's own fate. 'Knowing I loved my books' they have 'furnished' him 'from his own library' with volumes which he would prize beyond a dukedom, and for 'his poor self,' his library has been 'dukedom large enough.' 'All tongues speak of him,' and all lands pay tribute to his genius and fame.

The latest issue by Mr. Cohn is an octavo of fifty closely printed pages, and is a marvel of mere industry, not to mention learning and skill. How he has contrived to pick up so many 'unconsidered trifles,' or how he has had the patience to collect and classify so large a mass of materials, one can scarcely guess. His method is as remarkable as his industry, and his minute care as memorable as his vast knowledge of the bye-ways in which treasures could be found. He begins with England and America, which he subdivides into text and 'ana,' and under each he gives alphabetically the name or initials of the author, the title of his work, and in the case of magazine or newspaper articles, the name and date of the periodical. All these

involve a careful reading and noting of *Athenæum*, *Notes and Queries*, *Saturday Review*, and scores of other English newspapers and magazines, and also the principal American publications in which any 'ana' appear. SHAKESPEARIANA necessarily is 'a happy hunting-ground,' and even the portly *Encyclopædia Britannica* is represented by a reference to the brilliant 'Shakespeare' biography by the late Professor T. Spencer Baynes. Even 'privately printed' works are caught in the fine-meshed net of Mr. Cohn, such as Mr. W. R. Furness's 'Composite Photography,' and the rare copies of rare books issued by Dr. Halliwell-Phillipps, as 'sugred (pamphlets) to his private friends.' SHAKESPEARIANA has a full 'contents' list for 1885 and 1886. And even newspaper references to Shakespeare are referred to from the newspapers of far-western States. These minute details fill thirty-five pages, and the most careful collector is certain to find something that his vigilance has overlooked.

Germany, necessarily, has a full share of Mr. Cohn's care, and fills ten pages, all showing the same microscopic care, and forming an index to what German scholars have done for Shakespeare in editions of his works, criticism of his text, and sketches of his characters. France has nearly two pages, and then two pages and a half are assigned to 'other languages,' or places of publication, as Belgium, Denmark, Greece, Holland, Iceland (which fills more than a page), Russia, Spanish and Indian (Cingalese). So brief a summary necessarily fails to give an adequate notion of the labor and learning, or of the real value of such a work. It is interesting not only as a reference hand-book, and as a reporter of facts about Shakespeare and his works, but as a readable work too, and still more as a literary monument to the world-wide fame of the poet of all time.

Shakespearian literature increases so rapidly, and springs up in such remote and unexpected places, that a bibliography like this is more and more necessary every year. Is it not possible that this could be accomplished on a much larger scale? It was stated recently that the Shakespeare Society of New York proposed to prepare a bibliography, but is this necessary or even practicable? Are not the lines already laid down? is not the plan matured? is not the experience

gained? Mr. Cohn would, probably, not thank me for the suggestion, but I hope and believe that he would willingly extend his labor of love. Why should not every Shakespearian in every part of the United States, the British colonies and the European States send him a copy, or at least a full and careful description of every important essay or article, or book which relates to or illustrates Shakespeare and his works? The devotion and industry of method of Mr. Cohn would enable him to do as he has done already with the materials at hand, and to issue, every year, a Record of Shakespearian works. I have no authority to pledge him to still more onerous work, but probably I may pledge Shakespearians generally to subscribe to such a Record if it can be produced. It would not only be an ever-growing memorial of Shakespeare's greatness and genius, and influence, but it would have the practical value of a key to all the varied tributes to his memory, and a guide to the details of special study of Shakespearian literature throughout the world.

SAM: TIMMINS.

Literary Notes.

When comes your book forth?
Upon the heels of my presentment, sir.

—*Timon of Athens*, I, 4, 26.

A LITTLE doggerel skit, recently issued, 'dedicated by kind permission to Henry Irving, Esq.,' and written by William Henderson, seems to be a spontaneous ebullition against Baconian vagaries. 'Faith' and 'Doubt' hold a dialogue, and to 'Faith' we are indebted for an oath by all that's good and loyal. As an oath fit for leal Shakespearians to swear by, this may be commended:—

By J. O. H.-P., F.R.S.!

You've found a cipher, yet confess,
All ciphers are ye none the less
Who've found out 'nowt.'

The rhyme consists of two 'canters,' ridden hap-hazard, the one against 'the sect whose creed is "honest doubt";' the second against that unhallowed dominie, the Rev. Francis Gastrell; the whole closing with an appropriate doxology in praise of the 'Bard of all Time,' entitled 'Sweet Avonside,' and inscribed to Mr. Richard Savage, the Birthplace Librarian. Much of the attractive appearance of the pamphlet is due to a clever cover-page design, some red-printed illustrations after the Droeshout portrait and the Stratford bust, with other sketches, dashes at the absurd, and caricatures of the notorious Vicar-Vandal who razed New Place.

(*Who wrote Shakespeare?* 'Aye, there's the rub.' By William Henderson. With pen and ink sketches by Charles Lyall. London: D. Nutt & Co. 1887. Pamph. 52 pp. 1s. Large paper copies, 2s. 6d.)

HIGH TIDE in the price of the First Folio seems to be denoted in this extract from the general catalogue, bearing date, London, July 21st, 1887, of that learned and expert book-man, Mr. Bernard Quaritch:—

MR. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE'S COMEDIES, HISTORIES, AND TRAGEDIES. *Published according to the True Originall copies.* 1623.

... Its printers were not particular as to the fineness of the type or the goodness of the paper, or the correctness of the press-work; but I am nevertheless proud to record here my possession of a matchless copy of

THE FIRST FOLIO SHAKESPEARE, 1623; GENUINE, SOUND, FINE, AND VERY LARGE (13½ inches in height), BOUND IN RED MOROCCO *super extra*, in the Veneto-English style of Queen Elizabeth's time, BY BEDFORD; which I will not sell for less than £1,200.

This copy, equal in size and in every other respect to the famous Daniel copy, is the only first-rate folio which has been seen since the Daniel sale twenty-three years ago. There are perhaps not four such copies in existence; and there is therefore no possibility of measuring their value by a reference to even the highest prices paid for ordinarily good copies.

It will be remembered that the Daniel copy purchased by Lady Burdett Coutts brought £960.

A TRANSLATION by Miss Dora Schmitz of Dr. Elze's *Life of Shakespeare* is in preparation, so says the *Athenæum*, and the same journal brings us the first news of a 'Calendar' of his Shakespearian rarities, which Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps has just printed, with a pleasant little preface.

THE HERALDED articles on the Donnelly cipher having been issued without bringing out anything that will prove either new or clinching, their main effect must be to point to the longer heralded book. And the one is seen, indeed, to 'tread upon the other's heels so fast they follow,' as far as announcements go. A newspaper interview with the publishers, Messrs. R. S. Peale & Co., of Chicago, started the tale of recent rumors, and directly their official announcement follows to the effect that their contract with Mr. Donnelly is closed; that the terms of it are not made public, except so far as this: that they have paid 'a considerable cash advance,' and agreed upon a royalty 'larger than any previously recorded'; and that the author of *The New Atlantis* and *Ragnarock* has a completed chain of evidence to offer and the clue to it to publish, at last, and that he stands ready to close the dynasty of anti-Shakespearian prophets, from Col. Hart and Delia Bacon to Mrs. Pott and the Bacon Society, with a climax of real proof. Yet a plausible sentence in the July *North American* article, straight from Mr. Donnelly's own mental recesses, seems to throw a lingering light upon this definite prospect, and almost persuades us that even *The Great Cryptogam; or Lord Bacon's Cipher in the so-called Shakespeare Plays*, may not prove to be the complete and unanswerable exposition promised, but the first of a Cipher series, a kind of Baconian continued story 'eating the air on promise of supply.' But we anticipate. At any rate, this is the sentence, whatever may be its upshot:—

My work has been delayed by the very immensity of the story. I cannot begin to work out now all the narrative there is even in the 1st and 2nd *Henry IV*; it would take me a year longer. I will publish part of the story this year, and satisfy the incredulous of the truth of the discovery.

The publishers promise to do their duty by the volume so far as

the best typographical appearance is concerned; and they write us that, though its date cannot be definitely announced, it will certainly appear this year. Several features of especial attraction are promised in its illustration. The frontispiece will be a portrait of Lord Bacon, and there will be portraits, also, of Miss Delia Bacon, the Hon. Wm. H. Smith, Mrs. Pott and Judge Holmes. Miss Bacon's life and personality is so especially interesting that her face will be looked for with more than ordinary curiosity, a curiosity which may be whetted by the information that this picture of her will be furnished from an old daguerreotype, owned by one of her nephews, and said to be the only portrait of her in existence to-day.

MESSRS. GINN & Co. have in hand, for early issue, translations, by competent hands, of two important books for the student of English: Siever's *Grammar of Old English*, translated by Dr. A. S. Cook; and Zupitza's *Old and Middle English Reader*, translated by Prof. G. E. MacLean, of the University of Minnesota.

W. E. PANTIN notes in the *Academy* of June 25th (p. 449) the resemblances between Marlowe's *Faustus* and the earliest English translation of the *Faustbuch*, which tend to show the dramatist's indebtedness to that rather than to any direct knowledge he had of German originals. A unique copy of this translation of 1592 is in the British Museum, its title-page showing that it was not the first edition, for it declares this issue to be 'newly imprinted and in convenient places imperfect matter amended.'

THE SHAKESPEARE MYTH in the June *North American Review* (pp. 572-582), and its continuation in the July number, with the additional sub-title, *The Bacon Cipher* (pp. 57-68), have not failed to excite a good deal of more and less facetious newspaper comment. Among the serious articles, notably able is a series of four papers in the *New York Mail and Express* of the 16th, 23d, and 30th July and 6th August, entitled *The Donnelly Myth*. These papers are from the hand of Mr. Albert R. Frey, the librarian of the New York Shakespeare Society and the editor of *The Bookman's Shakespearian*

department, to whom our readers are indebted for the painstaking addition made in the July SHAKESPEARIANA to the criticism of the *Taming of the Shrew* texts.

So astonishingly little of Mr. Donnelly's argument is new that the antidotes for most of his statements of Baconian evidence are already known to students of Mr. Wyman's *Bacon-Shakespeare Bibliography*, a reference book which is authoritative, and which should be among the books that, at this time, every Shakespeare Club should possess. The more important of these pro-Shakespearian proofs Mr. Frey has summarized with reference to the present case, and enriched with new observations of his own. And in the course of barely five columns all told, he manages to debate the points and cover the ground of Mr. Donnelly's plea so thoroughly and effectively, that his rebutting argument deserves the especial attention of any who have read the *Review* theories with either interest, bewilderment or disapproval. We give here several of its salient paragraphs.

Mr. Donnelly states that

"Not a scrap of manuscript of William Shakespeare has come down to us—not a letter, memorandum, fragment of a journal, remnant of an unfinished play, or anything else has reached us."

Victor Hugo has furnished a satisfactory reply to this charge. He says :—

"Each of Shakespeare's dramas, composed to the wants of his company, was in all probability learned and rehearsed in haste by the actors from the original itself, as they had not time to copy it; hence, in his case, as in Molière's, the dismemberment and loss of manuscripts."

After asserting that the poet's descendants and relatives who lived in Stratford-on-Avon until the beginning of the present century were unable to produce any writings or works pertaining to him, Mr. Donnelly continues :—

"We are asked to believe that the mightiest mind with which God ever blessed the race dwelt for fifty-two years on this planet, in the midst of the busy, bustling age of Elizabeth and James, surrounded by wits, poets, philosophers, pamphleteers, printers and publishers, and in contact with events which affected the whole world and all history; and yet touched these men and events at no point, and left not the slightest impress on his age as an individual."

To this we reply that Mr. Donnelly has suppressed the truth. . . . There are many contemporary references to him. The late Dr. Ingleby collected a great number of these allusions in his *Centurie of Praise*, and the

Baconians must either prove that the authors of them were mythical, or, on the other hand, that William, Earl of Pembroke, and Philip, Earl of Montgomery, the noblemen to whom the first folio is dedicated, consented to allow themselves to be made parties to a notorious fraud. Lord Southampton, moreover, was acquainted with both Bacon and Shakespeare, and on one occasion he presented to the latter a thousand pounds. He then must have also lent his name to fraudulent transactions; indeed, King James himself must have been cognizant of the contemptible deception.

But there is even stronger evidence than this which must be overturned. We mean the allusions to Shakespeare by his rivals in the dramatic profession. These jealous men would have lost no opportunity to expose this outrageous fraud, but no contemporary seems to have doubted that Shakespeare wrote the works attributed to him. . . . But, though seemingly indifferent about them himself, there is, as we have said before, sufficient contemporary evidence extant to show that Shakespeare wrote them. Meres, in 1598, enumerates twelve as being by Shakespeare, and the others, or nearly all of them, are noticed during his lifetime and his name given as the author. As to the *Sonnets*, they were published by Shakespeare himself, and dedicated under his own name to different noblemen of the day. *Venus and Adonis*, is also acknowledged by him, and *Lucrece* was ascribed to him as early as 1594. Finally, to cite only one specimen, we ask Mr. Donnelly to turn to Sonnet XXIX, and inform us whether that could have been written by Bacon. . . . We have already shown how Shakespeare could have obtained an insight of the doings of the higher classes, and it is not difficult to conceive that he should mention St. Albans, which was "frequently the scene of strife between the contending Royalist factions during the Wars of the Roses and before that time." But how would the great Lord Bacon ever know of London Stone, which was close to the Mermaid tavern, which Shakespeare mentions in *Henry VI*? And where did that celebrated statesman become acquainted with Goodman Puff, Peter Turf, Henry Pimpernell, Marian Hacket, old John Naps and Christopher Sly? These personages were well known in Warwickshire and were living in Shakespeare's day, and they are mentioned in the plays. Burton-on-Heath and Wincot were villages in close proximity to Stratford, and they are alluded to in *Henry IV*, and *The Taming of the Shrew*. Will any sensible man believe that Lord Bacon was acquainted with the servants of William Combe, or that it was he who mentioned Sir Thomas Lucy in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*? If this evidence will not silence Mr. Donnelly, we

—may as well

Forbid the sea for to obey the moon
As or by oath remove or counsel shake
The fabric of his folly.

As to the orthography of the name we do not quite understand why that has been introduced into this discussion at all. Is Mr. Donnelly not aware that the majority of the writers of that period were extremely careless in that respect? In the *Life of Sir Walter Raleigh*, by Gosse, deeds are quoted in which the name is spelled Rawlegh, Raleigh, Rawlyh and Rauleygh. Spenser is written Spensare, and Marlowe, Marlo, Marlowe, Marlow and Marlye. But this question of orthography assumes a very serious aspect under certain conditions. For, if Shakespeare could not write, and Bacon selected him to pose as the author of the plays, then Lord Verulam must have entrusted his secret to a person who could not avoid exposing it every time he opened his lips. Such a theory is simply absurd.

We do not intend to produce an exact collation of the First Folio, but we will select three pages, simply to indicate how nonsensical a cipher theory based upon them must be.

The head-lines of pages 37 and 38, that is the last two pages of *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, read *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. Now, as the latter play follows *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, and as, moreover, page 37 is the beginning of signature D (the signatures being probably 'set up' by different compositors), the error is readily accounted for. But such a blunder is inconceivable otherwise.

Again, in *All's Well that Ends Well*, page 237 is misprinted 233, and in *Richard II*, page 37 is misprinted 39. But these misprints occur only in some copies, the majority of the copies extant being correctly paged. How such an error must affect Mr. Donnelly's multiplication table can readily be imagined. We should like to know in which first folio the correct solution is to be found?

Lastly, the play of *Troilus and Cressida* is unpagéd (with the exception of two pages), showing that it was inserted after the work was finished. This is corroborated by its being omitted in the table of contents in the beginning of the volume, and by its signature being distinguished by a paragraph (§), a mark employed nowhere else for such a purpose. The omission of pagination induces us to believe that the italicized words in this play are to be multiplied by zero—perhaps we are wrong—will Mr. Donnelly explain? He certainly should know, for he says that the plays were bent and twisted to conform to the cipher, not the cipher to the plays.

It may be true that the first folio was an expensive book, but it is full of blunders all the same. Is it not ridiculous to suppose that Lord Bacon devoted more than three years of his life (for the volume contains nearly 900 pages, and a day to a page would be about the average time required to revise the proof-sheets and insert the cipher) to the perpetuation of absurdities. We think too highly of the great philosopher to believe it.

Mr. Hudson, some five or six years ago, gave the following reasons to show that Bacon could not have written Shakespeare's plays :—

"1. Bacon's ingratitude to Essex was such as the author of *Lear* could never have been guilty of.

2. Whoever wrote the plays of Shakespeare was not a scholar. He had something vastly better than learning—but he had not that.

3. Shakespeare never philosophizes, Bacon never does anything else.

4. Bacon's mind, great as it was, might have been cut out of Shakespeare's, and never have been missed."

To these we will now add :—

5. The works of Shakespeare contain certain allusions to Stratford and its vicinity. If anybody else had written them the author must also have been intimately acquainted with the Warwickshire hamlet in which Shakespeare was born and spent his youthful days.

And for Mr. Donnelly's special benefit we will say :—

"6. The folio of 1623 exists in at least two states, and as copies were issued differing from each other, though bearing the same date, it is evident that no cipher was concealed therein."

Miscellany.

To knit again

This scattered corn into one mutual sheaf.

—*Titus Andronicus*, V, iii, 70.

MRS. POTT'S BELIEF IN DONNELLY.—Mr. W. H. Wyman asks us to make the following correction for him. Under title 332 of his *Recent Shakespeare-Bacon Literature*, as published in the April number of SHAKESPEARIANA, page 162, in the course of an account of the *Journals of the Bacon Society*, No. 1, for June, 1886, note is given of a paper on *Mr. Donnelly's Shakespeare Cipher*, with an extract therefrom to the effect that Mr. Donnelly's chickens not yet being hatched, 'we must decline the responsibility of tabulating the statistics of his poultry-farm before the process of incubation is completed.' This paper, ascribed to Mrs. Pott, should be attributed to Mr. R. M. Theobald. Mrs. Pott, on the contrary, in this point only

differing from Mr. Theobald, is disposed, it seems, not to hold her approval in reserve. She writes:—

Every detail which Mr. Donnelly has given me, whether for private consumption or publication, tallies too exactly with my own conclusions, derived from totally different researches, for me to be able to believe such a miraculous combination, haphazard guesses at truth—such a multitude of small, but convincing, coincidences as his results exhibit when I compare them with my own. Most wonderful revelations, beyond even what he anticipates will, I believe, be made as soon as a sufficient number of minds and hands with pens are brought to the work of deciphering. It is a pity that, for the present, he must protect himself by working single-handed.

HOW RALEIGH SPELLED HIS NAME.—Dr. T. N. Brushfield (Raleigh's recent biographer and editor), has collected forty-seven ways of spelling Sir Walter Raleigh's name, ranging from 'Rale' to 'Wrawley,' and by patient industry he will probably succeed in collecting many more. In Elizabethan times it was a favorite practice either to vary surnames or to Latinize them, as Robert Flud, the Rosicrucian did, calling himself Robertus de Fluctibus. Raleigh, following the usual custom, signed his name in all manner of ways, and it is, therefore, well-nigh impossible to say which is correct. In the days when he was a barrister of the Middle Temple, he presented a lamp to the Society, which is still suspended in the corridor of the old hall and lighted every term-time. This lamp, which is octagonal in shape, is composed of beautifully colored glass, and on one of the sides appears the well-known lozenge coat-of-arms, and underneath 'Rawleigh.' This is how he spelled his name, or occasionally spelled it, in those merry days when the Tower and the axe were absent from his dreams at night.—*Book-Lore*.

FENNELL'S SHAKESPEARE REPOSITORY, 1853.—I have the four first numbers of this quarto print. Can anyone tell me how many were printed? It was in many respects a remarkable issue, and some of its contents will bear reproduction. For instance, the following is said to be taken from an old newspaper:—

ORIGINAL LETTER OF SHAKESPEARE.—William Neate, a picture dealer many years ago discovered an original letter of Shakespeare, addressed to his intimate friend the Lord Mayor, 1609. The letter was found in an old

pocket-book, which Neate, among other things, had purchased in the City at the sale of some property belonging to a person named Hathaway, a descendant of Shakespeare's wife, Anne Hathaway. Neate advertised the document, which was purchased for one hundred pounds by a gentleman whom he subsequently ascertained was Sheridan, who had been sent by the Prince Regent. The letter is now in the British Museum, and the pocket-book was sold for £15.

And also the following:—

A work entitled *I Quattro Libri della Filosofia Naturale di Giovan Saravia* (1564), bearing an autograph of Shakespeare, was in 1844 in possession of Mr. Tayleur. The precious little volume was subsequently purchased by Mr. Pickering, the eminent bookseller, for twenty guineas.

J. HILL.

I AM THY POET'S SPIRIT.—The Seybert Commission for investigating modern spiritualism was formed in following out the conditions of an important bequest made by the late Henry Seybert, of Philadelphia, to the University of Pennsylvania. The chairmanship of this Commission is one of the miscellaneous duties, in connection with his trusteeship of the University, which has devolved upon Dr. Horace Howard Furness. The genial humor and right Shakespearian breadth and gentleness of the Variorum editor have done their part in making the preliminary report of the Commission, recently issued by the J. B. Lippincott Co., very good reading throughout. But the following choice bit will commend itself particularly to the Shakespearian palate:—

Whenever the spirits have been announced to me as this or that spirit, I invariably treat them as the spirits of those whom they assert themselves to be, and, in my conclusions, am guided by the pertinency of their answers to my question. Whenever William Shakespeare appears to me (and, by the way, let me here parenthetically note, as throwing light on a vexed question, that Shakespeare, in the spirit world, 'favors' the Chandos portrait, even to the two little white collar strings hanging down in front; his spirit has visited me several times, and such was his garb when I saw him most distinctly); when, I repeat, Shakespeare materializes in the cabinet for me, do I not always most reverently salute him, and does he not graciously nod to me—until I venture most humbly to ask him what the misprint 'Vllorxa,' in *Timon of Athens*, stands for, when he always slams the curtains in my face? (I meekly own that perhaps he is justified.)

NOTES ON THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

II.

THE occurrence of features which I, for one, can explain on no other hypothesis than that the actors inserted whatever they pleased, impresses me as more frequent in this play than in any other I have critically studied. The use of hyphens, parentheses and bracket marks throughout all the first folio text, even if utterly senseless from any reader's standpoint, may have been the careless following of copy by the compositors, of pencil marks made by actors in their lines to note where an emphasis, slur, or gesture was to be attended to in their delivery; or, indeed, the hyphen and bracket marks may have been used by the compositors for spaces, in their imperfect fonts. But the local allusions certainly must have been the work of the actors. It seems elementary to remark that trifling matters like the creating of a few extra knights at the court, or the first appearance of hackney coaches, should have been seriously lugged into a play 'by the head and shoulders' a quarter of a century after their occurrence.

The appearance of Fenton in entirely different places in the two versions, and the consequent confusion, can hardly be charged to the stenographer, since this character always comes later in the quarto than he is due to take his appropriate part in the action. In the quarto Page objects to Fenton as a son-in-law because 'he is wild'; in the folio adding that he kept company with the wild Prince and Poins. This emendation looks to me like an actor's, rather than the dramatist's reminiscence. Nor would a stenographer have been likely to invent a text for the duplicated letter. Instead of closing with the poetical—

By me,
Thine own true knight,
By day or night,
Or any kind of light,
With all his might,
For thee to fight.

John Falstaff.

he must have taken the liberty of cutting it off as curtly as a lawyer's notice to pay up or be sued, 'Yours, Sir John Falstaff.'

The 1602 version barely indicates a point for the reading of these duplicate letters and the discovery of their identity: nor, except the words 'I'll match you letter for letter,' that they are supposed to be identical. This may have been left to the actors themselves: since doubtless an actor was selected as much for his power of improvising in the spirit of the sketch placed in his hands, at least, as for any other merit.

Mrs. Page now gives an inkling of the legal bent of her mind by saying that her letter, although a twin, will not raise a point of law as between twins which shall inherit first.

It is a small discrepancy that Nym (whose part is little else) gets in allusions to his 'humor' irregularly: for the point was, probably, to get it in as often as possible; but a serious one when Pistol, in the 1602, after being refused the usual small loan, says, 'I will requite the sum in equipage' (*i. e.*, work it out), and, in 1623, 'then is the world mine oyster, which I with sword will open.' When Quickly comes with her messages from the 'Merry Wives' to Falstaff there was the conventional 'business' of the garrulous old go-between, retailing (like Juliet's nurse) the lovers' messages in exasperatingly small doses to the impatient listener. But it is only in the 1623 version that we have any competent dialogue to illustrate this 'business.' In the course of the interview with Brooke, Falstaff asks, 'Of what qualitie was your love, then?' and Brooke answers, 'I' faith, sir, like a fair house set upon another man's foundation.' The reviser in 1623 explains by adding, 'So that I have lost my edifice by mistaking the place where I erected it.' This smattering of legalism in a quarto to be explained in a folio becomes a phenomenon worthy of considerable

pause, when, in IV, ii, a speech of the 'Merry Wives' in 1623 is again so amended. But it is a phenomenon which requires more extended attention than can be afforded within present limits, and I have given it some speculative consideration in another place.*

In preparing for Falstaff's second punishment, our 'Merry Wives,' whom we already know as the wittiest, pose as the wisest of their sex, conversing, if not like philosophers, yet like attorneys and counsellors-at-law, or at least conveyancers in good practice.

Mrs. Ford.—What think you? may we, with the warrant of womanhood, and the witness of a good conscience, pursue him with any further revenge?

Mrs. Page.—The spirit of wantonness is, sure, scared out of him; if the devil have him not in fee-simple, with fine and recovery, he will never, I think, in the way of waste attempt us again.

'Fine and recovery' was a procedure devised by the old lawyers, the very simplest description of which would be a wearisome formula to a modern practitioner, but which could hardly have been very familiar to the ladies of sixteenth century England, unless, indeed, the dames of Elizabeth's day were enamored of the dusty subtleties of the common law. A suggestion that allusions like these were inserted to enhance the attractiveness of an already popular play appeared to be impossible. But the *Merry Wives of Windsor* seems to have been not the only dramatic matter of that date that was to be simplified by the like recondite explanations. It happened that in the 1603 version of *Hamlet*, Prince Hamlet, holding what may have been the skull of a lawyer, soliloquizes:—

Where be your quirkes and quillets now,
Your vouchers and double vouchers?

But in 1623 the same revising hand we have traced in the present play, not only added 'fine and recovery' to the above, but extended the inventory of the contents of the skull to embrace 'cases,' 'tenures,' 'actions of battery,' 'recognizances,' 'indentures,' and the like; even going so far as to reconstruct the great soliloquy on death and the land beyond on strictly legal lines and precedents. When we remem-

* *Shakespeare in Fact and in Criticism*. Chapter VI.

ber that the *Hamlet* and the *Merry Wives* are not so far removed from each other in point of printers' dates as their internal evidence might suggest, the similarity of their judicial revision seems somewhat peculiar.

Concluding their interview, Brooke says, in answer to Falstaff's query why he should wish another man to enjoy the object of his own desires, 'By that means I should be certain of that which I now misdoubt.' In the 1623, however, it is a speech of some fifteen lines, embracing a rather complicated justification of the paradox.

Act III opens with Evaffs at the false rendezvous, wiling away his time by singing a snatch of Marlowe's *Passionate Shepherd* (already included in the Jaggard collection called *The Passionate Pilgrim*): which, however—just as Friar Tuck, remembering his cloth, changes his bacchanal into the miserere—he turns rapidly, at the approach of Simple, into a fragment of a paraphrase of the 137th Psalm:—

When we did sit in Babylon
The rivers round about,
Then in remembrance of Si-on
The tears for grief burst out.

Another popular ballad, 'Fortune my Foe,' Falstaff himself alludes to at III, iii, 54. The first line ran, 'If Fortune thy foe were not Nature thy Friend.' It is mentioned in the newly discovered first part of *The Return from Parnassus* (1597-1601).

Studioso. How now, Philomenus? what, singinge *Fortune my foe.*
Philomusus. If sorrow laye on me her worst disgrace,
Give sorrow leave sadd passions to embrace.

The parallellization here shows displacements and new speeches entirely too violent and extensive for assignment to any stenographer. When Mrs. Page says, 'I cannot tell what the dickens his name is,' she is borrowing from Heywood, *Edward III* (1600); nor did Shakespeare again use, in the quartos or anywhere else, this phrase, which is certainly familiar enough to English ears.

The first scene of Act IV in the 1623 text is an interpolation entirely foreign to any purpose, plot or suggestion of the comedy. A lad called William is put through his Accidence by Parson Evans,

in the regulation methods of the elementary education of the period. Indeed, as I have shown elsewhere,* the exercise as given here—far from being travesty—is an almost verbatim transcript from the daily routine of an Elizabethan grammar school.

Such allusions as we have in the plays apparently confirm this general impression of fear or distaste in the unfortunate pupil. For example: 'towards school with heavy looks'—*Romeo and Juliet*, II, ii, 157—'to sigh like a schoolboy that has lost his A, B, C'—*Two Gentlemen of Verona*, II, i, 22—'a domineering pedant o'er the boy'—*Love's Labour's Lost*, III, i, 171—'most villainously, like a pedant that keeps a school i' the church'—*Twelfth Night*, III, ii, 80—(we are assured that at one time, during repairs, the Stratford grammar school vacated its premises, and temporarily held its sessions in the parish church; but this I am not able to verify)—'the whining schoolboy . . . creeping like snail unwillingly to school'—*As You Like It*, II, vii, 145—'whom, like a schoolboy, you may overawe'—*1 Henry VI*: I, i, 36—'schoolboy's tears'—III, ii, 116—though this may merely mean childish tears.

Except for the rather broad comments of Mrs. Quickly, there is nothing from which to infer—what may however be suggested as a possible explanation for the scene—that, having already utilized this comedy to revenge himself on Sir Thomas Lucy, Shakespeare proposed closing up at once his entire Warwickshire account by paying his compliments to the criss-cross rows and birchen rods of Stratford school. Little besides flogging was done in grammar schools of the period, and schoolmasters were nothing if not terrible to their pupils.

It seems not unlikely that a visit of certain Germans to Windsor, might, from the rarity of such occurrences, have remained long in the memory of the simple Windsor folk. But who saw fit to make it available for this comedy is another matter. Once so utilized, the representation of the foreigners as 'doing' all the local landlords out of their horses was, in those days at least, only a very English idea of aliens.

* PUBLICATIONS OF THE NEW YORK SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY. No. 2. *Venus and Adonis. A Study in Warwickshire Dialect*. Pp. 140-145.

If this episode in the quarto, which, like the Lucy allusion and the pedagogue scene in the folio, has no reasonable or possible connection with the plot, was not dragged in for local purposes, it is certainly incomprehensible. A curious volume preserved in the British Museum has this title:—

'A short and true description of the bathing journey of which his Serene Highness Right Honorable Prince and Lord Frederick Duke of Würtemberg and Teck, Count of Mümpelgart, Lord of Heidenheim, Knight of the two ancient royal orders of St. Michael, in France, and of the Garter, in England, etc., etc., lately performed in the year 1592, from Mümpelgart into the celebrated Kingdom of England, afterwards returning through the Netherlands, until his arrival again at Mümpelgart. Noted down from day to day in the briefest manner, by your Princely Grace's gracious command, by your fellow-traveller and Private Secretary. Printed at Tübingen, by Erhardo Cellio, 1602.'

From this volume it appears that the personage so tremendously entitled passed through Windsor under the following pass:—

Whereas this nobleman, Count Mombeliard, is to passe over cuntrye in England into the Lowe Contryes, these shalbe to wil and command you in his Majestye's name (for suche is his pleasure) to see him furnished with post horses in his travaile to the sea syde, and there to seke up such shippinge as shalbe fit for his transportacions, he *paying* nothings for the same. For which this shalbe your sufficiente warrante. So see that you faile not hereof, at your perills. From Befleete the 2d Septembre, 1592 (34 Eliz.).

Your friend,

C. Howard.

It is difficult to imagine a train so expedited, stealing horses along its course: but the word 'garmombles' seems so broad an allusion to the Prince's incognito of Mombeliard that it is difficult to escape the conclusion that this comedy was performed at Windsor (there would have been no point to the localism at London), and the whole affair, turned into an escapade, brought in for the occasion only.

Bardolph in the 1602 says that the robbery was committed by flinging him into a slough of mire beyond Maidenhead; whereas in the 1623 text the slough is placed beyond Eton; Bardolph adding, instead of the 'and away they ran' of the 1602, 'set spurs, and away like three German devils—three Dr. Faustuses.' This, with the speech the parson adds, that all the landlords of Colebrook, as well as

of Reading and Maidenhead—instead of Brentford and Reading—are victims, are simply variations incident to twenty years of stage rendition.

As originally mounted, the play closes with a merry-making in Windsor forest, in which Falstaff, having somehow made friends with all the rest of the personages, including the husbands he has wronged, obligingly wears horns, while the company dance around him, dressed as fairies are supposed to dress, with torches and a song. The proceeding seems to have been a device to wind up at once the performance and the story by marrying Anne Page to Fenton, while her two other lovers are to elope with boys who personate Anne to them. In the folio this transformation scene is connected with the plot, by making Falstaff's third punishment take place at 'Herne's Oak,' where the Merry Wives have appointed a third tryst, stipulating that he come disguised as 'Herne the Hunter': the fairies—while nevertheless subserving the elopement business—to be a surprise to Falstaff and the instruments of his torture. No hint of this is given by the 1602 reporter. In preparing for this transformation scene, Mrs. Ford sends for 'properties,' using the word still employed to designate stage requisites. The term has twice appeared earlier in the Shakespeare plays (*Taming of a Shrew*, 1594, *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, 1600). The scheme of disposing of the personages and winding up the story is conjectured to have been borrowed from the comedy of *Wily Beguiled*, 1597, Fenton corresponding to Sophos, Caius to Churms, Simple to Plodall, and Evans to R. Goodfellow. The character of mine Host of the Garter, Mr. Fleay says is a close copy of that of the Host in *The Merry Devil of Edmonton* (1579). Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps, in his edition of the comedy, gives several Italian and other novels from which the plot of *The Merry Wives* may have been derived. The purposes of this Introduction are, of course, indifferent to any 'Sources of the Plot.' But I have always wondered that, of all the poets who have ever written, William Shakespeare is the only one to whom creative fancy is denied by his worshippers. Had the 1602 been a short-hand report of the reporter, Falstaff ought to be much obliged to him for his generosity in forgiving him the twenty pounds borrowed

from the pseudonymous Brooke, for while repayment of that sum is insisted on in the folio it is freely forgiven in the quarto. And this same obliging man of short-hand, dissatisfied with the epilogue spoken by three personages non-appearing at the end of the 1623, has substituted an entirely different one in his pirated edition. But our warrant is that he did neither. Our comparison of the two texts leaves no escape from the conclusion that the 1602 quarto is a not over careful transcript of a play which, whatever its merits, was quite a different affair from the first folio comedy. Not only this: the examination adds, certainly, the testimony of one more witness to the cumulative proof that the 'copy' used by Heminges and Condell consisted of such piecemeal play-books and actors' lines as could be borrowed or begged from individual actors; and that the statement that—for its preparation they had received from William Shakespeare his papers, with 'scarce a blot' in them, and that 'as where before' the public 'were abused with divers stol'n and surreptitious copies, . . . even those are now offered to your view, cured and perfect of their limbs, and all the rest absolute in their numbers as he conceived them'—cannot be considered as of any value in the premises.

I accept the tradition as to the fourteen days, therefore, because the quarto evinces a play for whose composition two weeks would have been an ample allowance (especially to a writer of the facility which Ben Jonson credits Shakespeare), and because the art of stenography appears to have been not only understood and practised at the time (there is an entry on the stationers' books fourteen years earlier than the quarto, as follows: 'Characterie An arte of shorte, swifte, and secrete writing by character. Inuented by Timothe Bright, doctor of phisike. Imprinted at London by I. Windet, the assigne of Tim. Bright, 1588. Cum priuilegio Regiae maiestatis'), but, upon its invention, to have been promptly utilized for the pirating of plays; as appears by a line of Heywood, of about that date, complaining—

That some by stenography drew

The plot—put it in print—not one word true,

of one of his own dramatic productions. There was, to be sure, another method of play stealing. Printers might bribe individual

actors not only to supply their own lines, but memorize the lines of their fellows. Mr. Grant White believed the 1603 *Hamlet* was a so-purloined report of the folio version, and went so far as to select the actor who played Voltimand, as the thief, because the part of Voltimand was letter perfect, and fewer errors occurred in the parts of the actors who were on the stage with Voltimand than in the remainder of the 1603 quarto version. But such a process applied to the *Merry Wives* would, I think, have resulted in a fuller transcript. Besides the discrepancies in this case between quarto and folio are principally in incident and stage business: the variations in the dialogue being not verbal but *en bloc*.

The above are my own reasons for believing the 1602 quarto to be a substantially accurate transcript of the play written by the queen's command, and the 1623 folio comedy a growth therefrom, rather than a monograph of William Shakespeare's.

APPLETON MORGAN.

MERCUTIO.

'A plague o' both your houses!' Well he knew
He had his death-wound; yet a spirit made
For mirth and sparkle could not be afraid
Because, forsooth, a rapier thrust him through.
His happy, steadfast nature, ever true
To friends and honor, through his wit's cascade
Gleamed like a silver rock o'er which still played
The dancing waves of fancy, till Death drew
The flood-gates fast forever. Not alone
Art thou, Verona's ruler, in thy grief;
Nor are thy citizens the only train
Of mourners for him. All the world makes moan.
For, though his sojourn with us was but brief,
His golden fancies ever ours remain.

HENRY M. BELDEN.

Trinity College, Hartford.

WAS IT BACON? *

Dishonour not your eye
By throwing it on any other object,
Till you have heard me in my true complaint,
And give me justice.

—*Measure for Measure*, V, i.

FOR two hundred and forty years after the death of William Shakespeare no one appears to have expressed the slightest doubt that to him and to him alone was due the credit of those wonderful dramas which his contemporaries ascribed to him; within the last thirty years, however, certain persons in this country as well as in America, have challenged Shakespeare's authorship. . .

There is many a person who

Without eyes, sees pathways to his will.

Sir William Drummond gravely maintained that the whole of the Old Testament is allegorical—that a great, if not the leading object of it is to teach a correct system of astronomy, and that the twelve Patriarchs are the twelve Signs of the Zodiac. *Vide Œdipus Judaicus.*

The Rev. George Townsend, D. D., published in 1819 a work entitled 'Œdipus Romanus;' being an attempt to prove that the twelve Cæsars are the twelve Signs of the Zodiac.

The Rev. Dr. Joshua Barnes, the editor of Homer, and Regius Professor of Greek at Cambridge in 1695, wrote a poem, the design of which is to prove that King Solomon was the author of the Iliad, and John Durant, a French critic of the sixteenth century, pretended to find all the 'Bible in Homer.' . .

* From a lecture delivered before the Birkenhead and Penrith Literary and Scientific Societies, reprinted here after revision, and by permission of the author.

It has been urged that Lord Bacon induced Shakespeare to lend his name to the plays in question, concealing his own authorship, because a dramatist in those days was not only unpopular but considered disreputable, and therefore an acknowledgment of himself as such would have marred his prospects as a lawyer and statesman, yet we have on record that Bacon openly acknowledged himself the author of certain 'masks,' which were little else than pageantries, and we are also informed that he did not scruple to take a part in their exhibition. But besides all this, the reasons given for the concealment of his name, at the period of the production of these dramas, lose all their force when we call to mind the fact that Lord Bacon's complete works were not given to the world till 1635—nine years after his death, and twelve years after the first folio edition of the plays was published—at a time when all his ambitious schemes were over for ever. But Lord Bacon lived long enough to see the end, and the vast reputation of the plays. . .

The attempt to set up Lord Bacon as the writer of the Shakespearian drama is based mainly upon two propositions. In the first place upon sundry resemblances which are declared to have been noticed between certain words and certain thoughts that occur alike in the undoubted works of Bacon and in various passages of the plays in question; and secondly upon the sufficiency and the character of Lord Bacon's eminent abilities and vast learning.

Upon the first point I must say that it is difficult for me to understand how educated persons can build up, in defiance of every other consideration, such an edifice upon such a slender foundation. Granted that there are really such resemblances—and many more such not as yet noticed might be easily made out—between Lord Bacon and the dramatist—what of that against all the other facts of the story. Is it so impossible that two or more persons of the same country, living at the same period of time, and surrounded by like circumstances and all highly endowed, should now and again fall into similar reflections, even upon identity of words and phrases in giving utterance to their thoughts? Surely if such parallelisms as they are called, prove identity of authorship, then might we fairly credit Lord Bacon or

any other eminent man of the time, not only with the Shakespearian plays, but with a vast array indeed of anonymous publications and unacknowledged plays. . .

Moreover, the passages which show the direct opposite are omitted; as, for example, the contrariety between Bacon's statement about the tides of the Mediterranean and what we find about them in *Othello*. The Moor likens the violent pace of his thoughts to the *compulsive course* of the Pontick sea, which 'keeps due on.' While Lord Bacon tells us in his tract 'on the Ebb and Flow of the sea' that it has only *a very weak course, hardly any* indeed.

There is another noteworthy divergence between Lord Bacon and the dramatist which I must place before you. We know from his own statements that Lord Bacon refused to admit the Copernican or *solar* system of astronomy; he being the sole distinguished scientist of his time who still upheld the Ptolemaic doctrine, that the *earth* was the *centre* of the universe, around which revolved the other heavenly bodies, including the *sun*. Now here is a passage from the dramatist which clearly shows that he held a different view on the subject.—

The heavens themselves, the planets and this centre,
Observe degree, priority and place,
Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,
Office and custom, in all line of order :
And therefore is the *Glorious Planet Sol*
In noble eminence enthron'd and sph'rd
Amidst the other.

—*Troilus and Cressida*, I, iii.

Ulysses is endeavoring to show that the troubles which had come upon the Greeks had resulted from their 'many hollow factions;' and the absence of the General; and compares this officer to the sun, as the person upon whom order and direction were centred. A single instance of such discrepancy between two writings, more forcibly points to two separate writers, than any number of so-called 'parallelisms' or similarities in words and phrases, can possibly indicate a unity of authorship.

The fact is, these worshipers and advocates of Bacon are so carried away by their admiration of the great man, that they have lost sight

altogether of another and a much more important consideration whereby to test the question, and that is the marked difference, everywhere to be detected, between the *style* of Lord Bacon and that of the writer of the plays in question. By style I mean the peculiar combinations of language and of thought which are characteristic of each individual writer.

We all recognize the fact that each person's hand-writing is determinate, because it is governed by the length and shape of his fingers, the flexibility of his wrist, the general conformation of his hand, and still more perhaps by the action of his nerves and the character of his mind. Just in the same way is the style of each author due to the variety of circumstances which are individual to him—such as the language in which he thinks, the ornaments and the similes which he employs,—the form of his phrases,—his peculiar sense of rhythm,—the circumstances and associations of his life,—his education,—his occupations,—the studies which attract him,—and the aims and aspirations which fill up his soul. All these must modify and overrule each man's compositions and render them, like his dreams, individual and peculiar. Take for example the writings of those remarkable men who lived more or less as friends and associates at the end of the last century. Johnson and Addison, Steele, Goldsmith, Reynolds, Burke, Wyndham, etc., and try for yourselves whether these do not differ in the style of their compositions as much as they did in their characters and occupations. Could any person possibly mistake the productions of any one of them for those of any one of the others. Is it not quite easy to see the difference between the ponderous style of Johnson,—the smooth and polished style of Addison,—the crisp and fresh style of Steele, and the sweet musical flow of Goldsmith's diction? Now carry the enquiry a little further, and try whether you can establish any kind of similarity between the recognized styles of Lord Bacon and of the mighty dramatist who the former is pronounced to be! To my mind there is as vast a distance between them as there is between the poles,—not merely in the subjects which severally interested and engaged their thoughts, but in the rhythm and the management of those thoughts, as well as in the illustrations

and the diction they each employed. I will presently give you by way of contrast, several quotations from each of them; but in the meantime let me enforce what I am endeavoring to lay down by the term 'difference in style.' Here are then three quotations upon 'Nature and Art,' each from a different source. The first is from Sir Thomas Brown, a physician living at Norwich, during the reigns of James I. and Charles I.—

Nature is not at variance with *art*, nor *art* with *nature*; they being both the servants of God. *Art* is the perfection of *nature*; were the world now as it was the sixth day, there were yet a chaos; *nature* hath made one world and *art* another. In brief, all things are *artificial*, for *nature* is the *art* of God!

Lord Bacon writes upon the same subject as follows:—

There is yet a more subtle deceit which secretly steals into the minds of men; namely, that *art* should be reputed a kind of additament only to *nature*, whose virtue is this, that it can indeed either perfect *nature* inchoate, or repair it when it is decayed, or set it at liberty from impediments; but on the contrary *artificial*s differ not from natural in form and essence; but in the efficient only; for man hath no power over *nature* save only in her motion.

Now hear what our dramatist tells us about 'Nature and Art,'—

Perdita. I have heard it said,
There is an *art* which in their piedness, shares
With great creating nature.

Polixenes. Say there be;
Yet *nature* is made better by no mean,
But nature makes that mean; so, over that *art*
Which you say adds to *nature*, is an *art*
That nature makes. You see, sweet maid, we marry
A gentler scion to the wildest stock
And make conceive a bark of baser kind
By bud of nobler race: this is an *art*
Which does mend *nature*, change it rather, but
The *art* itself is *nature*.

— *Winter's Tale*, IV, iv.

There is no subject upon which poets have more frequently exercised their fancy than the morning's approach. Let us briefly consider three or four such specimens side by side. We will take first

two lines from Chapman's version of Homer; in the eighth book we find—

The cheerful lady of the light, deck'd in her saffron robe,
Dispers'd her beams through ev'ry part of this enflow'ed globe.

The next quotation is from Dryden's rendering of Virgil—

Now rose the ruddy morn from Titan's bed,
And with the dawn of day the skies o'erspread ;
Nor long the sun his daily course withheld,
But added colors to the world reveal'd.

Then we have Tasso's description—translated by Fairfax—

The purple morning left her crimson bed,
And donn'd her robes of pure vermillion hue ;
Her amber locks she crowned with roses red,
In Eden's flowery gardens gather'd new.

Spenser says—

Now when the rosy-fingered morning fair,
Weary of aged Tithon's saffron bed,
Had spread her purple robes through dewy air,
And the high hills Titan discovered.

Next, I give you Milton's version—

Now morn her rosy steps in th' eastern clime
Advancing, sow'd the earth with orient pearl ;

And the morn—

Wak'd by the circling hours, with rosy hand
Unbarr'd the gates of light.

The last quotations I produce are from our great dramatist—

Look ! where the morn, in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill.

Look what streaks

Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east.
Night's tapers are burnt out, and jocund Day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops.

I think you will recognize from these examples the great differences which are to be detected in the treatment of the same subject by different minds. Such differences mark individuality in style ; for

style does not consist in the choice of a subject, but in the peculiar and determinate form in which the subject is clothed. My contention then is that the differences everywhere discoverable between the form and manner of Bacon and those of the Shakespearian writer, are so pronounced, that the two writers cannot be one and the same. The two never approach any subject from the same point of view, never express it in the same way, never fall into the same rhythm, never illustrate it by the same similes. Bacon generally falls into a sort of mechanical, or perhaps I should call it an arithmetical formula, such as the following instances.—

‘Crafty men condemn studies, simple men admire them, and wise men use them.’ ‘Studies serve for delight, for ornament and for ability.’ ‘Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man.’ ‘Some books are to be tasted, others are to be swallowed, and some few are to be chewed and digested.’ ‘He tosseth his thoughts more easily, he marshalleth them more orderly, he seeth how they look when they are turned into words.’ ‘Judges ought to be more learned than witty, more reverend than plausible, and more advised than confident.’ ‘Give ear to precept, to laws, to religion.’ Lord Bacon’s use of these triple sentences are endless—but it would be difficult to find such a construction in the Shakespearian plays, where everything is fluent, unstrained, most apt, and absolutely free from mannerisms.

To proceed to the second argument—viz., Lord Bacon’s vast literary eminence and variety of talent. . . Lord Bacon was undoubtedly a man of vast intellectual vigor—of unparalleled attainments even in that remarkable era, in spite of his refusal to acknowledge the Copernican system of the universe—but he entirely wanted the sense of poetic fitness and melody. He seems to have had no insight into, or sympathy with, the hidden meaning which lies within all created objects—and never gives expression to any feeling of joy in their natural beauty—all his works evidence this. His *Philosophy*,—his *Ten Centuries of Natural History*,—his *Essays*, by which perhaps he is most widely known,—his *History*,—the *Apothegms*—all indicate this,—utility—mere material human progress is the key to them all.

There does not pulsate a single throb of emotion or sentiment. There is not what may be called soul in them anywhere—merely the physical aspect of all that surrounded him seemed to touch him, whether men or matter—never the metaphysical, the emotional or poetical side of life. He felt not its *meaning*!

Lord Bacon wrote an *Essay on Friendship*,—a dry, consistent, compact disquisition upon the uses and advantages of friendship with a tincture of self-adulation—but he tells us nothing of the ‘friendship that makes us fresh,’—of the ‘friendship that is the mingling of bloods.’ He knows nothing of the ‘friendship that never was and never will be false,’—or of ‘sweet friendship’s oath.’ He did not understand the sentiment that—‘That I would discover, the law of friendship bids me conceal,’—or, ‘To keep thy friends under thy own life’s key.’ These aspects of friendship spring from the heart, not from the head, and so were unknown to him.

In the Shakespearian plays there are more than eight hundred passages in which the words ‘friend’ and ‘friendship’ occur.

Lord Bacon wrote also an *Essay on Love*. This he designates a ‘weak passion.’ He says—‘Great spirits and great business do keep out this weak passion,’—again,—‘It was well said, that it is impossible to love and be wise,’ once more,—‘This passion hath its floods in the very times of weakness, which are great prosperity and great adversity; both which times kindle love, and make it more fervent, and therefore show it to be the child of folly. They do best who if they cannot but admit love, yet make it keep quarter and sever it wholly from their serious affairs and actions of life; for if it check once with business it troubleth men’s fortunes, and maketh men that they cannot be true to their own ends.’—Now hear what the dramatist says of love.—

Things base and vile, holding no quantity,
Love can transpose to form and dignity :
Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind,
And therefore is wing’d Cupid painted blind.

—*Midsummer-Night’s Dream*, I, i.

Once more—

Love is not love
When it is mingled with regards that stand
Aloof from the entire point.

—*King Lear*, I, i.

Again—

O most potential love! Vow, bond, nor space
In thee hath neither, sting, knot, nor confine,
For thou art *all*, and all things else *are thine*.

Once more,—

love first learned in a lady's eyes,
Lives not alone immured in the brain;
But, with the motion of all elements,
Courses as swift as thought in every power,
And gives to every power a double power,
Above their functions and their offices.
Subtle as Sphinx; as sweet and musical
As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair;
And when love speaks, the voice of all the gods
Makes heaven drowsy with the harmony.*

—*Love's Labour's Lost*, IV, iii.

There are in the plays upwards of 1900 passages in which love is referred to. The great Lord Chancellor, however, considers it 'a *weak passion*' and 'the *child of folly*,' that hath its floods in the very times of weakness, which are great prosperity and great adversity. The dramatist calls it 'most potential love,' and tells us

Prosperity's the only bond of love
Whose fresh complexion and whose heart together
Affliction alters.

—*Winter's Tale*, IV, iv.

That

It is as the very centre of the earth
Drawing all things to it.

—*Troilus and Cressida*, IV, iv.

Is it reasonable in the face of such diverse and contradictory views to pronounce the philosopher and the poet to be identical?

CHARLES H. HIGGINS.

* A half-truth, says Perdita, and adds—

I think affliction may subdue the cheek
But not take in the mind. —ED.

**THE RISE IN VALUE OF THE QUARTO EDITIONS OF
SHAKESPEARE.**

The rise in value of the early Quarto editions of Shakespeare has been really marvellous. George Steevens, the celebrated editor of the poet, had a remarkable fine series of these rarities in his library, and they were sold at auction in May, 1800, after his death. In the first column of the table given below, will be found the prices that they brought at that sale; while the prices in the second column are those which were realized for the same editions at the sale of George Daniel's library in July, 1864. The comparison of prices will be found very interesting.

QUARTOS.	DATE.	GEO. STEEVENS' SALE.			GEO. DANIELS' SALE.		
		£.	s.	d.	£.	s.	d.
Hamlet	1611	2	2	0	28	7	0
1 Henry IV.....	1599	3	10	0	115	10	0
1 Henry IV.....	1608	1	7	0	—	—	—
1 Henry IV.....	1613	1	2	0	—	—	—
2 Henry IV.....	1600	3	13	6	—	—	—
2 Henry IV.....	1600	2	15	0	—	—	—
(another copy)							
Henry V	1600	27	6	0	231	0	0
Henry V.....	1608	1	1	0	—	—	—
Richard III.....	1600	1	16	0	—	—	—
King Lear.....	1608	28	0	0	29	8	0
King Lear.....	1608	2	2	0	—	—	—
(another copy.)							
The Merchant of Venice	1600	2	0	0	—	—	—
(another copy.)							
The Merchant of Venice	1600	2	2	0	—	—	—
The Merry Wives of Wind- sor.....	1602	28	0	0	—	—	—
The Merry Wives of Wind- sor.....	1619	1	4	0	—	—	—
A Midsummer Night's Dream	1600	25	10	0	241	10	0
A Midsummer Night's Dream.....	1600	1	15	0	—	—	—
(another copy.)							
Much Ado About Nothing..	1600	25	10	0	267	15	0
Othello.....	1622	29	8	0	155	0	0
Richard II.....	1598	4	14	0	108	3	0
Richard II.....	1608	10	0	0	—	—	—
Richard II.....	1615	1	12	0	—	—	—

Richard III.....	1602	0	10	0			
(defective,)							
Richard III.....	1612	1	5	0	—	—	—
Romeo and Juliet.....	1599	0	5	6	—	—	—
(a fragment)							
Romeo and Juliet.....	1599	6	0	0	52	10	0
Romeo and Juliet.....	1609	2	2	0	—	—	—
The Taming of the Shrew...	1607	26	0	0	—	—	—
Titus Andronicus.....	1611	2	12	6	31	10	0
Troilus and Cressida.....	1609	5	10	0	114	9	0
Pericles.....	1609	1	2	0	84	0	0
Pericles.....	1619	0	15	0	—	—	—

J. PARKER NORRIS.

A School of Shakespeare.

For his bounty,
 There was no winter in't; an autumn 'twas
 That grew the more by reaping.
 — *Antony & Cleopatra*, V, 11, 86.

A STUDY OF HAMLET.

NOTE: The text used in the following elementary notes is that of the Clarendon Press Series, edited by Clark and Wright, edition of 1874.

M. W. SMITH.

MISCELLANEOUS REFERENCES.

ACT I.

- (1.) *Scene i, Lines 166, 167.* The beautiful story of Eos or Aurora is suggested. Compare with Spenser's:—

'Now when the rosy-finger'd morning faire,
 Weary of aged Tithones saffron bed,
 Had spread her purple robe through dewy aire.'

and

'As faire Aurora in her purple pall,
 Out of the east the dawning day doth call.'

- (2.) ii, 65. Give the meaning of *kind* in this connection.
- (3.) ii, 108, 109; 132-138. Is there any way to account for Hamlet's quiet submission to the usurpation of his uncle?
- (4.) ii, 233. Did a ghost ever have a florid complexion?
- (5.) iii, 7. Note the poetical beauty and suggestiveness of the metaphor *violet*. Here is a whole picture behind a word.
- (6.) iii, 41, 42. A fine illustration of Shakespeare's imagination and style. It is an extremely concise statement of the complex idea of unhealthful morning vapors and the tenderness of youth.
- (7.) iii, 70, 71. In *Euphues* (Arber's edition, p. 39) the following equivalent expression is found: 'Let thy attyre bee comely, but not costly.'
- (8.) iii, 78-80. This is a fine bit of philosophy.
- (9.) iv, 22. '*Pith and marrow*.' Is there one metaphor too many?
- (10.) iv, 69-74. Does it conform to Horatio's character to attribute such powers to the ghost? (See also i, 127-129, and 140, 141.)
- (11.) v, 50-52. Is egotism allowable in a ghost?
- (12.) v, 66, 67. This passage shows Shakespeare's knowledge of the circulation of the blood fifteen years before Harvey published his theory.
- (13.) v, 76. '*Blossoms of my sin*.' A very concise expression of the complex idea of spring and youth and maturity.

ACT II.

- (1.) ii, 20, 21; 279-281 (also III, ii, 302). Could Hamlet ever have cared much for such persons as Rosencrantz and Guildenstern?
- (2.) ii, 96-104 (also V, ii, 104-119). Compare with the language of *Euphues* itself.
- (3.) ii, 171. Why is the rest of this scene, as far as Hamlet's soliloquy, near the close, in prose instead of verse?
- (4.) ii, 420-429. These lines illustrate Shakespeare's knowledge of his art and its requirements. So also do 1-41 in III, ii.

ACT III.

- (1.) *i*, 46-49. A common failing of human nature.
- (2.) *i*, 90-149. Why does Hamlet treat Ophelia so harshly in this interview?
- (3.) *i*, 125-127. In Lily's *Mydas*, *I*, *ii*, the following passage occurs: 'And so many other trifles, as both want the words of art to name them, time to utter them, and wit to remember them.'
- (4.) *i*, 173, 174. Although an incoherent metaphor, this passage gives Shakespeare's knowledge of the intimate connection between the brain and the heart.
- (5.) *ii*, 1-32. Explain why so many actors have disregarded this advice.
- (6.) *ii*, 146-147. A fine illustration of intense love.
- (7.) *ii*, 155. Is this so?
- (8.) *ii*, 157-172. May not these be the 'dozen or sixteen' lines that Hamlet inserted in the speech?
- (9.) *iii*, 51-56. The King was evidently more conscientious than many modern penitents.
- (10.) *iii*, 57, 58. This is rhetorical nonsense, but the thought is clear enough.
- (11.) *iii*, 73-91. (See also *II*, *ii*, 546-569; *IV*, *iv*, 39-44; *V*, *iii*, 67-70.) How does strong intellectuality tend to lack of self-confidence and also of decision of character?
- (12.) *iii*, 93. This illustrates Taine's idea of Shakespeare's never seeing anything tranquilly.
- (13.) *iv*, 23-30. This is the culmination of the plot. Hamlet imagines that accident has furnished the opportunity he has so long desired. The death of Polonius, by compelling the King to act in self-defense, shuts off all possibility of Hamlet's avenging his father's death by direct means. Hamlet's unfitness for his task is fully demonstrated, and from this on he drifts with the tide of circumstances, becoming a fatalist. Or, question this.
- (14.) *iv*, 58, 59. A beautiful picture.

- (15.) *iv*, 85, 86. This must have been, as now, a popular idea of repentance.
- (16.) *iv*, 92-98; also *IV*, *v*, 109-118, and *vii*, 53-56. Compare the motives actuating Hamlet and Laertes for the same object.
- (17.) *iv*, 93-99. Would it not have been more manly for Hamlet to have said this to the King? Compare with Laertes' speech, *IV*, *v*, 109-115.
- (18.) *iv*, 99. Should the ghost here be seen by the audience? Contrast with other Shakespearian apparitions.
- (19.) *iv*, 100. It was time for the ghost to stop this tirade.
- (20.) *iv*, 107-112. This is extremely artistic in Shakespeare. Hamlet's strong intellectuality is to be driven to still greater extremes.
- (21.) *iv*, 146-149. Is this a bad mixture?—In any author but Shakespeare to be considered nonsense.
- (22.) *iv*, 157. Is this sentiment in conformity with Hamlet's character?
- (23.) *iv*, 197. How did Hamlet find this out? (See also *IV*, *iii*, 45.)
- (24.) *iv*, 210-212. Compare the motive of Laertes to avenge the death of his father with that of Hamlet.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE SHAKESPEARE COURSE AT THE UNIVERSITY
OF MICHIGAN.



HAT is known as the Seminary Course in Shakespeare at this University, was instituted by Professor Moses Coit Tyler, in the second half of the academic year of 1877-78, and has not been materially changed during the ten years that have elapsed since then. From the first the course has been entirely elective and has been open only to seniors, post-graduates, and now and then a special student who showed qualifications for the work. Courses in English Language and Literature, Rhetoric

and Philosophy, extending over the previous years of the curriculum, lead up to this course.

The following regulations are laid down :

1. The class will be divided into sections of not less than twelve nor more than fifteen members each.

2. Each section will meet once a week for two hours to discuss a single play. On Fridays the sections will meet together for an hour to listen to a review, by the professor, of the discussions of the week.

3. The students' exercise will consist of an essay, a critique upon the essay, and an extemporaneous discussion in which every member of the section will be expected to participate.

4. The essay is expected to occupy from thirty to forty minutes. It should be written on thesis paper, and should contain an analysis of contents and marginal references to all authorities used. It must be in the hands of the critic at least a week before the date appointed for the reading.

5. The critique should be a careful review of the essay both as to form and subject-matter. It is expected to occupy from ten to twenty minutes.

6. The second hour will be given to an oral discussion of the papers read, and may include any topic properly connected with the play under consideration. The aim will be to make these discussions as little formal as is consistent with a class-room exercise.

The study proceeds on three lines: (1) historical and descriptive, including sources, editions, growth ; (2) æsthetical, including technique ; (3) ethical. References are given to the principal authorities on all these points for each play studied. Some two hundred volumes are placed in the West Seminary room of the general library, where they may be freely consulted during library hours by members of the class, who are admitted to this room by special ticket. The McMillan Shakespeare Collection, now numbering upwards of three thousand volumes and pamphlets, is also accessible to students desiring to make more extensive investigations on any topic. The programme for the entire course is announced at the beginning of the semester in order to

give the essayists every opportunity for preparation. The essays not infrequently give evidence of a great amount of special reading and study.

The results obtained from these methods have been most encouraging. During the six years that I have had charge of this work, I have been continually delighted and surprised at the spirit with which the young men and women enter into the study, and at the degree of appreciation and literary sense they exhibit. The great embarrassment felt by the student is lack of time for the subject, and it needs little foresight to predict that most of them will not be content to lay aside their Shakespeare studies at their graduation.

The number of students electing the course has been nearly constant from year to year. The last class numbered forty-one. When one reflects that a large proportion of these become teachers, superintendents of schools, members of school boards, and college professors, one can form some estimate of the impetus here given to Shakespearean study.

ISAAC N. DEMMON.

Ann Arbor, Michigan, August 12, 1887.

ELIZABETHAN STUDY AT WILLIAMS COLLEGE.—The recently established Griffin prizes offered in English literature consist of a first prize of \$50 and a second of \$25, and are open only to members of the Senior class. They will be awarded in part from the record in recitation in the required English; in part from the merit of an original essay of not less than 5000 words on 'Shakespeare's Predecessors;' and in part on the basis of an examination to be held about the first of November upon the following Elizabethan plays:

Marlowe's *Tamburlane*, *Edward the Second* and *Faustus*.

Ben Jonson's *Volpone*.

Middleton's *Familie of Love*, and *The Witch*.

Messinger's *New Way to Pay Old Debts*.

Beaumont and Fletcher's *Rule a Wife and Have a Wife*.

The examination will be reckoned as one half in the assignment of the prize, the essay and the grade in the required English as one quarter each.—*The Williams Weekly*.

The Drama.

Betwixt mine eye and heart a league is took,
And each doth good turns now unto the other.

—Sonnet XLVII.

MASQUES AND REVELS AT GRAY'S INN.—Under the treasurer-ship of his Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught, the Honorable Society of Gray's Inn celebrated Her Majesty's Jubilee by reviving one of the ancient masques and revels for which it was famous in the olden time. The Inn has a past of which it is rightly proud. Its history dates from a period whereof it may be said that 'the memory of man runneth not to the contrary,' for there is no record of its foundation as an Inn of Court, although it undoubtedly existed in that character as far back as the early part of the 14th century. Bacon, when Solicitor-General, dedicated his *Arguments of Law* to his 'lovinge friends and fellowes. the Readers, Ancients, Utter Barresters, and Students of Graies Inn.' Among other eminent members were Thomas Cromwell, the great Minister of Henry VIII.; Burleigh, the wise counsellor of Elizabeth; Holt, the Chief Justice; Sir Samuel Romilly, the law reformer; Camden, the antiquary; Rymer, whose *Fœdera* has such a wide reputation; Sir Philip Sidney, Sir William Dugdale, and many more. Mr. W. R. Douthwaite, the librarian and historian of the Inn, states that Bacon not only took great interest in superintending the festivities in hall, but also assisted in the composition of some of the 'Triumphs' which were there presented. The philosopher, in his *Essay on Masques and Triumphs*, writes:—'These things are but toys to come among such serious observations; but yet, since princes will have such things, it is better they should be graced with

elegancy than daubed with cost.' Hall describes in his *Chronicle* an entertainment which took place at Gray's Inn in 1525. The author of the 'disguising' was John Roo, sergeant-at-law. It seems that 'the play was so set forth with rich and costly apparel and with strange devices of masks and morrishes, that it was highly praised of all men, saving of the Cardinal, which imagined that the play had been devised of him. In a great fury he sent for the said Master Roo, and took from him his coif, and sent him to the Fleet, and after he sent for the young gentlemen that played in the play, and them highly rebuked and threatened, and sent one of them, called Thomas Mayle, of Kent, to the Fleet, but, by the means of friends, Master Roo and he were delivered at last.' The *Jocasta* of Euripides was translated into blank verse by George Gascoigne and Francis Kinwelmersh, students of the Inn, and acted in 1566, in which year was also performed *The Supposes*, translated by Gascoigne from Ariosto. On the 28th of February, 1587-8, eight members of the society were engaged in the production of *The Misfortunes of Arthur* for the entertainment of Queen Elizabeth at Greenwich. In 1594 Shakespeare's *Comedy of Errors* was played. Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps, in his *Outlines of the Life of Shakespeare*, speaks of Gray's Inn-hall as one of the only two buildings now remaining in London in which any of the plays of the great dramatist were performed in his own time. The revels of the same year are described in the 'Gesta Grayorum, or the History of the High and Mighty Prince Henry, Prince of Purpoole, Archduke of Stapulia and Bernarda, Duke of High and Nether Holborn, Marquis of St. Giles and Tottenham, Count Palatine of Bloomsbury and Clerkenwell, Great Lord of the Cantons of Islington, Kentishtown, Paddington, and Knightsbridge, Knight of the most heroical order of the Helmet and Sovereign of the same, who reigned and died A. D. 1594.' At Shrovetide the Prince and his company entertained the Queen at Greenwich, and after the performance Her Majesty 'willed the Lord Chamberlain that the gentlemen should be invited on the next day, and that he should present them unto her, which was done, and Her Majesty gave them her hand to kiss, with most gracious words of commendation to them, particularly

and in general of Gray's Inn, as an house that she was much beholden unto, for that it did always study for some sports to present unto her.' It is a tradition of the Inn that Elizabeth showed her affection for the society by presenting the oak screen and some of the oak dining-tables which are still in use. One of the most cherished customs is to drink on Grand Day to the 'glorious, pious, and immortal memory of the good Queen Bess.' *The Maske of Flowers*, which was resuscitated in honor of Her Majesty's jubilee on the 23d of June, '87, at half-past three in the afternoon, was in 1613-14 'presented by the gentlemen of Graies Inn, at the court of Whitehall, in the Banqueting-house, upon Twelfe Night, being the last of the solemnities and magnificences which were performed at the marriage of the Right Hon. the Earle of Somerset and the Lady Frances, daughter of the Earle of Suffolke, Lord Chamberlaine.' On Candlemas Day, 1633-34, a splendid masque was performed by gentlemen of the four Inns of Court before Charles I. at Whitehall. It was entitled *The Triumph of Peace*, and was intended as a protest against Prynne's *Histrio-mastix*. Narcissus Luttrell, in his diary, under the date February, 1682-83, says:—

Sir Richard Gipps, master of the revells at Graies Inn, attended with his revellers and comptrollers, went to Whitehall the 23d of the last month in one of his Majesties coaches, with several noblemens coaches and six horses, to invite the King and Queen, the Duke and Dutchesse, and the rest of the Court to a mask at Graies Inn, the 2d inst., being Candlemas Day, and accordingly there was great preparation that day, diverse of the nobility and gentry in masks, who danced in the hall, and afterwards were entertained with a splendid banquet.

Masques continued to be held until about the middle of the 18th century.

The Maske of Flowers, by a few alterations, has been rendered as appropriate to the celebration of Her Majesty's jubilee as if it had been written in honor of that occasion in 1887 instead of in 1613. This work was undertaken and skilfully carried out by Mr. Arthur William A'Beckett, who edited the maske and modernized it, and whose production was under his superintendence.

THE LABOUCHERE MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.—Twickenham, Villa, that pleasant plot once so dear to the heart of the poet and early editor of Shakespeare, Alexander Pope, and now the domain of Mr. Labouchere, whose titles to fame his contemporaries best know, was made the scene of a pretty nineteenth century gambol on the evening of the 6th of August. Shakespeare was set out of doors again under new aggravations of the sylvan and nocturnal mixed and as the senior member for Northampton himself tells us Mr. Claude Ponsonby in a violet cloak and a fair wig succeeded in making

picturesque love to Miss Fortescue in the gleam of electric light beneath a big beech tree. Miss Fortescue clasped the back of her head with her hands, as though trying to keep it on, and spoke Shakespeare's lines with a strong French accent, to show she was an Athenian maiden. Miss Dorothy Dene hardly did justice to her studio training, and has an awkward trick of settling her draperies and tucking in her Greek garments before she goes to sleep on a grassy mound, that was avoided by the better taught heroine of the Savoy school; but, on the whole, the players wore their strange dresses with ease, and who knows but that *chiton* and *peplum* in this hot weather may not take the place of cricket flannels and petticoats? It was a really pretty scene, and I am distinctly of opinion that all pastoral playings should be by night. The performers somewhat dragged, and intoned their lines, and took everything too slowly, but for all that, they were an honest set of amorous phantoms, flitting in and out of the bushes and brushwood. Mr. G. A. Sala, with a marvellous make-up, enacted Bottom with good nature and a shocking stutter. He sang his song, stroked his long ears, fondled Miss Kate Vaughan, and hopped off with astonishing sprightliness—but he insisted on the irritating stutter—and as he happens to be a remarkably fluent speaker, this struck me as meaningless. The rest of the clowns were very grotesque. Lady Archibald Campbell—a recognized authority in these matters—chose to play Oberon, and make of the King of Fairyland a long, thin, reed-like creature, that rolled its r's, and was generally very mediæval and melancholy. Fairy kings are festive folk, so far as I have heard of them, and the part was wholly unsuited to this highly important and severely sorrowful lady.

As for Bottom's part, in particular, let the player himself speak. Who can do himself justice but George Augustus Sala. And he says—

The audience seemed to like it; at least, they laughed, and whether they were laughing with Bottom or at Bottom is to that philosophic weaver a matter of the profoundest indifference. Bottom's byplay was perhaps the most suggestive ever witnessed on any stage; it reminded one, in about equal proportions, of Edmund Kean in 'Sir Giles Overreach,' of Charles Kean in the 'Corsican Brothers,' of David Garrick in 'Abel Druggier,' of Macklin in 'Shylock,' of Dowton in 'Falstaff,' of Thespis in the celebrated tragedy of 'Wait for the Wagon,' of Joey Grimaldi in 'Mother Goose,' of John Kemble in 'Coriolanus,' and of Mr. J. L. Toole in 'The Pigskins.' It may be said without exaggeration that Betterton at his best was never better than was Bottom in the incidental episode of the ragged pocket-handkerchief. The famous song, too, beginning, 'The ousel cock so black of hue,' was given with a *brio*, a *sostenuto*, a *staccato*, a *morbidezza*, that would have made Mr. Santley, had he heard it, take a back seat. It was a splendid example of the *Sturm und Drang* of vocalism; and I only wonder that it did not frighten Titania into fits. Such a Titania! Such an airy, ethereal Queen of the Fays! How dullest were her caresses; and what admirable taste she showed in selecting me as the object of her affections! O! Miss Kate Vaughan! Miss Kate Vaughan! But my fond heart, be still! Looming in the distance I see Mistress Bottom with *ὁ οὐρανός*. I should have liked to see Bottom play the lion, and to have heard him roar like a sucking-dove; at all events he roared like a town bull in his concluding speech. He was bland, unctuous, eloquent, forcible, touching, emollient, artistic, genial, grotesque, hilarious, homogeneous, and truly amiable, and his jests were worth a guinea a box. It was a performance that children might cry for, and of which the prestige will descend to after ages. The pity of it is that this Bottom will never be seen again; and did I dream, I wonder, when I emerged from the wandering wood near Twickenham, that I seemed to hear spirit-voices mockingly murmuring that 'good' was scarcely the epithet to apply to Bottom's performance, and that, on the whole, there was no fool like an old fool?

Literary Notes.

When comes your book forth?
Upon the heels of my presentment, sir.

—*Timon of Athens*, I, i, 26.

MR. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL'S lecture on *Richard III*, in Chicago, last February, furnishes the writer of *The Primrose Criticism* not only with his title and the pretext for his book, but also for the heavy-footed wit which set its clumsy mark on every page of its first part. Mr. Lowell, it will be remembered, confessed that, to him, *Richard III* looked like an ordinary primrose rather than a true Shakespearian flower of light, and his difficulties proceeding, as they did, from the peculiar point of view of a personal and skilled literary criticism, were of interest to every Shakespearian, although many a one must have thought those difficulties partly traceable to the common tendency not to allow Shakespeare margin enough for his own inferior moments—to the common mistake of supposing certain work, not otherwise considered doubtful, to be un-Shakespearian because it is not intrinsically the high-water-mark Shakespearian. The writer of this little book, however, has not allowed his dissent from Mr. Lowell's conclusions to take the temperate attitude of consideration which good taste would have suggested. And the whole tone of the first division of his book is unpleasant and unnecessary. Its only claim to the grace of critical irony is derived from Mr. Lowell's own slight reference to Peter Bell and his belaboured primrose, and is pushed to tedium. The facts insisted upon, that show the play of *Richard III* is not

classed among the apocryphal plays, are, of course, easily justifiable; and the compiler has summarized them here conveniently. He should not, however, in fairness, have ignored the discussion of the share borne by various hands and adaptations in this, as in others, of the historical plays. In the second division of his book, 'The Historical Basis of *Richard III*,' something of this necessarily transpires. Indeed, the further the writer gets from his assumption of a defence of Shakespeare, the better his reader fares. The sources of the play are given in a compact way that will prove useful to many students; and the third part, 'The Historic Richards,'—as the children's couplet goes, 'the best of all the game,'—in the collection of information it gives of the greater Richards of the stage, adds to the second part in making this attractively bound and printed book, a handy volume of facts about the play, and not so transitory and useless a piece of controversy as the first part alone would declare it to be.

(*Richard the Third and The Primrose Criticism*. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. 1887. 16mo. 164 pp. \$1.00.)

A GOOD BOOK on that etymological maze, English words, which could afford a sound preparation for advanced studies in English language and literature, yet which could serve as a text-book and reduce the leading principles of English Philology to the comprehension of boys and girls at the higher schools, without being a mere 'Scholar's Companion' or a compendium of centipede words to memorize, is what Professor McElroy has meant to make his *Essential Lessons in English Etymology*. His plan opens by asking the attention of the student to a story, from whence he may be shown its compound and derivative and thence its simple words, himself learn to pick these words out, to characterize and know them, and therewith learn much of their meaning, history and relationship. This study proceeds by means of a number of carefully graded and attractive lessons, based always on extracts from good English writers. The relation of sound and articulation to words is shown in the fourth chapter, in a way that will be sure to interest the

pupil, but it is not made to usurp the place of the relation of thought to words, as it always did in the 'spellers' of our fathers. Several further chapters are of especial value, because they give in no perfunctory, but in a clear and intelligible way, the main results of recent philological study in their elucidation of the English language and its related tongues, and the development or modification of the meaning of words.

(*Essential Lessons in English Etymology.* John G. R. McElroy, A.M., Professor of Rhetoric and the English Language in the University of Pennsylvania. Philadelphia: John E. Potter & Co. Sm. 16mo. 318 pp. 75 cts.)

THE BANKSIDE SHAKESPEARE, Vol. I., containing *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, has gone to press. Three other volumes are in manuscript ready for the printer, and this extensive undertaking of the New York Shakespeare Society has now the certainty of appearance; the requisite funds, we are told, for the entire edition of twenty volumes having been secured. The edition will be line-numbered as to both the earliest and latest texts; the quarto texts collated by signatures; the folio, by columns and lines. This notation has been decided upon after considerable deliberation and debate, and adopted by the Society after reference to a committee consisting of Messrs. Adey, Price, Fleming, Frey, and Morgan.

A PROMINENT member of the Bacon Society confesses, we hear, to its great dissatisfaction with the *North American Review* articles of Mr. Donnelly, which, in spite of the diplomatic attitude, thought wise, and repeated delays which gave ground for suspicion, it had looked forward to with the favorable interest of those who would be glad to believe and endorse. Yet now that the final fore-running messages of the prophet in the wilderness are cried abroad, he finds them—so runs the plaint—'more provoking than ever.' Indeed the rumor reaches us that a report is now drawn up and awaiting the sufferance of a committee of the Bacon Society, which might almost be taken for an attack upon the apostle of the Cipher. That this

report will be allowed to pass is, probably, unlikely enough. For the second thought of any member of the Bacon Society—as indeed of many imperturbable Shakespearians—must be an acknowledgment of the fact that not yet has knowledge enough been vouchsafed us upon the assumed laws of correspondence between the position and order of certain words and the number of misprints in an important bit of seventeenth century typography, to warrant anybody in saying anything is either provable by what we have yet heard of the Cipher process or impossible to make seem less unpalatable than it now appears. Mrs. Pott, we know (see Sept. SHAKESPEARIANA, p. 438), is generous enough to trust in the coincidences revealed, and to wait patiently for further light. That this is as much as so ardent a Baconian can do is sufficient token of the attitude other Baconians have now to subside into; it is, also, perhaps, the best comment that can be furnished on the abeyant nature of Mr. Donnelly's utterances and their adaptation to the promotion of the sale of *The Great Cryptogam*.

THE NEWSPAPER notices the Donnelly theory has occasioned are more than may be, now, indicated here. But all of them, from Prof. Thomas Davidson's 'broadside' of 14 columns in the *New York World* of Aug. 28th, to the thrice-told squib in the corner of the village weekly gazette, have fallen into Mr. W. H. Wyman's bibliographical net, and in due season will stand recorded in their order on his list in SHAKESPEARIANA to witness the height reached, in the year 1887, by this curious discussion of an antique matter made current. The judicious bibliographer of the Shakespeare-Bacon controversy writes us that the news-clippings on this subject have been coming in to him by the hundreds a day, and his task of assorting and sifting the mass is now under way.

THOSE PEOPLE who count the President of the New York Shakespeare Society among the Baconians, may find in *The Critic* of Aug. 6th, a few words in a letter of Mr. Appleton Morgan's that seem to be a decided disavowal of such a position. The letter concerns itself

with a discussion on general literary criticism, in the course of which this example occurs:—

To take a case with which I happen to be familiar: Mrs. Potts's *Promus of Formularies and Elegancies* was a work extremely caviare to the general, and extremely refined and occult in its methods. But its advent was considered important enough (as it touched upon a question just then of considerable popular interest—viz., the authorship of Shakespeare) to be telegraphed across the Atlantic, and its appearance here was looked for with curiosity. Immediately upon its arrival, however, it was carefully reviewed by the late eminent Richard Grant White, to whom (as to myself and to most of us) the idea of Francis Bacon being the real Shakespeare was impossible, not to say intolerable. The result was that Mr. White's criticism was read by everybody, and the book by nobody. Doubtless had the situation been reversed, and nobody read the review and everybody read the book, the verdict (that the *Promus* did not prove the Baconian authorship) would have been the same.

SHAKESPEARIANA IN CURRENT PERIODICALS. — *D' Avenant's Relationship to Shakespeare* is discussed in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for April (pp. 413–16), in 'Table Talk,' under the time-honored editorial signature 'Sylvanus Urban.'

The familiar gossip is again retailed. No defence is given of Aubrey by way of upholding his part in the story. Malone's testimony for him, as one who 'in all matters of fact may be safely relied on' (Boswell's *Malone's Shakespeare* of 1821, vol. II, p. 694), not even being referred to. Instead, the question under which his accuracy has lain is quite ignored in a sentence which speaks of the tradition that Sir Wm. Davenant was the son of Shakespeare, as a view which 'seems to have commended itself to antiquaries and biographers so careful as Aubrey, Oldys, Anthony à Wood and Malone.' This grouping of authorities under the same adjective for all, 'careful,' is misleading, and calls for a dose of Halliwell-Phillipps that may be taken from page 216 of the first volume of *The Outlines*:—

Sufficient is known of the family history of the Davenants, and of their social position and respectability, to enable us to be certain that this onslaught upon the lady's reputation is a scandalous mis-statement. Anthony Wood also, the conscientious Oxonian biographer, who had the free use of Aubrey's papers, eliminates every kind of insinuation against

the character of either Shakespeare or Mrs. Davenant. He may have known from reliable sources that there could have been no truth in the alleged illegitimacy, and any how he had no doubt the independent sagacity to observe that the reception of the libel involved extravagant admissions.

The writer, however, adds an interesting reference, sometimes lost sight of, which occurs in *The Incomparable Poem Gondibert, vindicated from the Wit-Combats of Four Esquires, Clinias, Dametas, Sancho, and Jack Pudding* (1665), a satire upon Davenant's *Gondibert*. Davenant, in his poem, had sought to derive his name from Avenant, which he spoke of as an Italian town, and a hit upon this, striking back into the days when Shakespeare baited at the Crown Inn, Oxford, on his way to and from London, seems to appear in the following lines:—

Your wits have further than you rode,
You needed not to have gone abroad—
D'Avenant from Avon comes.

But it must be seen that this is no more authoritative as evidence of the fact alleged than any other reference would be to a floating scandal purposely made much of by malicious pens, and in this case also the more tempting to the satirist on account of the chance for a pun.

In the same magazine, the May number, W. J. Fitzpatrick writes on *The Original of Sir John Falstaff* (pp. 428–446). He claims that 'had Oldys been urged by Fastolf's representatives to whitewash his reputation—and I do not say he was—he could not attempt it in a more energetic spirit,' that it is his words as given in the old *Biographia Britannica* in Fastolf's praise which 'crop up unchanged in nearly every cyclopædia or biographical dictionary which one opens.' In a word, Mr. Fitzpatrick tries to make out a case against Fastolf as Shakespeare's original of Falstaff, adducing also some recently-found documents which are curious enough to stand in need of fuller attestation. They are given as follows:—

Memorandum Roll. Exchequer. 3 Henry IV., Mem. 19. Grant from Thomas of Lancaster, son of Henry IV. and Lord Lieutenant of Ireland and Seneschal of England, to John Fastolf and John Radcliff of the

office of 'Chief Butler of Ireland' which was in the King's hands by reason of the minority of James, son and heir of James Butler, Earl of Ormond, deceased, who held the same of the King in capite together with the prize of all wines coming or imported into the country, and all fees, profits and commodities whatsoever appertaining to the office.

Patent Roll. Chancery. Ireland. 3 Henry IV., No. 217. The King, for the good and lawful service which his well-beloved Esquire, John Fastolf has performed towards him and his most dearly beloved son, Thomas of Lancaster, grants to him a certain house in the custody of one Edward Berry, Prior of the Church of the Most Holy Trinity, as a Deodand forfeited to the King for the murder of a little boy, and also another horse which belonged to Mathew Ledwich as a Deodand forfeited for the murder of the said Mathew.

Two letters of Mr. Sidney L. Lee to *The Academy* of May 14th (p. 344), and May 28th (p. 380), on *Shylock and his Predecessors*, should not escape the notice of American Shakespearians. They add to the well-known sources of the plot of *The Merchant of Venice* found in Fiorentino's *Il Pecorone*, the *Gesta Romanorum* and the precedent ballad of *Germutus*, Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*, and the play mentioned by Gosson in 1579; another play 'invariably overlooked by the commentators,' a play printed in 1584, 'as it hath been publicly played,' a right excellent and famous comedy called *The Three Ladies of London* . . . written by R[obert] W[ilson]. Mr. J. P. Collier reprinted the play in 1851, and Mr. W. C. Hazlitt added it to his Dodsley in 1874, 'but neither,' says Mr. Lee, 'examined it in close connection with *The Merchant of Venice*. The play is stupid for it belongs to the transition period from mystery and morality plays to the robust English drama.' The three ladies are Fame, Love, and Conscience, and the plot has to do with their encounters with Lucre, Fraud, Usury and other abstractions of worldly evil, and its purpose is to expose abuses of London society. The story is of one Mercatore, an Italian merchant, who speaks broken English and comes to England to traffic in imported luxuries and export English products. The scenes are laid in London, and afterward in Turkey, where he goes to buy up jewels, and meets a Jew, Gerontus,

who proves an old acquaintance. He has lent him-money, he fled the country to avoid paying. The Jew now allows him five days in which to pay it, and Mercatore still delaying, the Jew grows abusive, puts him under arrest, and brings him before the Judge. But in Court, the wily merchant 'turns Turk,' dons Turkish weeds, and disclaims his Christianity, by this process being freed from debt by Turkish law; Gerontus then begs him for his principal only, offering to forgive him the rest; then agrees to take half and be content, but Mercatore replies—

No point da half, no point denier :
Me will be a Turk : I say,
Me be weary of my Christ's religion.

The Judge is forced to release him, though he is as much disgusted as the Jew with the merchant's trickiness, the more so when upon Gerontus forgiving him the whole debt he avails himself of the opportunity to turn Christian again and follow his own devices, the Judge taking occasion of this exhibition of unrighteousness to sum up the moral to the effect that the Jew seeks to excel the Christian in Christianity, and the Christian the Jew in Jewishness.

It is evident enough, as Mr. Lee says, that there is no real obligation of Shakespeare's play to this; but it was reprinted in 1592, and was then still popular, and Shakespeare is likely to have known of it, and, moreover, there are several curious points of resemblance; the Jew's resentment of Mercatore's flouts, his order for the merchant's arrest, his praise of the Judge, the exact amount of the loan and the time allowed, three thousand ducats for three months. This time and sum are not found in any of the other plays mentioned as instrumental in determining Shakespeare's plot. In *Il Pecorone* it is 10,000 ducats, the time being unspecified; in the ballad it is one hundred crowns for twelve months. The names, Gerontus and Gernutus, are so nearly identical and not known elsewhere, that they would seem to indicate, with other presumptive evidence (so Mr. Lee concludes), that the ballad was written before, or while, the play was popular, 1584-92, and, in any case, earlier than Shakespeare's plays. In another way still *The Three Ladies* is of interest, in connection with

the genesis of *The Merchant of Venice*. Shakespeare's choice of a Jew has seemed to be a puzzle to some critics and historians, who suppose it settled that there were no Jews in England between 1290 and 1635, though there is evidence enough to show that Elizabethan England was not free from Jews who exercised themselves in the traits and occupations supposed to be typical of the race, as, for example, in *Every Man in his Humour*, we may read 'You may buy a good suit at a Jewes.' And to 'multiply instances of Jews on the stage removes all difficulty as to Shakespeare's choice, besides confirming the theory that he had opportunities of personally studying Jewish life in London.'

In his second paper Mr. Lee makes further claim that it is capable of demonstration that *The Merchant of Venice* is an adaptation of the older play and may be put in the same category with *The Taming of the Shrew* and the early histories. Gosson's statement showing that a similar plot was seen on the stage in 1579, and Edmund Spenser's letter to Gabriel Harvey in the same year (see SHAKESPEARIANA), affording corroboration of Gosson's reference to the lost play of *The Jewe*. Five years later *The Three Ladies of London* was printed. There is but one way to explain the curious resemblances. The phraseology and subsidiary action of both plays owed something to a common source.

Looking upon the Jewish episode in *The Three Ladies* as little more than a fragment of the lost play of 1579, Mr. Lee regards the ballad of *Gernutus the Jew* as a version of the lost play's plot. 'Its archaic tone justifies as early a date as 1579; and, I find on Dec. 7, 1580, a ballad (not now extant) entitled *An Example of Usurie*, was entered in the Stationers' Registers.' He concludes by urging future editors to reform altogether their accounts of the source of plot and artistic details in Fiorentino's story since it never appeared in English or French dress in Shakespeare's day, and the only edition known was printed at Milan in 1598, and therefore to assume he had recourse to this volume is to credit him with a knowledge of Italian not elsewhere exhibited. Similar objection can not be brought against

the *Gesta Romanorum*, but since Gosson tells us 'the greediness of worldly chusers' was one of the motives of the lost play, the *Gesta Romanorum* source theory is, he considers, supererogatory. In short, he is inclined to ascribe Shakespeare's knowledge of the story solely to the lost play of *The Jewe*.

FEW, if any, English writers of any eminence are there whose special bent and literary growth have not been fostered by the beneficent influence of Shakespeare. It is of interest to know, from the recent biography of her, by her sister, that the author of the *Lives of the Queens of England and of Scotland*, as a mere child, was touched deeply by the Poet's spirit. To Agnes, as to her gifted sister Elizabeth, the historical plays were especially attractive. This is the story of their first acquaintance with the book of English books, as their sister tells it:—

Mr. Strickland, who took charge of his elder daughters' education, did not permit them the use of books of amusement, unless these were of a superior order, and were calculated to form their minds and morals; nor did he allow them to choose for themselves from the stores of his own library. This restriction was in part lessened by a volume of Shakespeare falling into his young daughters' hands, and exciting their lively enthusiasm, Agnes declaring that she would never read any other book in her leisure hours; but Elizabeth, less imaginative, was more reasonable in her admiration of our immortal bard. They both, however, committed the finest passages of *Julius Cæsar* to memory. But Agnes could not keep their acquisition from her father, who was too much pleased and surprised at the fruits of their disobedience to give them the reproof they expected to receive. He gave them leave to read Shakespeare in future, considering that their infant innocence would prevent them from receiving injury from those loose passages which the coarse manners of the age in which they were written had not only tolerated, but probably admired.

Pope's Homer succeeded Shakespeare, and Agnes learned many of the books of the *Iliad* by heart; and the copy, by the way, from which she learned the mighty verse, was Sir Isaac Newton's subscription copy, Mr. Strickland's first wife being the great-niece of Newton. Stories of heroes and the 'sad deaths of kings' were the natural food of these incipient historians, and it nourished their childish pleasures as well as their future life-work. To this witness the following:—

The village of Reydon was an agricultural one, and afforded the young ladies of the Hall no companions: thus they were thrown upon their own resources entirely for recreation. Agnes, who had never seen a play in her life, resolved, with the aid of her four younger sisters, to act some scenes from Shakespeare, and selected the second part of *Henry VI* for their *début*. As they all had good memories, she did not find much trouble in drilling her youthful company. Agnes, who, like her warlike ancestors, was a strict Lancastrian, could not induce Elizabeth to join her, for she was a staunch Yorkist, and they sometimes fell out while discussing those ancient politics. This new amusement lasted a whole winter, till Agnes, struck with the poetical beauty of Clarence's dream, resolved, with the assistance of her next sister, to perform the murder-scene in *Richard III*—she herself taking the part of the doomed prince, while Sarah was to play the part of a good listener in Brackenbury, and also to take that of the first nameless villain. The scene came off very well till the entrance of the murderers, whose arch, blooming, juvenile faces did not accord with their evil intentions towards the hapless prisoner. A mis-timed fit of risibility on their part overcame the gravity of the death-doomed Clarence, and the scene ended not in a tragedy but a comedy.

Several years later, while on a visit, 'for the first time in her life Agnes saw a play'—Shakespeare's *Henry VIII*—and we read that she was delighted with this representation, 'which realized her own vivid conception of the characters introduced in that noble drama.'

When fully launched upon the tide of work that filled her life, after her father's death, she received the following note, which it may be well to record here, from the enthusiastic French translator of Shakespeare, the son of the great French poet. It was addressed simply to Miss Agnes Strickland, authoress of *The Lives of the Queens of England*, and no further bill of particulars was needed, for it came safely to hand. It was written from the place of exile in the Jersey Islands where father and son, meeting in a common labor, made their hard and barren hours of expatriation fruitful and memorable by the introduction the one wrote, and the translation the other worked out, evidently with more care for accuracy in details than his great father has shown in his eloquent panegyric.

MADAM:—I read, in your interesting *History of Queen Elizabeth*, this passage: 'A few days after, the Lord Chamberlain's players acted before

him Sir John Oldecastle, or *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, to his great contentment' (ed. 1844, p. 247). In a note at the bottom of the page you mention the Sidney papers as the source from whence you have drawn this curious information. Would you have the goodness to give me a copy of the original extract of which you have made use? This copy would assist me in clearing up a problem in historical literature which has hitherto appeared inexplicable. Excuse, madam, my importunity, and accept the homage of my profound respect.

FRANÇOIS VICTOR HUGO.

Hauteville House, Guernsey.

One more gleaning from this interesting biography may be pertinently made here. In one of her letters, mentioning the promise of Mr. Milne to give her some important documents regarding St. Margaret and Lady Macbeth, Agnes goes on to say, 'the last being the rightful queen-regnant of Scotland,' whereupon Miss Jane Strickland adds this note:—

It certainly would have given a shade of interest to the character of Lady Macbeth if Shakespeare had followed the history of Scotland more closely. His gracious Duncan had murdered her father and usurped his throne. She sees in the sleeping monarch a likeness to his victim, and says:—

I had done it, had he not resembled
My father when he slept.

(*Life of Agnes Strickland*, by her sister, Jane Margaret Strickland. Wm. Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh and London. 1887. 16mo. 388 pp.)

Miscellany.

To knit again

This scattered corn into one mutual sheaf.

—*Titus Andronicus*, V, iii, 70.

THE EXTRAORDINARY CIPHER NARRATIVE.—A more curious narrative was never told. It is neither brief nor vague, but long and almost painfully minute. The style is robust and terse, like that of the best Elizabethan writers. It is what the Germans call *derb*. The story, as far as developed by Mr. Donnelly, reads almost like one of *Plutarch's Lives* in Lord North's translation. It consists of twenty-five chapters, of which the headings are as follows:

Chapter I.—The Treasonable Plan of Richard II., published by Richard Field.

II.—The Treasonable History of Henry IV., written by Dr. Hayward.

III.—Robert Cecil's suspicions aroused.

IV.—Hayward brought before the Queen.

V.—Cecil declares Shakespeare to be but a mask for Bacon.

VI.—To prove it he tells the story of Shakespeare's youth, of his robbery of Sir Thomas Lucy's Park, and the destruction of his fish pond.

VII.—He describes Shakespeare's appearance when he first came to London; and declares him incapable of writing the plays.

VIII.—He asserts the purpose of the historical plays to be to dignify rebellion and encourage treason in the interest of the Scotch King.

IX.—On hearing this the Queen rises up, beats Hayward with her crutch and nearly kills him.

X.—The Queen defends Bacon and rebukes Cecil. She sends out posts to find Shakespeare, with orders to arrest him on the old charge of robbery and put him to the torture if he will not tell the author of the plays.

XI.—The Earl (Essex) sends Umfreyville to St. Albans to warn Bacon to fly. He overtakes Harry Percy.

XII.—Bacon hears the dreadful news. His brother Anthony urges him to go to the Continent. The discussion between the brothers.

XIII.—Bacon overwhelmed with the horrors of his position.

XIV.—He resolves on suicide and takes ratsbane.

XV.—He falls in the orchard, cutting his head on the stones; he is found and carried into the house.

XVI.—His mother's grief and rage. He counterfeits death to give the poison time to work. His family thinks he has been slain in a duel, or been assaulted by robbers. His stomach rejects the arsenic.

XVII.—The loquacious village doctor; his treatment of the case. He pronounces it an apoplectic fit caused by over-study.

XVIII.—Anthony learns that Shakespeare is not with the players, but sick at Stratford.

XIX.—Percy is sent to Stratford on a swift horse to urge Shakespeare to fly the country.

XX.—The sick Shakespeare at Stratford.

XXI.—Shakespeare's beautiful daughter.

XXII.—The supper at Stratford.

XXIII.—Percy tells Shakespeare the news and urges him to fly.

XXIV.—The uproar in the family—the brawl.

XXV.—Shakespeare decides to fly.

Here is a portion of chap. ix., containing the story of the Queen's treatment of Hayward, the writer of the *Treasonable History of Henry IV.*: 'Her Grace was in a fearful passion, and rising up, struck your poor friend with the steel end of her big heavy crutch. The poor wretch took to his heels; but the ill-tempered old jade followed him, striking him again and again on the head and sides of his body. His health was not good, his limbs were weakened with a fever he had had. His joints gave way under him, and he fell to the earth.

She doth bestride him and takes him by the beard, and, bending down, beats him till the stick breaks.' Such is the pleasant picture which the cipher narrative gives us of Elizabeth. Such is the barest outline of an extensive narrative which Mr. Donnelly has worked out, but which he conceives to be but the earnest of a much longer one. It is certainly startling in the highest degree, and Mr. Donnelly cannot expect to have it accepted without a struggle. There is some consolation in thinking that, if he should fail to convince people of the historic truth of his narrative, he can easily turn it into an historical novel, which, I venture to predict, will enjoy a wide popularity.

THOMAS DAVIDSON in *The World*, Aug. 28th.

ROGERS' SHAKESPEARIAN TABLE-TALK.—I cannot relish Shakespeare's *Sonnets*. The song in *As You Like It*, 'Blow, blow, thou winter wind' is alone worth them all.

Do not allow yourself to be imposed upon by the authority of great names: there is not a little both in Shakespeare and in Milton that is very far from good. The famous passage in *Hamlet*, though it has passed into a sort of proverbial expression, is downright nonsense,—

A custom

More honour'd in the breach than the observance.*

—I, iv, 15.

How can a custom be honored in the breach of it?

Some speeches in *Paradise Lost* have as much dramatic force as anything in Shakespeare; for instance,—

Know ye not, then, said Satan fill'd with scorn,
Know ye not me? Ye knew me once no mate
For you, there sitting where ye durst not soar, etc.

—B IV, 827.

It is remarkable that no poet before Shakespeare ever introduced a person *walking in sleep*. I believe there is no allusion to such a circumstance in any of the Greek or Latin poets. What a play that is!

* Cf. the following line of a play attributed to Jonson, Fletcher and Middleton:

'He keeps his promise best that break with hell.'

Dyce's *Remarks on Collier's and Knight's edition of Shakespeare*, p. 210,

—*The Widow*, III, 11.


Was there ever such a ghost?—‘the table’s full!’ I never missed going to see it, when Kemble and Mrs. Siddons played Macbeth and Lady Macbeth; their noble acting, and Locke’s fine music made it a delightful treat.

Porson used to say that something may be pleaded as a sort of excuse for the wickedness of the worst characters in Shakespeare. For instance, Iago is tortured by suspicions that Othello has been too intimate with his wife; Richard the III, the murderer of children, has been bitterly taunted by one of the young princes, etc.

One day, during dinner at Pisa, when Shelley and Trelawney were with us, Byron chose to run down Shakespeare (for whom he, like Sheridan, either had, or pretended to have, little admiration). I said nothing. But Shelley immediately took up the defence of the great poet, and conducted it in his usual meek yet resolute manner unmoved by the rude things with which Byron interrupted him,—‘Oh, that’s very well *for an atheist*,’ etc.

—*Samuel Rogers’ Table-Talk.*

SHAKESPEARE AS A TEXT-BOOK.

OME thirty years ago I spent the year as a student in a New England College. During this time I do not remember that I once heard the word Shakespeare uttered by an instructor. It may have been used in a vague manner, coupled with Æschylus and Milton, with perhaps some indistinct reference to poetic excellence, but if it was, I cannot recall the fact. There was no literary course and no element of literary criticism in any part of the curriculum. The entire organization tended more towards the oratorical than the literary idea. We recited in 'Whately's Rhetoric,' and at stated intervals handed to our tutor, a young man some five or six years older than we, written compositions, which were graded and marked on some standard unknown to us, but never handed back with any suggestion or comment. The tutor's estimate was kept as a profound secret, and to have asked for his opinion on our juvenile productions would have been regarded—if not as a breach of discipline—at least as an instance of unmannerly curiosity.

Looking over ten catalogues which happen to be within my reach, I find that last year all of them included in their English courses—usually as optional with the students, it is true—critical reading of Shakespeare's plays in the class room. Such a marked change implies a radical shifting not only in the methods but in the objects of college training, or at least the admission and recognition of a new object alongside of the old ones. This object is the fostering a taste for literature as such, apart from every practical result the work may have in improving the art of expression. It is a partial recognition of the university idea, that the aim of education must not be technical. This

is certainly an elevation of the object of college life in America. The question I propose to consider is in what manner can the instructor, who keeps in view the average quality and development of the young men on the benches before him, best help them in the forty or fifty hours he meets them, along the line of culture naturally opened by reading Shakespeare's plays?

But I must first say that it would be entirely unfair to assume that there was no literary atmosphere in New England colleges in 1855, because there was then no use of Shakespeare as a text-book. Though there were few points of contact between the faculty and the students, there were professors whom we venerated as scholars devoted to the intellectual life. But that life had theology for its aim, rather than literature or science, and was removed from most of us. It is true that among the students were such men as Andrew White, Moses Tyler, Stedman and Mulford. My remembrance 'is that they and their set were regarded with more respect than the high-stand men.' Certainly they contributed to form a literary spirit as efficiently as any instructor could have done. This spirit needed pruning and training, no doubt, but it was like all wild growths, vigorous and vital. We worshiped Macauley and DeQuincey and Carlyle without the least suspicion that they were false gods. There was no one to tell us whether they were so or not, and we were never troubled with any refined theories about true or false art, nor about 'art for art's sake.' In fact the word 'art' was never used except in a technical sense, or with reference to painting or sculpture. Very likely we admired the wrong things, and could give no reason for our liking, but at least we admired enthusiastically something we had found out for ourselves, and did not estimate things by a commercial standard.

The modern teacher who uses Shakespeare's plays as a text-book gains some important vantage points in the outset. The modern deification of the poet renders it unnecessary for him to say anything about the importance or value of the work. The class will not be inattentive nor listless. Whether he exerts himself or not, they will receive benefit. It is true that young persons are apt to read with reference to the plot or story solely, feeling as if they were

actually present at the events detailed, or as if the persons intriguing, planning, making war, or making love, were of their own acquaintance. But in doing this they receive much more than mere entertainment. From listening to the conversation of such frank, outspoken, confidential souls—for Shakespeare's most reticent characters are as confidential with the audience as with themselves in their bye-speeches and monologues—they gather a great deal of knowledge about the obscure parts of human nature. This may not be literary training, or at least the literary training which enables one to write balanced sentences, but it is knowledge worth acquiring, and it is knowledge which has some of the intimate personal applicability of knowledge acquired from experience. It is true that many of these persons speak a language different from our ordinary speech, in that it is much more finished, rhythmical, and rhetorical. They use, too, a few words which were in colloquial use two hundred years ago but are now obsolete, and occasionally ideas come to them so rapidly, and are expressed in such compact form, that it is a little difficult to catch their meaning. Still, they never fail to convey their general drift, and usually, especially when they are excited, they express themselves so much to the point and with so much force and clearness that they drive their meaning home in the most emphatic way. Young people gather ideas from the Shakespearian personages very much as they take up knowledge from hearing an animated conversation between their elders. Many persons do not readily take impressions from books, but all readily receive them from living talkers. Individuals who have the power of racy expression and are willing to disclose themselves sincerely are rare, and are growing rarer in civilized communities every day, for the usages of polite intercourse tend to surround men with an armor of what is called manners, and to restrict the area of what we can safely say to one another. The effort of men and women in every-day intercourse is to impose on other people, to convey by words, dress, manners, an untrue notion, sometimes better, not unfrequently worse than reality. Shakespeare's men and women are—to the reader—absolutely frank, and they cannot veer and change

to different readers. The most thoughtless reading with reference to the story solely, is not time thrown away.

And, further, very few young persons can read any one of the plays without being attracted by the felicities of phrase and the poetic beauty of the diction. The blank verse movement is the best possible training for natural prose writing. In many cases students memorize portions of the verse of their own accord. While the admiration for detached passages is not to be encouraged, as it gives a fragmentary character to the work, so natural a tendency should not be checked. Students will at least store up in their brain a number of sentence movements, the echo of which can hardly fail to react on their powers of expression. This advantage, however, must be regarded strictly as incidental.

It may be said that young men from eighteen to twenty-four years old can reap these advantages by reading the plays out of class-room, thus saving the scanty hours of a college course for what cannot be done elsewhere. This is not altogether true. A college course is only an initiation, after all, and it should be varied. Of course a boy with a taste for poetry will read Shakespeare by himself, but even he can be aided in the class-room. The fact that the plays are poetic conversation makes it essential that they should be read aloud. Some effect may fairly be allowed to the atmosphere of the class-room. And the instructor can do something, not very much perhaps, but something. What should he do?

In the first place he presides and directs. There must of course be no question of marking. To make Shakespeare a text-book in that sense would be perhaps the most ludicrous thing in education ever attempted in American colleges—though that is saying a good deal. He should be a blind worshiper of Shakespeare, if not, he had best resign at once. He should read in his turn, not taking the leading character, but as a member of a class reading *seriatim*. From time to time he may discuss some of the following points as they are suggested by the play under consideration, having reference always to the capacity and interest of the individual members of the class—which should not exceed twelve—and not to what his latest reading has made for the time being uppermost in his own mind.

I. The instructor may profitably call attention to the fact that the plot or action is not a fragmentary bit taken out of the actors' lives at random. The parts of it are intimately related to the characters as effect and cause, and are subject to very subtly wrought laws. The plot is not some episode of chance events which the actors could view carelessly, but they made it themselves, and it is the culminating important series of events for which they have all their lives been waiting and preparing. They usually put forth all their strength, and are called on to do battle, not merely to manœuvre in a dress-parade. This gives the plays a unity, and the interest which comes from unity and is lacking to a fragment. With this may often be connected something on the art with which the author handled his original materials of tale or chronicle, and the judgment with which he amplified some parts and suppressed others under the stress of his vital conception of the characters. The excellence of the technical art of presentation or narration is also a suggestive subject, and some comment on it ought to have the indirect effect of creating a taste for good art in fiction.

II. Not very much should be said about the natures of the personages, especially about such as have at all a philosophical or contemplative cast, because young men cannot well understand what older men understand only by reflecting on their own consciousness or by recalling past experience. I doubt whether the most thoughtful young person can appreciate the difference in the treatment of the lovers in *Midsummer-Night's Dream* and in *The Tempest*, because the parental feeling which influenced the last is something to which they are strangers. The underlying difference between these plays is the difference between youth and manhood. Prospero, Caliban, and Miranda are the most wonderful figures ever drawn by the hand of man,—Caliban the most so. Their significance as types of wisdom, of virginity, and of the brute-man, is so startling as to compel us to the belief that some 'affable familiar ghost taught him to write above a mortal pitch.' But the jocund company that play their tricks in the woods of Athens, and the mortals they beguile, are instinct with the spirit of youth. Hot blood courses in their veins, and immortal joy

looks through their eyes. They are teased and tormented by the spirits of nature whom Prospero subdued by 'his so wise art,' as a man conquers the peccant impulses of his early days. Except the Duke Theseus and Hippolyta, they are petulant, irascible, explosive, full of the joy of living. They are not individualized, they are typical young persons. But the young people in the *Tempest* are evidently regarded by their creator with tenderness. He dwells on their innocence and purity and freshness. The lovers in the *Midsummer-Night's Dream* are conventional. The essence of the divine nature of the covenant between a man and a woman had not yet been clearly apprehended in the poet's mind, as it was when his genius rose into wisdom. But this is a point which young men cannot understand, and in consequence they usually prefer the poem of youth to the poem of maturity. Usually, too, a young man's conception of Hamlet is something that he sets aside as he grows older. Students are not yet wise enough—or it may be not silly enough—to read philosophical analysis into poetry.

III. Nevertheless, the fact that Shakespeare was primarily a poet should be insisted on. To be told to regard him simply as a playwright working for his living, will deaden the fine bloom of youthful enthusiasm, and will chill the vital conception that every man should have of art as personal. Therefore it is well to allude to the fact that in all the work that is distinctively his, in all that he did not produce mechanically, and in adherence to the routine of his contemporaries, he was under a constraining power. He was forced to produce a work of art without much reference to the selling qualities, just as much as Shelley was; so that no doubt very much of the finest of his work was thrown away upon his audiences, or travestied and obscured by the actors, just as it is now. At the same time his exceeding good sense was never so dominated by his poetic creative impulse that he did not infuse an acting quality into his plays, as Tennyson and Browning do not. He possessed those great powers, humor and wit, one a quality of the affections and the other a quality of the intellect. These, with rhetorical power, were enough to make him a successful man. As a rule, the public does not like good poetry, and if it gets

rhetoric and wit and humor, it is delighted. If it gets that vague, alarming thing, poetry, it is apt to be a little uncomfortable, though there will be here and there an unlearned man, and here and there a scholar, who will say, 'Hush! the gods are speaking.' Young men will attain a better conception of the word Shakespearian if they understand that it has both a mechanical and a mystical element.

The time allowed in a college course is so limited that it is doubtful whether much stress should be laid on the Elizabethan period. The class should read Symond's *Pre-Shakespearian Dramatists*, or Froude's History, but the subject is so wide a one that it is likely that erroneous views will be formed. One man will be attracted by the sumptuousness of the great nobles like Leicester or Southampton or Essex, another by the excitement and enthusiasm of the 'New Learning' at Oxford, another by the dash and spirit of adventurers like Drake and Raleigh. It was such a complicated and fermenting time that it is a study by itself. Occasionally, of course, some thought in the play is explained by referring to the social system of the time. Hamlet's position as heir apparent, for instance, which was instantly comprehended by the spectator of the day, makes reasonable his immunity at Court, and the reluctance of the King to kill him except at a distance. However, the question how far to regard the plays as products of the time, is one which must be decided as it comes up. To me one of the most representative men of the period is the orator Latimer, rough, democratic, strong, devout, full of spirituality, yet full of an earthy common sense. Whether he is preaching to ten thousand people at St. Paul's, or saying to Ridley, as they stand bound back to back, with the faggots about them, 'Be of good comfort, Master Ridley, and play the man. We shall this day light such a candle, by God's grace, in England as I trust will never be put out.' This burly preacher seems to me a significant figure, with his roots deep down in English life. Shakespeare's plays give no intimation that he was in any way conscious of the great spiritual forces of his century. Yet, though Latimer was burned in 1555, nine years before Shakespeare's birth, they belong to the same spiritual generation. For one mark of the literary men of the period was a robust, practical

objective perception of the world, not merely the common sense which results in good literary judgment, correct taste, and sense of artistic balance,—these were ‘Shakespeare’s freehold’;—but that general acquaintance with matters of observation which specialists fail to attain. They remind one of country boys, who have a knowledge of birds and animals and plants, got by country rambles, and of the ordinary trades of cobbling, horse-shoeing, and the like, got by the watching the craftsman of the village in his shop. Again, the city, though metropolitan, was so small that the men who came up there were not in the least transformed into cockneys. There was so much going on, and so many new places being discovered, that men were communicative; and it is evident that all, even the scholar class, were educated by that most powerful factor, intelligent and interested conversation, an educational force rarely experienced now, since we have all become so silent and doubtful and indifferent. It was very natural that Elizabethan literature should be stamped by mental alertness, and by the eager curiosity, energy, and lively interest in objective life that mark youth and freshness. For a time the serious, sombre brooding on mystical questions that underlaid Middle-age devotion and Puritan righteousness were set aside. Perhaps it would characterize the public mind of England from 1550 to 1630 to say that it was radically and essentially un-Calvinistic, though Calvinism was gaining ground during the entire period. It felt the historic continuity of England so vividly that the national idea received an artistic representation never since equalled for breadth and heroic dignity. With a healthy, free sense of the content of righteousness, it made its ethical standard, conduct, and not a system. The drama, which began by satirising Rome, soon came to look for its subject-matter far beyond creed and dogma. Ford, Webster, Massinger, and Marlowe, made their underlying theme ‘unchecked, unclothed human nature.’ Shakespeare had the force to carry this type of art to perfection, and so, when we say Elizabethan, we mean Shakespearian.

But spiritual slavery cannot be abolished entirely by an artistic expression which ignores it. To overthrow in the popular mind a doctrine so fascinating to the ordinary imagination as the real pres-

ence on the high altar, it was no doubt necessary to oppose it with a doctrine so fascinating to the ordinary intellect as justification by faith, with its inhuman and arrogant corollaries. Suddenly the Elizabethan impulse is expended, apparently without immediate results. The Calvinistic impulse for system and formula buried it. This survives to our day, and may live out our century. One of its survivals is the inhuman logical school of political economy which has long dominated our industrial system, and has evolved our well-known baleful type of self-satisfied, self-centered man of affairs, the iron-handed, iron-hearted Puritan of business, who, too, justifies himself by faith in his system.

Now whatever view we take of English history in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries is of little value in reading Shakespeare's plays. To be too historical is like examining the frame of a picture when the picture is of such transcendent merit that no frame can enhance its worth. The accurate, exact spirit of the age is apt to lead us away from Shakespeare to Shakespeare's environment. If we guard against this, Shakespeare's times may well be made a subject of study, for enough, at least, to write a theme or two on some characteristic of them. But above all we must remember the time is limited, and that a study of *Macbeth* is far more useful than an attempt to reconstruct the stage on which it was first shown.

IV. Young men will naturally desire to read some Shakespearian criticism. What men of eminence, like Coleridge and Goethe, have said, will always have considerable weight. Coleridge, especially, is so much in earnest, and many of his remarks are so like the genial suggestive conversation of one who has just seen the play well represented, that he holds the attention better than some critics who are more systematic. Of the moderns, Dowden is especially valuable, both for matter and manner. On the principle of not allowing the journeyman side of Shakespeare to obscure his character as a poet, Grant White should be diluted with the German view. Gervinus is so prolix and so ponderous in thought-movement, that he not unfrequently proves distasteful to students who enter into the dramatic spirit. There is a class of Germans who insist that

Shakespeare wrote allegories, not plays; or rather that when he thought he was writing plays, a peculiarly officious demon got hold of him and forced him to write something which at first sight appear to be dramas, and, indeed, were accepted as such by the simple-minded audiences of the day, but are in reality æsthetic conundrums of the '*Welt-Geist*,' for the comprehension of which a knowledge of modern German philosophy and a nineteenth century, Hegelian way of looking at things are demanded. These German idealists, though not in harmony with the American spirit, are very suggestive to young Americans, for, if they are a little one-sided, they have, not only the 'courage of their convictions,' but the ingenuity of their idiosyncracies. 'What's meant they sometimes may o'erlook, but never, what's suggested.' If they ever flounder in intellectual morasses it is because they approach the 'confines of thought,' where firm footing is rare. After all, in this matter of Shakespearian criticism, as good advice as any to give young men is, 'Read the plays. If you want any commentary read some other plays, Jonson's or Dryden's or Otway's, for instance, and comment on the real differences you perceive yourself. Then, read what other people have written on the subject.' For the real object of education is the power of forming independent and reasonable judgments on the matter on hand.

V. Nor do I think it very material what edition is used. In by far the greater number of cases students will correctly interpret instances of difficult construction themselves, and if they err, the effort is worth more to them than a gratuitous explanation would have been. One of the most useful exercises for them, is to paraphrase inverted and obscure passages. If the notes are full, they are very apt to read them unreflectingly. Obsolete words they should look out in a dictionary, and note the etymologies. Some of the noted cases of disputed readings may be looked up and commented on, by the students, not by the instructor. There should be a reprint of the first folio in the room, and it should be used in turn by different members of the class, for it will serve to bring them in imagination a little nearer to the poet. That an expurgated edition is necessary I should utterly deny. Of course if there were young women in the class the case

might be different, but that any sane man can be hurt by the Shakespearian frankness, is too preposterous an idea to be characterized by any adjective of good standing in the English language. As a moral teacher Shakespeare is based on sound ethical principles, and interprets chastity, honor, motherhood, loverhood, friendship, as our race has always interpreted them in its healthy developments. We are not Arabs nor Hungarians nor Frenchmen, and the moral standards of alien races should not be held up before our young men. If that is done, moral growth may be distorted. It is not so much that we are better, as that we are other. Shakespeare is closely akin to us, and, as the creator of Imogen and Miranda, is one of our moral teachers. To instance but one, though that an important ethical province, he has drawn but two abandoned women as prominent figures, Cressid and Cleopatra. Compare these with the other pair just named, Imogen and Miranda. Which of these pairs does he love the best, and which does he make his readers like—I do not say, admire or respect, but simply, like? Does he not note distinctly the essential difference between the grace of sin and the grace of righteousness, and that, too, not with Puritanic narrowness but with ethical breadth? Does he ever throw any sympathetic pathos about vice? Does he not reflect faithfully the moral order of the world? And yet there are persons living who say that his book is an improper one for young persons until it is pruned by a modern moralist. A young person whose moral structure is not compacted by reading Shakespeare as he is, cannot be benefited nor injured—except by an asylum.

If time allows, the historical evolution of Shakespeare's genius, so ably sketched by Professor Dowden, is a valuable line of study. It shows the value of honest work in the development of a career, and how far the strongest personality is controlled by the social order of which it forms a part. That great mental force, beginning by modestly producing a merchantable article of drama in the conventional form of the day, and feeling its way step by step from *Henry VI* to *Hamlet*, is a noteworthy and instructive history of mental evolution. Almost as much as the study of his work, it ennobles our conception of the man.

But, after all, the advantages of using Shakespeare as a text-book come not so much from his teaching, or his morals, or his philosophy, as from his form. The poetical beauties which strike the boy's imagination are what appeal the most to the man. Their meaning and truth may grow on us, we may think we get more light as our sight grows stronger, but they remain the same whatever subjective elements of reflection become inwrought with them. Every young man must find them out and see them for himself. It is a very encouraging thing that colleges in America are disposed to allow their students an opportunity of doing so.

CHARLES F. JOHNSON.

Trinity College, Hartford.

THE CLASSIFICATION OF SHAKESPEARIANA.

By HENRY R. TEDDER, Librarian of the Athenæum, London.*



THE best arrangement of the multitudinous literature connected with Shakespeare has been upon my mind for some years, but my attention has recently been practically drawn to the subject by having been asked to supply a select bibliography to be appended to an elaborate article on Shakespeare, by Professor Thomas Spencer Baynes, which was to appear in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. The enormous mass of literature connected with the life and writings of our national dramatist is almost beyond belief. The great collection at the Birmingham Free Library, which replaces that destroyed by fire in 1879, now extends to more than 7,000 volumes. This is the most voluminous series which exists, but I calculate that a complete collection in all languages would amount to about 11,000 volumes. As it was, of course, impossible to include a perfect list of all these works in such a publication as the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, severe selection became necessary. To go through all this literature was a very laborious undertaking, increased by the

* Reprinted here from the *Library Chronicle*, Sept. 1887, by permission of Mr. Tedder.

difficulty of seeing many of the books. The titles had to be compressed, and, as a further economy of space, articles in periodicals not issued separately, and modern critical editions of single plays were not included. Only those plays usually to be found in the collective editions were specially noticed. The next point which had to be considered was the arrangement, as without well-ordered classification such a list would have been lessened in value.

There is no want of excellent Shakespearian bibliographies, but these are either in alphabetical or chronological form; no classified bibliography has yet been attempted. The arrangement I finally decided upon may be seen in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* (vol. xxi., pp. 768-771). It is the first essay at a select classified bibliography of Shakespeare, in which the titles of only the best books are presented in systematic order. Mr. Cutter's plan (see *Library Journal*, ix., pp. 137-9) contains many useful suggestions, and I have to express my acknowledgments to its accomplished compiler. I must not omit a word of warm thanks to my friend, Mr. Sam: Timmins, who most generously rendered me much assistance from his vast stores of Shakespearian lore.

As I hope that my experience may be made of further practical benefit to Shakespearian scholars and bibliographers, I have extended and re-arranged the classification in order to comprehend the titles of all the books, pamphlets, articles in reviews, etc., connected in any way with the greatest name in all literature. The plan of the following classification explains itself. It is understood that the titles should be arranged in chronological order under the headings, unless otherwise indicated.

SCHEME OF THE CLASSIFICATION.

- I. Collective editions of the plays and poems in chronological order.
- II. Collections of two or more plays, not being complete editions.
- III. Editions of separate plays arranged in alphabet of titles, e.g., 'All's well that ends well,' 'Antony and Cleopatra,' etc.

- (a.) Those usually to be found in the collective editions.
- (b.) Those ascribed to Shakespeare.
[Under the title of each play the various editions would fall in chronological order. The literary texts would be divided from the versions altered for the stage and other purposes.]
- IV. Editions of the poetical pieces. [The same remarks apply.]
- V. Pseudo-Shakespearian prose.
- VI. Selections and readings [including Bowdlerized editions].
- VII. Translations (arranged chronologically under languages, German, French, etc.).
 - (a.) Collective editions.
 - (b.) Separate plays and poetical pieces.
- VIII. Criticism, illustration and comment.
 - (a.) General works.
 - (b.) Special works on separate plays and poetical pieces. [Arranged under the title of the plays, etc.]
 - (1.) The literature of the plays usually to be found in the collective editions.
 - (2.) That of the plays ascribed to Shakespeare.
 - (3.) That of the poetry.
 - (c.) Special subjects [such as]
 - (1.) Falstaff.
 - (2.) Humour.
 - (3.) Female characters.
- IX. Language [including grammars and glossaries].
- X. Quotations.
- XI. Concordances.
- XII. Probable sources [*i.e.*, the romances, plays, tales, histories, etc., supposed to have been used by Shakespeare].
- XIII. Special knowledge; [such as] (a.) Angling; (b.) Bible; (c.) Botany; (d.) Emblems; (e.) Folk Lore; (f.) Law;

- (g.) Learning; (h.) Medicine; (i.) Military matters;
(j.) Natural History; (k.) Philosophy; (l.) Printing;
(m.) Psychology; (n.) Sea.

XIV. Periodicals.

XV. Shakespeare Societies and their publications.

XVI. Music.

XVII. Pictorial illustrations [*i.e.*, Collections. An extensive series of separate prints would have to be specially arranged].

XVIII. Biography.

(a.) General works.

- (b.) Special works; [such as] Autographs and Will, etc.; (2.) Birthday; (3.) Bones and Tomb; (4.) Crabtree; (5.) Deer-stealing; (6.) Genealogy and Arms; (7.) Ghost Belief; (8.) Name; (9.) Occupation (see also special knowledge above); (10.) Religion.

XIX. Portraits and Bust.

XX. Shakespeare Allusion Books; [such as those mentioned in Ingleby's *Centurie of Prayse*.]

XXI. Literary and Dramatic History.

- (a.) General, including English speaking countries.
(b.) In Germany.
(c.) France and other countries.

XXII. Shakespeare Jubilees and Festivals.

XXIII. Ireland Controversy.

XXIV. Payne-Collier Controversy.

XXV. Bacon-Shakespeare Controversy.

XXVI. Other forgeries, and heterodox opinions.

XXVII. Shakespearian fiction.

XXVIII. Shakespearian squibs, almanacs, fly-leaves, etc.

XXIX. Bibliographies and catalogues.

A School of Shakespeare.

For his bounty,
There was no winter in't; an autumn 'twas
That grew the more by reaping. —*Antony & Cleopatra*, V, ii, 88.

A STUDY OF 'HAMLET.'

ACT IV.

- (1.) *Scene i, Line 27.* 'He weeps for what is done.' Why does the Queen utter this falsehood?
- (2.) *ii, 11-20.* Why does Hamlet's satire here degenerate into abuse? See also *iii, 33-36.*
- (3.) *iii, 46.* Notice the double meaning of this speech of the King.
- (4.) *iii, 62-66*; also *V, ii, 38-46*; *352-355.* Is it probable that the King of England would have slain Hamlet, and that he did slay Rosencrantz and Guildenstern to please the King of Denmark?
- (5.) *iv, 29.* Why does Hamlet here thank the Captain?
- (6.) *iv, 47-66.* Notice the great difference between Hamlet and Fortinbras.
- (7.) *iv, 66.* Why is it too late to be anything but thoughts?
- (8.) *v, 22-56*; *142-177.* Admitting Hamlet to be insane, compare Ophelia's madness with his.
- (9.) *v, 84-90.* If Hamlet were so popular, why did the rabble, the 'general gender' (*vii, 16-18*) so easily forget him?

- (10.) v, 109-118. Does a preponderance of physical instincts make affection of kindred stronger than an excess of intellect does?
- (11.) v, 131. The re-entrance of Ophelia here is highly artistic. It intensifies the desire of revenge in Laertes, and enables the King to show his skill in handling a subject who even threatens his crown. Further, it leads to a contrast of the motives that influence Hamlet and Laertes for a common object.
- (12.) v, 190-194. This sentence is either awkwardly constructed, or Laertes thought more of an ostentatious burial than of his father's death. Which?
- (13.) vii, 62-70; 133-145. The King's treachery not only involves the death of Hamlet, but also degrades the manhood of Laertes.
- (14.) vii, 70-99. Flattery easily works upon a nature not strongly intellectual.
vii, 106-108. It is but a step from flattery to an appeal to the affections.
- (15.) vii, 166-183. The objection to this speech of the editors of the *Clarendon Press* edition of *Hamlet* seems frivolous.
The Queen, in her previous speech, announces very briefly and properly the drowning of Ophelia. It is, therefore, perfectly natural for her to relate the details, after Laertes' exclamation. The place where, and the condition in which Ophelia was found would enable the Queen easily to describe the manner of Ophelia's death.
- (16.) vii, 185. Is this play upon the word *water* in good taste?

ACT V.

- (1.) i, 248-252. From this speech Gervinus decides that Hamlet was phlegmatic. Is not the German critic mistaken? Is the suppression, for a moment, of the most intense excitement, indicative of a phlegmatic disposition? If phlegmatic, would Hamlet have jumped into the grave?

- (2. i, 270-273. These extremely exaggerated metaphors illustrate Taine's remark that Shakespeare's style is a compound of furious expressions.
- (3.) i, 274-278. Why does the Queen make this untruthful speech?
- (4.) i, 278-280. What is there queer about this speech?
- (5.) i, 287. What does the King mean by '*living monument*'?
- (6.) ii, 33-35. Was there such a custom?
- (7.) ii, 150, 151. Give Hamlet's meaning here.
- (8.) ii, 175-181. This is a combination of metaphors whose strangeness is certainly like incoherence.
- (9.) ii, 212-223. This is a curious speech. It is the only passage in the play where Hamlet talks like a hypocrite, for it is too logical to be true. Further, Hamlet confesses to *have been* mad, although the causes for his madness are stronger than ever, as the deaths of Polonius, Ophelia, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are added to his father's death. Further, Hamlet does not seem to suffer the remorse he should feel in being responsible for the death of so many.
- (10.) ii, 230-234. Compare Laertes' consistency with that of Hamlet.
- (11.) ii, 271. Under what circumstances may Hamlet be considered as fat?
- (12.) ii, 276. Why is it too late for the King to prevent the Queen from drinking the poisoned wine?
- (13.) ii, 286. The awkwardness of this exchange of foils, as always performed upon the stage, is exceedingly painful to any good swordsman, because it is so boorish. After being treacherously wounded, Hamlet should disarm Laertes, break the button off the end of his own foil, and then run Laertes through the body; or, spring back, snap the button of his own foil, and kill Laertes by means of superior skill; or, concealing his wound, Hamlet should disarm Laertes, courteously give him his own foil, quickly pick up Laertes' foil, and, after a vigorous renewal of the combat, give Laertes his death wound.

GENERAL REFERENCES.

- (1.) What unities are violated in this play?
- (2.) Why is the supernatural introduced into the play?
- (3.) Was Hamlet insane?

CONTRADICTIONS.

- (1.) *I. i*, 59-63; *ii*, 186; and *ii*, 211.
- (2.) *I. ii*, 113; and *V. i*, 153, 154.
- (3.) *I. ii*, 175; and *iv*, 19, 20.
- (4.) *I. iii*, 7; 123, 124; and *V. i*, 153, 154.
- (5.) *IV. iv*, 25; 60.

M. W. SMITH.

TO BE CONTINUED.

'HENRY V.'

There is some soul of goodness in things evil,
Would men observingly distil it out.

—IV, i, 4.

That seems to be the serene and practical faith of the large-hearted hero whom Shakespeare presents to us in his *Henry V.* And this Henry is none the less the Prince Hal of the Boar's-head Tavern, nor, according to Shakespeare's delineation, is the transformation so violent as to be unnatural, though it is externally so rapid and complete as to be astounding to Falstaff and like boon companions. Prince Hal's faults in his wild young days are not ingrained and inveterate, but rather

the taints of liberty,
The flash and outbreak of a fiery mind,
A savageness in unreclaimed blood;

—*Hamlet*, II, i, 32.

and when the prince becomes the king, he drops these vicious humors of exuberant lustiness in manhood, and attracts at once around him

true manhood responsive to his own, and that in spite of the stubborn prejudices of race. He is so kingly, because he is so determined to be above all things a man.

Henry IV. strove to attain, because of the power thus brought within his grasp; his nobler son desires to attain things because of the reality, the truth in them; for he loves the truth, and depends upon it and upon himself for power. At the call of war he rouses from his wanton idleness with Falstaff to measure swords victoriously with the formidable Hotspur, though, his warrior part well played, he lapses afterwards into unprincely but affectionate remembrance of the 'poor creature, small beer.' But at the call of duty and of realized necessity as ruler and leader of men, he rises at once and finally from all compromising association. His exalted station is sacred; he must be above suspicion; no temporizing with what is suspected is possible. He would not be so rigid with Falstaff were he not more rigid with himself. Something of this same sort, a like awakening takes place in Albany, when he realizes the wrong which his own slothful uxoriousness has helped to bring upon King Lear, and for which he reproaches himself. So Bassanio, having lavished his money recklessly, and to that extent wrongfully, is punished by his own disapproval of himself, when, having learned to know Portia and rate her at her true worth, he remembers with shame that he had, even in his comparative ignorance, ever allowed himself to think of her at all as in some sort the golden fleece to be won on this new Argonautic expedition to Belmont, of which he was to play the Jason; perhaps it is this feeling, as much as his admirable reasoning, which makes him turn from gaudy gold and silver to 'meagre lead,' when he would find the true Portia, precious beyond any metals.

Thus it is with Henry; he reproaches himself that he has seemed negligent of and indifferent to true honor, and he makes it matter of conscience henceforth to be almost ostentatiously right. His will is indeed inflexible when once settled; but he is anxious to know, and for other men to know, that he is right in his actions as king. Being once convinced by the Archbishop that his claim to France is just, nothing but death will or can keep him from asserting it at the point

of the sword. So his terrible sense of stern justice makes him give over the conspirators to execution; and while he mourns over his friend and former bed-fellow, Scroop, there is no sign of yielding to the impulse of mercy; the offence is too serious a fact for emotion to atone for it, only another fact can do that, the fact of death. Henry does not reason himself up to the point of sending his former friend to death, but he so explains the crime that the man himself feels that he is self-condemned.

O, how hast thou with jealousy infected
The sweetness of affiance! show men dutiful?
Why, so didst thou: seem they grave and learned?
Why, so didst thou: come they of noble family?
Why, so didst thou: seem they religious?
Why, so didst thou: or are they spare in diet,
Free from gross passion or of mirth or anger,
Constant in sprit, not swerving with the blood,
Garnish'd and deck'd in modest complement,
Nor working with the eye without the ear,
And but in purged judgment trusting neither?
Such and so finely bolted didst thou seem:
And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot,
To mark the full-fraught man and best indued
With some suspicion. I will weep for thee;
For this revolt of thine, methinks, is like
Another fall of man.

—II, ii, 126.

Henry's masterful perception of fact is so intense that it drives home to the hearts and consciences of all who hear. The Archbishop is much impressed by this power in the king's character and intelligence, and he concludes 'that the art and practie part of life must be the mistress to this theoric;' but he wonders where and when the king learned it all, because of the wildness of his youth, to which Ely replies, that 'under the veil of wildness' the prince 'obscured his contemplation,'—the soundest of all education being that which an intelligent man gives himself by cool, close observation and reflection. Both Dowden and Hudson, in their excellent discussions of this character, call attention to Henry's 'noble realisation of fact.' He is by no means lacking in imagination, and his fancy is as various as

his wit is nimble. But his reality is perhaps his strongest attraction to us. He knows what he is, and he knows what other men are, and hence his thorough self-confidence; and, too, because of his self-acknowledged superiority he is so humble, as only real strength can be, and as pure, strong women are much oftener than men of like powers, humbler even than his younger brothers in fulfilled manhood, Orlando and Bassanio and Edgar, and because he sees things as they are even more clearly than they do, by reason of his greater elevation among men. His whole life is achievement.

The contrast between this prince of doers and Hamlet, the prince of thinkers and of dreamers, is strong. Hamlet wants to think about things, Henry wants to act them out. 'To be, or not to be,' says Hamlet, 'that is the question.' 'I am,' says Henry in effect through his life of action, 'there is no question about it.' Hamlet admires Fortinbras with a sincere, though ironical admiration. Henry would have taken Fortinbras as a matter of course, and would have excelled him, as he did Hotspur. Hamlet, secluded in his student existence from the practical world, looking at the futility of life in its actual limitations as compared with the conception of its ideal possibilities, is disgusted in advance with the inadequacy of what his action may produce. Henry, familiar with deeds from his early boyhood, having learned in the sharp school of war that the 'flighty purpose never is o'ertook unless the deed go with it,' has come to regard the limited, actual fact as of greatly more consequence than the conception of it, however grand and perfect. He believes, with the self-executing faith of a very strong, ardent temperament, that doing a thing well, as well as a man can, is vastly better than thinking to perfection about doing it. Hence, if the thing should be done, it should be done worthily and at once; and if the thing be wrong, it must be punished or atoned for in this world and at once. Henry's justice, therefore, is well-nigh as immitigable as fate; in Hamlet's place, he would have killed his uncle, wherever the 'limed soul' might go after death. Henry's wooing, plain-spoken throughout, looks forward, bluntly enough, to 'compounding a boy that shall go to Constantinople and take the Turk by the beard,' and ends in old-fashioned

matrimony; Hamlet's wooing looks forward to a nunnery, and ends in a grave. Yet probably most of us love Hamlet more than Henry, and in a different way. And Dowden remarks: 'We know (from the historical plays) what Shakspeare would have tried to become himself if there had not been a side of his character which acknowledged closer affinity with Hamlet than with Henry.'

For a personal description of Henry, in addition to what Shakespeare gives, see the extracts from Holinshed in the *Clarendon Press* editions of the play, where Mr. Aldis Wright also discusses the question of the politics of the play, which, it seems, might be summed up in the one word, patriotism. For the condition of the Church, see Green's *Short History* and Hallam's *Middle Ages*; see also Tennyson's *Sir John Oldecastle*, Lord Cobham, and Gairdner's *The Houses of Lancaster and York*. See Strickland's *Queens of England* for life of Katharine. For contemporary Europe see Freeman's *Outlines* and Gibbon's *Roman Empire*; and upon the consideration of all should be brought to bear the suggestive questions of Professor M. W. Smith in *SHAKESPEARIANA* for June, 1887.

WM. TAYLOR THOM.

SHAKESPEARE PROFESSORSHIPS.—I never open my Shakespeare that I do not find myself wishing that there might be professorships established for the expounding of his works, as there used to be for those of Dante in Italy. There is nothing in our literature so stimulating and so suggestive as the thoughts which he seems to drop by chance as if his hands were too full of them. Nothing so cheery as his humor, nothing that laps us in elysium so quickly as the lovely images which he marries to the music of his verse. He is also the great master of rhetoric in teaching us what to follow, and also perhaps quite as often in teaching us what to avoid. I value him above all for this, that for those who know no language but their own there is as much intellectual training to be got from the study of Shakespeare's works as those from any—I had almost said from any of the ancients—I had almost said of all the ancients put together.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Open Court.

That's a question; how shall we try it?

—*The Comedy of Errors*, V, 1, 421.

In this I'll be impartial; be you judge
Of your own cause.

—*Measure for Measure*, V, 1, 166.

PARMENIDES QUOTED BY HAMLET.

TO THE EDITOR:—It is not generally known that the celebrated speech in *Hamlet* beginning, 'to be, or not to be,' traces its origin to the ancient and little known philosopher, Parmenides. Bacon thought that Parmenides was amongst the number of those whose theories and conclusions deserve more respect than they obtain. 'With regard to the dogmas of the ancient philosophers, as those of Pythagoras, Philolaus, Xenophanes, Anaxagoras, Parmenides, Leucippas, Democritus, and the rest, which men usually pass over with disdain, it will not be amiss to look upon them somewhat more modestly.' He shows himself well acquainted with the works of Parmenides, whom he five times mentions by name, and he commends Telesius for having revived his philosophy. But still we of this nineteenth century remain as ignorant of the doctrines of the ancient philosopher as the wise men of Bacon's age appear to have been. Who, then, was Parmenides, and what did he teach? *

In an article in the *Fortnightly Review* (vol. xviii, new series), upon the 'Eleatic Fragments,' the writer, Mr. John Addington Symonds,

* Attention was drawn to the following by the late lamented Mrs. Alaric Watts.

says:—‘Parmenides, a native of Elea, who flourished about the year 503, enjoyed a reputation in his native city scarcely inferior to that of Pythagoras at Crotona, . . . and there is good reason to suppose that Parmenides had intercourse with members of the Pythagorean sect. . . . Of Parmenides some precious notices have been preserved by Plato. The relation of the phenomenal universe to real existence, were for the first time treated in the School of Elea, and these ideas appear especially to have occupied the mind of Parmenides. The Unity of the Being, of Parmenides, was the barest metaphysical abstraction, deduced, we are tempted to believe, in the first instance, from a single observation of language, and yet, when formed, not wholly purged from corporeity. Being—is proved by the word *ἔστι*. The singular number indicates the unity of the subject; the present time proves its eternity—for it neither asserts a *Has-been*, nor a *Will-be*, but an everlasting *Is*. The antithesis *Not Being* is impossible and inconceivable: *οὐκ ἔστι*. . . . The Fragments of Parmenides, which contain the philosophy of “Being and Not Being,” appear to have formed portions of a poem in hexameters. It opens with an allegory, in which the Poet or the Soul of Man is drawn by horses in a chariot to the House of Truth, where dwells the Goddess, the Divine Sophia, who instructs him. After this exordium come fragments of a lecture delivered by the Divine Sophia.’

“Come now, for I will tell, and thou hear and keep my words, what are the only ways of inquiry that lead to knowledge. The one that certifies that *Being is*, and that *Not Being is Not*, is the pathway of persuasion. The other, which declares that *Being is Not*, and that *Not Being must be*, that I affirm to be wholly unpersuasive; for neither could'st thou know *Not Being* since it cannot be got at, nor could'st thou utter it in words, seeing that thought and being are the same. To me it is indifferent where I begin, for again to the same point shall I return. It must be that speech and though is *Being*, for *Being is*, and that *Not Being* is nothing, which thing I bid thee ponder.’”

More follows on the same theme, and then follows this remarkable passage:—

‘Whether either to be or not to be is the unconditioned alternative. . . This then is the point of decision, *It is*, or *it is not*,’ and so the

extract runs on for a considerable space, still constantly ringing the changes upon *Being* and *Not Being*. Could the substance of this remarkable philosophic fragment—from a source but little known even to readers of the present day—have been condensed into a more perfect form than in the world-famous soliloquy of Hamlet?

'To be or not to be, that is the question.'

C. M. POTT.

BACON A PROPHET.

TO THE EDITOR:—

'I meane not to speake of Divine Prophecies; nor of Heathen Oracles; nor of Naturall Predictions.'

—Bacon. Essay xxxv.

Shakespeare's *Henry IV.* was entered in the books of the Stationers' Company in 1597, and published in 1598.

Sir John Hayward's 'First part of the Raigne of King Henrie the IIII., extending to the first year of his raigne,' the book in question in the cipher story, was published in 1599, and Hayward was censured in the Star Chamber and imprisoned in that year.

It appears then that Bacon, according to Mr. Donnelly, predicted the events of the story, including the details of Cecil's accusation, Elizabeth's attack on Hayward with her crutch, Percy's ride, Bacon's ratsbane and broken head, Shakespeare's pretty daughter, mouldy cakes, bad mutton and bitter beer, and embalmed them in his cipher over two years before the occurrence.

The revival of the obsolete play 'of the deposing King Richard the Second,' of which Elizabeth complained to Lambarde, was on February 7th, 1601.

THOS. FRANKLAND.

Chicago, October 1st, 1887.

Shakespeare Societies.

Such a holy witch
That he enchants societies into him;
Half all men's hearts are his.

—*Cymbeline*, I, vi, 166.

THE SHAKESPEARE CLUB OF MONTREAL.—Programme of Work.—
Session VII., 1877-8:—

Sept. 12. Preliminary Meeting.

Much Ado about Nothing.—Sept. 26. 'Shakespeare, Artist or Moralist?' by C. A. Duclos, 'The Genius of Shakespeare,' by J. E. Logan: Oct. 17. Papers on *Much Ado about Nothing*, by Messrs. Short, Marler, and Miller.

Timon of Athens.—Oct. 31. 'Childlife in Shakespeare,' by W. McLellan, 'The Dramatic Interpreters of Shakespeare,' by A. D. Nicolls: Nov. 14. 'Shakespeare's Natural Religion,' by R. W. Boodle, 'Shakespeare and the Supernatural,' by N. T. Rielle: Nov. 28. Papers on *Timon of Athens*, by Messrs. Gould, Lafleur, and MacGillicuddy.

Henry VIII.—Dec. 12. 'The War of the Theatres and Shakespeare's share in it,' by H. Abbott, 'The Contemporary Actors of Shakespeare,' by W. R. Miller: Jan. 9. 'Shakespeare in France,' by E. Lafleur, 'Shakespeare in Germany,' by A. G. Parker: Jan. 30. Papers on *Henry VIII*, by Messrs. Boodle, Nicolls, and McLellan.

Macbeth.—Feb. 13.—'Shakespeare's Men,' by W. de M. Marler, 'Shakespeare's Women,' by Rev. Canon Norman: March 5. 'Shakespeare's Clowns and Fools,' by F. T. Short, 'Shakespeare's Villains,' by E. W. Arthy: March 19. Papers on *Macbeth*, by Messrs. Norman, Parker, and Rielle.

All's Well that Ends Well.—April 9. 'Shakespeare's Lyrics,' by C. H. Gould, 'Shakespeare on the Social Life of his Day,' by J. MacGillicuddy: April 23. Annual Dinner: April 30. Annual Meeting: May 7. Papers on *All's Well that Ends Well*, by Messrs. Abbott, Duclos, and Arthy.

F. T. SHORT, *Hon. Secretary*.

140 St. James St.

UNIVERSITY OF N. C. SHAKSPEARE CLUB.—Scheme of Readings for 1887-'88 :—

1. *Titus Andronicus*. Was it Shakspeare's? Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*, Kyd's *Spanish Tragedy*, compared with it.

2. *Love's Labour's Lost*. Influence of French manners on English life. Rabelais' relation to English Literature. Roger Ascham's views of education.

3. *The Comedy of Errors*. Influence of Plautus and the Latin Comedy on the English drama, from *Ralph Roister Doister* onward. Likeness between the Elizabethan and the Italian Comedy.

4. Shakspeare's *Richard the Second* and Marlowe's *Edward the Second* compared. Marlowe's influence on Shakspeare.

5. *Antony and Cleopatra*. Ben Jonson's and Beaumont and Fletcher's dramas on similar subjects.

6. *Macbeth*. The two sources of Shakspeare's materials for this play. His treatment of moral and psychological questions. *Macbeth's* temptation. Greek Tragedy compared with Shakspeare. Mrs. Siddons's and other representations of Lady *Macbeth*. The Knocking at the Gate.

7. *Romeo and Juliet*. The influence of Italian and other novellists on Shakspeare. The version of the tale in Painter's *Palace of Pleasure*. Shakspeare's earlier and later forms of the play. The style, the metre, etc., in relation to the date of composition and the development of Shakspeare's genius. The structure of the play, a dramatic symphony.

8. *The Tempest*. Sources of the plot, date. Supernatural agents compared with those in *Midsummer-Night's Dream* and *Macbeth*. Female character. Moral spirit. The German play.

EDITORIAL COMMITTEE.—Prof. Thomas Hume, Jr., D.D., Chairman; Prof. George T. Winston, Mr. Robert G. Grissom, Mr. S. B. Weeks, Mr. Lucius P. McGehee.

CHAS. READE'S OPINION OF THE BACONIAN THEORY.—He had a profound contempt for the theorists who argue that Shakespeare was an incapable and an impostor, a mere stalking-horse for Lord Bacon. It was a sign of incipient madness, he declared, to have any doubt as to the identity of him who wrote *Macbeth* and *Othello*. 'It was no more in Bacon's power to have written those plays than it was in Locke's or Dugald Stewart's. The whole bent and character of the man's mind was different.'—*Memoirs of Charles Reade*.

Reviews.

Observations,
Which with experimental seal doth warrant
The tenour of my book.

—*Much Ado About Nothing*, IV, i, 167.

MR. HALLIWELL-PHILLIPPS'S RECENT CONTRIBUTIONS TO SHAKESPEARIAN KNOWLEDGE.*

WITHIN seven years an impress has been made, by the diligence and ability of one man, that will forever mark a distinct epoch in biographical and general Shakespearian knowledge. The preparation for this definite advance, of course, dates further back. The working years of one man's life were necessary to cover the inception and progress of this important task, but the last seven years have been enough to make it unmistakably manifest.

Whether the last word has been said or not cannot yet be told. Treasures rich enough to put all previous results in occultation seem, possibly, to be within the direct range of promise. While, indirectly, the influence of this labor—of its methods and of its elicited facts—on the whole Shakespearian field is seen to be widely penetrating and already traceable.

* *Outlines of the Life of Shakespeare.* By J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps. The seventh edition. London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1837. 2 vols. pp. 416 and 432. \$4.50
Shakespeare's Tours.—The Visits of Shakespeare's Company of Actors to the provincial cities and towns of England, illustrated by extracts gathered from Corporate Records. By J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps. Brighton: 1837. 48 pp. For Private circulation and for Presents only.

Its effects upon the latest phases of the Baconian argument are among the curiosities of the passing day. Without the isolated facts drawn to suit the purpose, here and there, from Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps's careful stores, the fabric of negative evidence for the Baconian theory would lose its only appearance of plausibility. On the other hand, with the whole line of facts concerning Shakespeare ranged in order and relation and brought to bear in full volley upon these circumstantial assumptions, the half-truths which make the sole strength of the Holmes and Donnelly special pleading stand not an instant in their thwarted place, but wheel into their due position on the other side of the argument.

It may have seemed to the judicious reader of the first part of Mr. Donnelly's recent plea—the part which does not depend solely on the cipher bolster, whose employment the inconclusiveness of the evidence doubtless suggested—that there is a deal of spoiled material here, stolen piecemeal from Shakespearian factories, and that it was a pity to have made so fair an article and left it open to indiscriminate use. The consolation may yet be found in this; that the more popular talk these borrowed pyrotechnics make, the deeper inquiry will there be about the brand, and once the source of unexhausted supplies is understood, the little lot of stolen gun-powder on the wrong side of the true application will become a cause of danger, and in the blaze of clearer light from a completer knowledge the cunning engineer must be speedily 'hoist with his own petard.' Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps's unflinching search for all details of fact has made his *Outlines* suffer from marauders more, perhaps, than any other one book.*

Yet, after all, it looks as though the Halliwell-Phillipps research, and the Halliwell-Phillipps method of looking things up to the utmost

* Oddly enough, too, it is to the reduced fac-simile of the first folio, an edition due to the generous connivance of Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps in an effort to place the real Shakespeare within everyone's reach, which has been the means of precipitating the cipher puzzle on a gaping world; for, evidently, Mr. Donnelly's labor has not been done by the light of an original edition, or even of a Booth reprint, or a Staunton photolithograph, and he has taken to seeing details instead of wholes while mazing with blurred vision over the types of the cheapest and also the most illegible edition of the folio of 1623 ever issued.

completeness possible, of refraining from empty theorizing, of asserting nothing without warrant, and of laying processes as well as results open freely to the public he seeks to serve instead of dominate, would point the way to putting distorted things straight. If the people who do not know their Shakespeare well enough not to be hoodwinked by an incomplete and specious account of him, his works and his times, and who do not know well how generous and thorough a work, by an unbiased and expert guide, is ready for their reference, might be led by this ado about Bacon to read and recognize the poet of all time, and to inform themselves more thoroughly upon the rich conditions of the common existence in those spacious days of Queen Elizabeth—so like ours in essence, in seething life and widening promise—so unlike ours in externality—in literary or social methods, contrivances, and conveniences; if, then, as Huxley said recently, the next best thing to our having a Shakespeare in our own time is to have a desire to know and study him; and if the Baconian puzzle department now running in so many magazines and newspapers might arouse such a popular desire; it would be the best piece of accidental fortune that ever befell literary taste. That this will be the result, in a large degree, of the popular agitation of the cipher theory, one may venture to prophesy. As it stands, now, the argument rests on neither logically conclusive or scientifically based evidence, and since no one can pronounce with certainty upon the unfolded, it follows, in fairness, that allowance may be made for the possibility of its sounder establishment. In the meantime, debate of it is good, and if, as one may guess, the new supposition turn out to be a 'boomerang,' the whole discussion may be classed among those unfortunate and seemingly futile occurrences from which the public may extract a decided advantage.

Malcontents, who see nothing but evil in the Present, and who forget it is heir of the Past they praise and mother of the Future they glorify, declare that the Baconian theory is the legitimate result of the predominant tendency of the age toward analysis and materialism. And so it is, may be, but the remedy, then, is within the reach of the same predominant tendency. It is not that the argument tends

toward analysis and scientific method, that it is poor, but that it is pseudo-scientific only, or not scientific enough. Not to take things for granted is good; to analyze is good; but to lose one's head in details, and to disregard the logical linking thereupon of due generalizations, this it is which is not good enough to endure scrutiny, or to lead the world to sound advancement. Again the old quotation from Pope seems to register a just distinction: 'A little *science* is a dangerous thing; drink deep or taste not the Pierian spring.'

In assisting the scrutiny which the Baconian argument in its latest phases seems destined still to attract, no other book, save that summary and brief of a cloud of contemporary witnesses for the Warwickshire claimant of the plays—Dr. Ingleby's *Centurie of Praise*—is so well qualified to bear a prominent part as *The Outlines of the Life of Shakespeare*. And this, not in its facts merely: in its spirit and its methods, it is in sympathy with the mental temper of the time and fitted to serve present needs.

It is unnecessary, here, to describe a book of which the seventh edition is this year issued, and whose value is well known to all readers of this magazine, but to point out its peculiar adaptation to current conditions of investigation in the Shakespearian world may not be a useless task to undertake or a hackneyed view to offer in the consideration of its worth.

In another and very different quarter of the Shakespearian field, Mr. Halliwell-Phillips's special line of work with its distinctive methods, is qualified to exercise a decisive or moderating influence: that is, upon the efforts of scholars to assign, by æsthetic evidence and metrical tests, the proper dates for the production of each play by Shakespeare, and thence to trace authoritatively the manner and nature of his whole growth. With the desire, the literary appreciation and sympathetic critical judgment that prompts and marks their effort, who is so dull as not to have sympathy? Yet, who would not be cautious enough to hesitate to give their results the full weight they sometimes claim for them in every case where these results are not corroborated by ascertained facts? That they are full of interest as probabilities, perhaps capable of establishment by less subjective

processes of criticism, it would be a loss to the Shakespearian world not to acknowledge. Yet, it remains true, as an experienced skipper once put it, that 'you may take a cloud for a rock, but can never mistake a rock for a cloud.' Against misconstructions of probability for certainty, it is one of the especial services of Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps's line of Shakespearian work to discriminate directly* and indirectly, both by his conclusions and by his methods.

When, in 1881, he published the first edition of *The Outlines of the Life of Shakespeare*, the method he formulated and used was as notable a part of his work as the research whose fruits he announced. It was nothing less than the application of the latest result of human judgment in the way of finding out truth—the scientific method—to the peculiarly difficult and elusive biography of an Elizabethan dramatist whose life was not formally written till Rowe wrote it, ninety-three years after his death. The scientific method: that meant the humblest attitude of mind, the least assumption of knowledge and authority in the worker, the barest tool to work with, the hardest lines to work upon, the utmost patience and painstaking in the work. And this in application to a meagre circuit of traditional incidents that would seem to be beyond the pale of such a method. Yet the six successors to that first sketch of one hundred and ninety-two pages† have each brought the Shakespeare Commonwealth some new and solid gift of fact or evidence. They have steadily purified and enriched the world's knowledge of one of its greatest men, and they have all gone to show, through the skill and thoroughness of the collector and sifter of dry facts and scattered traces, that the method borrowed from scientific and adapted to critical literary uses is the fundamental means of attaining any universally satisfactory knowledge.

Thus, from the second edition, of 1882, to the seventh, of 1887, it has become more and more a matter of course that all new and old Shakespearian theories must be tried henceforth by the facts thus made known, and that all new and old facts must be martialled by

* See especially pp. 347 and 348, Vol. II. of *The Outlines*.

† The reader can be referred to no better bibliographical account of *The Outlines* than Mr. J. B. Ferree's 'Story of a Great Biography,' which appeared in *Shakespeareana* for Jan. 1886 (Vol. III. pp. 1-7).

the side of these, for critical comparison, before any sound judgment upon them may be pronounced. Those writers who were content to do the easier task of telling over the narratives of the earlier editors, or of adjusting more or less effectively the stories of the seventeenth century gossips and diarists, coloring them to suit the hue of some special mannerism of thinking or of judging of some uppermost crotchet, must rest content to have done the world that slighter service whose use is transitory. The fanciful lives it was their fashion to prefix to the *Complete Works of William Shakespeare* have been forever supplanted. Their methods are rendered henceforth impossible, their dynasty is closed, and it is now generally understood that no one can afford to reckon without his *Halliwell-Phillips*. Nor only that, he cannot afford to reckon without his last issued edition.

The prefatory note to the last edition of the *Outlines* left its writer's hand in March, 1887. In the meantime, since the note prefixed to the sixth edition of April 6th, 1886, there has been a growth of material for sixty pages of new matter. These relate mainly to the Charlecote traditions, and to Shakespeare's religious affiliations. And this and each addition to the chronicle serves to show how the path of investigation which once seemed shut in and circular, is capable of extension and advance. *Shakespeare's Tours*, a volume referred to before now (in SHAKESPEARIANA for April, '87, p. 194), is an illustrative embodiment of the devotion, literary and critical conscientiousness, and scientific care and accuracy that characterize Mr. Halliwell-Phillips's investigation. Moreover, the workshop door is open; his habit is to show how far he has proceeded in any scholarly task he has set himself, and to indicate the prospect to which further labors may lead. The poet's own county is now the one in which there is the least chance of discovering new facts. Yet he accounts it not unlikely that 'some entries of considerable interest' may have been overlooked, and indulges the hope

that before long we may hear something about goodman Puff, Peter Turf, Henry Pimpernell, Marian Hacket, and, above all, news of old John Naps of Greece. Notices of these individuals would add greatly to the already high probability that Shakespeare, in his writings, was occasionally thinking of his provincial audiences. They might at the same time

be useful to those who think it worth while to enter into controversy with the Baconian theorists. The latter would then have to explain a little more than how it came to pass that his Lordship knew of Will Squele of Cotswold and Stephen Sly of Stratford-on-Avon, both of whom, as we know on indisputable evidence, were veritable contemporaries and neighbours of the great dramatist.

There is yet, also, he says, 'a mine of unexplored material'—the Worcester Records—in which 'something like thirty thousand documents would have to be read before a student could feel certain that no discoveries were left for his successor,' and in whose unearthing 'the student to be successful should always bear in mind the significant words addressed by our most eminent surgeon to his assistant in the midst of a time-limited operation,—“do not be in a hurry; we've no time to lose.”' Moreover, in any part of the country some lucky chance may bring as important documents to light as the recently-found ancient title deeds of New Place, that lurked unsuspected these many years, and now reward with their possession the scholar whose life-long labors of love well merit such trophies.

Miscellany.

To knit again

This scattered corn into one mutual sheaf.

—*Titus Andronicus*, V, III, 70.

THE CHILDS-SHAKESPEARE FOUNTAIN.—Thus read the handsome nine-inch-long, broadside invitation to the Stratford ceremonies:—

The Mayor of Stratford-on-Avon, Sir Arthur Hodgson, K.C.M.G., requests the honor of the company of Mr. and Mrs. — on Monday, October 17, at 12 noon, on the occasion of the inauguration of the drinking fountain and clock tower, presented to the town of Shakespeare by G. W. Childs, of Philadelphia, U. S., in the Jubilee year of Queen Victoria.

Luncheon at 1 P.M. in the Town Hall.

An engraving of the Fountain, also, adorned the card.

The Mayor opened the proceedings, and read the following letter from Mr. James Russell Lowell, who was unable to be present :—

I am glad to think that this memorial should be the gift of an American, and thus serve to recall the kindred blood of the two great nations, joint heirs of the same noble language and of the genius that has given it a cosmopolitan significance. I am glad of it, because it is one of the multiplying signs that those two nations are beginning to think more and more of the things in which they sympathize, and less and less of those in which they differ. A common language is not, indeed, the surest bond of amity, for this enables each country to understand whatever unpleasant thing the other may chance to say about it. As I am one of those who believe that an honest friendship between England and America is a most desirable thing, I trust that we shall, on both sides, think it equally desirable in our intercourse one with another, to make our mother-tongue search her coffers round for the polished rather than the sharp-cornered epithets she has stored there.

The annals which Shakespeare makes walk before us in flesh and blood are his no less than yours. These are the ties which we recognize and are glad to recognize on occasions like this. They will be yearly drawn closer as science goes on with her work of abolishing time and space, and thus render more easy that peaceful commerce twixt dividable shores, which is so potent to clear away whatever is exclusive in nationality or savors of barbarism in patriotism.

A letter from Mr. J. G. Whittier, the poet, was also read, and Mr. Henry Irving read the following poem by Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes :—

Welcome, thrice welcome is thy silvery gleam,
Thou long imprisoned stream !
Welcome the tinkle of thy crystal beads
As plashing raindrops to the flowery meads.
As summer's breath to Avon's whispering reeds !
From rock-walled channels, drowned in rayless night,
Leap forth to life and light :
Wake from the darkness of thy troubled dream,
And greet with answering smile the morning's beam !
No purer lymph the white-limbed Naiad knows
Than from thy chalice flows ;
Not the bright spring of Afric's sunny shores,
Starry with spangles washed from golden ores,
Nor glassy stream Blandusia's fountain pours,

Nor wave translucent where Sabrina fair
Braids her loose-flowing hair.
Nor the swift current, stainless as it rose
Where chill Arveiron steals from Alpine snows.
Here shall the traveler stay his weary feet
To seek thy calm retreat;
Here at high noon the brown-armed reaper rest;
Here, when the shadows, lengthening from the west,
Call the mute song-bird to his leafy nest.
Matron and maid shall chat the cares away
That brooded o'er the day.
While flocking round them troops of children meet,
And all the arches ring with laughter sweet.
Here shall the steed, his patient life who spends
In toil that never ends,
Hot from his thirsty tramp o'er hill and plain,
Plunge his red nostrils, while the torturing rein
Drops in loose loops beside his floating mane;
Nor the poor brute that shares his master's lot—
Find his small needs forgot—
Truest of humble, long-enduring friends,
Whose presence cheers, whose guardian care defends
Here lark and thrush and nightingale shall sip,
And skimming swallows dip,
And strange shy wanderers fold their lustrous plumes,
Fragrant from bowers that lent their sweet perfumes
Where Pæstum's rose or Persia's lilac blooms;
Here from his cloud the eagle stoop to drink
At the full basin's brink,
And whet his beak against its rounded lip,
His glossy feathers glistening as they drip.
Here shall the dreaming poet linger long,
Far from his listening throng—
Nor lute nor lyre his trembling hand shall bring;
Here no frail Muse shall imp her crippled wing,
No faltering minstrel strain his throat to sing;
These hallowed echoes who shall dare to claim
Whose tuneless voice would shame.
Whose jangling chords with jarring notes would wrong
The nymphs that heard the Swan of Avon's song?
What visions greet the pilgrim's raptured eyes!
What ghosts made real rise!

The dead return—they breathe—they live again,
 Joined by the host of Fancy's airy train,
 Fresh from the springs of Shakespeare's quickening brain!
 The stream that slakes the soul's diviner thirst

Here found the sunbeams first;
 Rich with his fame, not less shall memory prize
 The gracious gift that humbler wants supplies.

O'er the wide waters reached the hand that gave
 To all this bounteous wave,
 With health and strength and joyous beauty fraught
 Blest be the generous pledge of friendship, brought
 From the far home of brothers' love, unbought!
 Long may fair Avon's fountain flow, enrolled

With storied shrines of old.
 Castalia's spring, Egeria's dewy cave,
 And Horeb's rock the God of Israel clave!

Land of our Fathers, ocean makes us two
 But heart to heart is true!
 Proud is your towering daughter in the West,
 Yet in her burning life-blood reign confest
 Her mother's pulses beating in her breast.
 This holy fount, whose rills from heaven descend,
 Its gracious drops shall lend—
 Both foreheads bathed in that baptismal dew,
 And love make one the old home and the new!

At the conclusion, Mr. Irving made the address, referring especially to the gift and the significance of the occasion as representing a union of American and English homage to Shakespeare, as follows:—

Mr. Childs is not only an admirable representative of the public spirit and enterprising energy of Philadelphia, but is also a man who has endeared himself to a very wide circle by many generous deeds. I do not wonder at his munificence, for to men like him it is a second nature. I rejoice in the happy inspiration which prompted the gift which so worthily represents the common homage of two great peoples to the most famous man of their common race. We are honored by the presence of a distinguished American, the political representative of his country in England. But it would do far less than justice to Mr. Phelps to affirm that he is with us in a formal and diplomatic sense. On this spot of all others Americans cease to be aliens, for here they claim our kinship with the great master of English speech. How responsive is American life and literature to the influence which has done more than the work of any

other man to mould the thought and character of generations! The simplest records of Stratford show that this is the Mecca of American pilgrims, and that the place which gave birth to Shakespeare is regarded as the fountain of the mightiest and most enduring inspiration of our mother tongue.

An address was also made by Sir Francis Cunliffe Owen, and a round of acclamations for Mr. Childs concluded the outdoor proceedings.

At the banquet, given to the guests and the corporation, in the Town Hall, the 'Immortal Memory of Shakespeare' was proposed by Theodore Martin, and was received in reverent silence. Lord Delaware gave 'The President,' and Mr. Phelps responded.

A description of the Fountain, its inscriptions, and the circumstances attending its foundation may be found in the August SHAKESPEARIANA (pp. 389-91.)

CONCERNING OTHELLO.—The Hon. William Henry Smith, of London, whose early advocacy of the Baconian theory is well known, has become a member of the New Shakspeare Society. In a conversation at a recent meeting of the Society, he held strongly to an opinion he has, that there is not a mite of jealousy in Othello, and that the only jealous character in the play is Iago; a distinction which may be more readily seen, he considers, in the *original* copy than in the *acting* version. Dr. Furness once made an observation, in the course of a memorable talk in his Library, that comes in well in this connection. *Othello*, he said, is the only tragedy Shakespeare wrote. *Lear*, *Romeo and Juliet*, even *Macbeth*, what have they of the 'high-sorrowful' compared with *Othello*? *Lear*, and *Romeo*, and *Juliet* are blessed in misfortune with the consciousness of an uplifting love. Things are well with them—sweet to a pain. *Macbeth* has worked his own ruin and his wife's, but has benumbed his nature to its poignancy. *Othello* has done his own love a vital wrong and knows it.

IRVING'S SHAKESPEARE.—Mr. Henry Irving has at last completed his edition of Shakespeare. Four years ago, when an American publisher, since dead, secured the American publication, it was

expected in a year at farthest, and the existence of such an edition was whispered as a great secret. But it has taken Mr. Irving longer than he expected to complete what had then occupied him for many years. Mr. Irving has dealt with the text in all his prompt books from the modern critical standpoint. It has taken the stage, as every one knows, 150 or 200 years to conclude that William Shakespeare knew what he wanted to say and how best to say it. But Mr. Henry Irving has never made Master David Garrick's blunder. He has always relied on readings and not on his own dexterity to amend or emend the text. This may save his edition of Shakespeare from the fate which has befallen the others edited by actors. A visitor to his London room told me years ago that he was not surprised to see two roomy cases full of the leading editions of Shakespeare. This was natural. But he was surprised to find there editions pencilled full of note and cross reference, carrying the marks of patient study through scores of volumes. Mr. Irving, I may add, looks upon the Cambridge edition in nine volumes, edited by Aldis & Wright, as the best working edition of Shakespeare. Happy the man who has a first edition, with each year of issue lettered on the shiny cloth backs.—TALCOTT WILLIAMS in the *Phila. Press*.

WHO WROTE BACON?—The Germans have learned something from Donnelly and other Baconians. They would take from Bacon as a philosopher as much as followers of Delia Bacon would add to him as a dramatist. Eugene Reichel has published in Stuttgart a critical study entitled, 'Who Wrote the *Novum Organon*?' That the writer of that work could not be Francis Bacon, Reichel argues, not without plausibility. His tactics are similar to those of the Biblical critics who trace to Mark alone the original of the other three Gospels, and then in that lowest deep a lower deep or anonymous 'Protevangelion.' So Reichel, by an elaborate analysis, detects in the *Novum Organon* an original work, overlaid and often marred by Baconian superfœtation—a work more poetical and, indeed, philosophical than was to be expected from Bacon's make of mind. Satisfied thus that Bacon plagiarized everything worth having in the book which is the corner-

stone of his fame, the Teutonic critic next inquires who was the real writer of the manuscript from which Bacon stole his thunder. His first thought was that that original must have been Shakespeare. But then he judged that the great dramatist was born a little too late, and must have impregnated whatever he penned with more poetry. The final conclusion of Reichel is, that the true originator of the world-famous and epoch-making *Organon* was a teacher of Bacon's, who, taken suddenly sick, on his death-bed intrusted his philosophical manuscript for publication to his promising pupil. That Bacon—aware that dead men tell no tales—should have stamped the work here and there with his own finger-marks in order to hide the real authorship, and, having thus disguised his stealings, should bring them before the world as all his own and 'the greatest birth of time,' was quite in keeping with the character of a man whom Pope damned to everlasting infamy as the 'meanest of mankind.'—*The Nation*, Sept. 29th.

CORDELIA PRONOUNCED A VIXEN.—Miss Louise Stockton, in the course of her story, 'Apple-Seed and Brier Thorn,' is responsible for the following curious criticism of *Lear*:—

'One night we all went to the theatre. The house was crowded, but it was perfectly silent, and not even between the acts was there the usual hum of voices. Every one listened, and with their eyes as well as their ears. It was Salvini who was playing Lear, and he spoke in the Italian. For the actors whose parts were in English we cared nothing, but it was with pain and grief that we followed the old king. And when the curtain fell and left him lying dead, the people arose and filed out like a funeral procession, and friends barely spoke, and there was none of the customary hubbub and cordial congratulations on a pleasant evening, but instead silence and serious faces. It was not only the actual tragedy that affected us, but the key-tone to all that is irrevocable had been struck, and our own lives had answered.

I thought of Lear, and I grew cross because the tragedy was so useless, and I said that I always wanted to shake Cordelia.

'In which desire,' said Duncan, 'you would have had the sympathy of her father.'

'You are too young and too untender to suggest such wickedness,' said Bernard. 'The idea of shaking Cordelia is sacrilege.'

'I should have certainly done it if I had been Lear or Regan, or Goneril, or Kent, or Burgundy, or any member of the family. A good shaking would have done that young woman good and saved no end of trouble.'

'Why what is the matter with Cordella?' cried Juliet.

'Her temper,' said I.

'Her temper!' scornfully repeated Juliet. 'Why, she is one of Shakespeare's loveliest heroines. There is nothing the matter with her temper.'

'All the same,' said Duncan. 'Miss Janet is in earnest; and if she ever owns a Sunday-school, there will she read *Lear* to illustrate the result of want of control over temper and tongue.'

'You are exactly right,' I answered. 'I don't know a better homily on the subject.'

'You will have to prove your assertions,' said Bernard. 'I agree with Juliet that Shakespeare has created no more lovely creature than Cordelia.'

'It is not necessary for me to prove anything; for certainly you can remember? The whole family had violent tempers, but Cordelia was a virago'

'Now that is treason,' cried Juliet, 'and I won't stand it.'

'Indeed she was almost—mind I say *almost*—vulgar.'

'Oh!'

'That is what Shakespeare meant,' said I. 'You have only to consider the situation. Here is a fond old father, and three daughters. He wants to please himself by pleasing them, and so he fancies he should like to see them enjoying the dignities to which they are heirs.'

'Yes,' interrupted Duncan, 'and, because he was vain as well as fond, he wanted all the world to have the benefit of the exhibition of family affection which he is about to give, and he not only invites the whole court, but Cordelia's suitors to it.'

'He wanted witnesses to his abdication, not to the filial devotion of his daughters,' returned Bernard. 'You would not have had him walk in while they were at lunch, and say, "Here, girls, is my crown. Break it up into three pieces, and make them even. All I want is a hundred or so knights: the rest of you can divide."—You could not expect the people to be satisfied with that.'

'Oh, you can *infer* what you please,' I cried, 'but look at the facts. The facts are that the whole arrangement rests on the daughters' exhibition of filial affection. The first thing the king does is to ask Goneril if she loves him; and what does she say?'

'Do you ask me?' said Bernard.

'I do.'

'She says a good deal, but the amount of it is that she loves him better than eyesight or liberty.'

'And Regan?'

'Oh, she adored her father. She loved nothing else. She was an enemy to all other joys.'

'And Cordelia?'

'Cordelia was more noble than George Washington. He saw the odds were in favor of confession, and he confessed. She saw the same, but she did not confess. She said that not even for a third of the kingdom would she tell the truth.'

'Now, you are flippant,' cried Juliet, her eyes sparkling; 'and I don't like it! Duncan has gone over to Aunt Janet's side, and you should stay on Shakespeare's—and mine.'

'My side is Shakespeare's,' I retorted. 'He is clear enough. And it is all very well to remember how Cordelia, when it is too late, seeks her father and tries to mend the misery she has caused——'

'She—"caused"—?' interrupted Juliet.

'Yes, she caused it. Why, see how she hurt and mortified her father, insulted her lover, allowed faithful old Kent to be sent into exile for defending her. And why? Because she is in a rage with her sisters. Because they are fulsome, she will not be just. The dull old king does not understand her hair-splitting, and she will not as much as say she has the ordinary affection of a daughter for him. She never gives his wounded heart a thought. Even as she goes off she is cool enough to taunt her sisters and to scoff at Burgundy, but not to give her father one last look of regret.—"So young and so untender?"—I think so!'

LIPPINCOTT'S for Oct., p. 493.

MISS ELLEN TERRY TO READE, READE OF TERRY.—'Yes, dear papa, I hope to be with you to-morrow at dinner. Thank you for saying I may come. Most affectionately your Ellen Terry.'

'Love to Mrs. Seymour.' Whereupon Charles Reade, in giving this pretty billet a niche in his guard book appends this comment:—

'ELLEN TERRY. A young lady highly gifted with what Voltaire justly calls *le grand art de plaire*. She was a very promising actress, married young [in 1864] to Mr. Watt, the painter. Unfortunate differences ended in a separation [in 1877, when she married Charles Wardell, whose stage name was Kelly], and, instead of returning to the stage, she wasted some years in the country. In 1873 I coaxed her back to play Philippa at the Queen's Theatre, and she was afterward my leading actress in a provincial tour. She played Helen Rolleston very finely (*Foul Play*). In 1875 engaged to play Portia at the Prince of Wales' Theatre; and her performance is the principal histrionic attraction, the Shylock of Mr. Coghlan being considered somewhat slow and monotonous. Ellen Terry is an enigma. Her eyes are pale, her nose rather long, her mouth nothing par-

ticular. Complexion a delicate brick dust, her hair rather like tow. Yet somehow she is beautiful. Her expression kills any pretty face you see beside her. Her figure is lean and bony, her hand masculine in size and form. Yet she is a pattern of fawnlike grace, whether in movement or repose. Grace pervades the hussey. In character impulsive, intelligent, weak, hysterical—in short, all that is abominable and charming in woman.'

DIALOGUE.

ELLEN TERRY. And who is your leading lady now—that I may hate her?

READE. Miss ——.

TERRY (rubbing her hands). Oh, I'm so pleased. *She* can give you a good hiding. *She will*, too!

Ellen Terry is a very charming actress I see through and through her. Yet she pleases me all the same. Little duck!—*Reade Memoirs*.

BACON AND SCIENCE.—There is a widely prevalent belief that Lord Bacon was the originator of inductive philosophy—the father of the modern scientific method. This idea is so generally entertained that to many it will appear like paradox to question it. We have been told again and again that it was as followers of the Baconian method that Pascal and Torricelli determined the properties of air; that Newton was a disciple of Bacon and was directed by Baconian hints when he quarried from out the unknown the grand law of gravitation. 'Nurtured in Bacon's school,' says a modern enthusiast, 'Boyle transformed hydrostatics from a loose assemblage of facts into a deductive science; Watt constructed the steam-engine, which has annihilated space and economised the labor of millions, and Franklin rivalled the glories of the ancient Prometheus in snatching the electric fire from heaven.'

In reality, the influence of Bacon in starting and guiding modern science is little better than a myth. The common opinion on the subject justifies the old saying, *Communis opinio communis error*. No competent student of science acquainted with Bacon's own promises and anticipations regarding his method has ever adopted this error, though many students of science unacquainted with Bacon's works imagine that he really originated the modern scientific method, and all such students of Bacon's works as have little knowledge of the

history of scientific research imagine that the inductive method he devised and described is the method which Pascal, and Newton, Watt, the Herschels, Laplace, Darwin, and other great leaders of science have followed in effecting the discoveries which have made their names illustrious.

The world owes much to Bacon, but not this. Science owes not a little to him, but assuredly not her method. It can be more certainly shown that Bacon was not the inventor of the modern scientific method than that he was not the author of the plays attributed to Shakespeare—and this, in my opinion, is saying a great deal. But if this should by some be thought little, then I will use another comparison, and say it is as certain that Bacon was not the father of modern science as that he—Ptolemaist as he was to the backbone—was not the discoverer of the Copernican theory, the earliest product of the modern method, published to the world seventeen years before he was born.

The most striking proof of the essential difference between Bacon's method and the actual method of scientific inquiries is the marked failure of Bacon's anticipations in regard to what his method was to effect. Said Bacon (I follow Spedding's translation): 'The course I propose for the discovery of sciences is such as leaves but little to the acuteness and strength of wits, but places all wits and understandings nearly on a level. . . . For my way of discovering sciences . . . performs everything by the surest rules and demonstrations.' Assuredly no such levelling of wits as Bacon anticipated has come about. No small mind has accomplished great results by his method—nor, indeed, any great mind either.

What, then, was Bacon's method? and what is the method of all true science, alike in ancient and modern times?

There can be no knowledge of nature without observation and experiment. That is the golden rule of science. . . . But it was not Bacon who enunciated first, still less was it he who first recognized, that golden rule. Recognized we know not how far back—but Chaldean astronomers and Egyptian architects must have had a very clear idea of it ages before the law was enunciated—it was insisted upon by no other than Aristotle himself. . . .

There can be no knowledge of nature until all possible observations and experiments have been made—this, though not in so many words, was the principle on which Bacon insisted. . . . The method has not only *not* brought unequal wits to a common level, it has never enabled any man, let his genius be ever so great, to arrive at truth. Not one discovery in science has ever been made by this method. No student of science familiar with the complication of details existing in all the problems of nature, even in some which appear the simplest, would ever have thought of suggesting the inductive method as recommended by Bacon. No student of science has ever even begun to apply the true Baconian method—unless, indeed, we consider Bacon himself as one who tried the method, laying himself open to the well-merited stroke of the great deductive (or rather, deductively inductive) philosopher Harvey, who said to him: ‘Bacon writes philosophy like a Lord Chancellor.’ Any one who wishes to see what utter nonsense may be deduced by one attempting to apply the true Baconian method of induction should read Bacon’s discussion of heat in the second book of the *Novum Organum*.

. . . . There is no evidence that Newton ever paid attention to aught contained either in Bacon’s *Advancement of Learning*, or in the *Novum Organum*. But Newton’s work suffices to make it absolutely certain that if he ever did weigh Bacon’s method he found it wanting, for he followed a course of the very kind which Bacon had condemned, and carefully avoided the course Bacon had recommended. Moreover, as I wrote in 1865, Newton’s success afforded a marked and early illustration of Bacon’s error in supposing his system of philosophy would raise all its followers to one level, however various might be their talents and capacities. For of Newton it may justly be said that in genius, as in the work he accomplished, *genus humanum superavit*.—*Knowledge*, for August.

VOLTAIRE AND DIDEROT ON SHAKESPEARE.—One day, in 1778, Voltaire and Diderot were discussing things in general at the Hotel de Villette, the very house in which Voltaire died. Shortly afterwards the conversation turned upon Shakespeare, ‘Ah, monsieur,’

exclaimed Voltaire, violently, 'can you prefer a monster devoid of taste of Virgil to Racine? I would as lief that we should abandon the Apollo Belvedere for the St. Christophe of Notre Dame.' Diderot remained discountenanced and embarrassed for a moment, then: 'But what would you say, monsieur, if you saw that immense Saint Christophe walking and coming forward in the streets with his limbs and colossal stature?' This Saint Christophe was a gigantic statue, a kind of colossus, that had been placed in the nave of Notre Dame by Antoine des Essarts, chamberlain of Charles VII. It disappeared in 1784 before the Revolution broke out. We quote the words of Voltaire to show that he cherished his animosity against Shakespeare up to the very last, for he died on May 30, 1778. As for the comparison that Voltaire employed it was afterwards admirably worked up by Diderot, who said: 'Moi, je ne comparerai Shakespeare ni à l'Apollon du Belvedere, ni au Gladiateur, ni à l'Antinous, ni à l'Hercule de Glycon, mais au St. Christophe de Notre Dame, colosse informe, grossièrement sculpté, mais dans les jambes duquel nous passerions tous sans que notre front touchât ses parties honteuses.'—*The Book Mart*.


HALLIWELL-PHILLIPPS'S WORK AND DEFERRED INTEREST IN BACONIAN DISCUSSION.—The *Pall Mall Gazette* reports a letter of Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps as follows:—

Owing to the fact that all my time and attention is at present absorbed in the preparation of a work on a cognate subject, I will have to ask you to excuse me from entering into a Baconian discussion, though I am greatly interested in the question. I myself am endeavoring, I believe with success, to show that the tragedy of *King Lear* is merely an adaptation of an old Cornish drama that has been traditionally handed down from the days of Jack the Giant Killer, one that fully explains the inter alia allusions made by Edgar to child Roland and the giant's fie, foh, fum.

ELLEN TERRY'S FIRST SHAKESPEARIAN APPEARANCE.—The statement is made on the authority of the late Dutton Cook that Miss Ellen Terry made her appearance as one of the infant Princes in the revival of *Richard III.* by Charles Kean at the Princess's Theatre in 1854—that is two years earlier than her performance of the child part of *Mamilius* in *The Winter's Tale*, which the dramatic biographers describe as her first appearance on the stage.

LINCOLN AND WHITMAN ON HAMLET.—There is or ought to be somewhere a travel-worn Shakespeare, which deserves to be shrined at Washington. Robert Lincoln is fond of saying that his father never traveled without having his copy of Shakespeare packed in a box, with him. In the odd moments of cases and trials, in desolate court-houses, in the cheerless rooms of more desolate hotels, in the dirt and discomfort of railroad traveling—and few of us know what railroad traveling was on the long stretches of Illinois roads thirty years ago—Abraham Lincoln read this worn copy of Shakespeare, committed great stretches to memory, until, as most men know, he was able to match the acquaintance of most actors with greater passages of the great plays. It is of still more interest, in connection with Mr. Wilson Barret's theory of Hamlet, that Lincoln once asked Hackett, 'Why do you actors always play Hamlet as an irresolute, vacillating, vague, middle-aged sort of a man? 'Because he was,' said Hackett, with the acute certainty of the actor. 'But he was not,' said Lincoln, 'he was young, impetuous, full of action, prompt. He is always doing something. The play is full of it, and he ought to be played as a young man. I was privileged the other day to hear Walt Whitman express his opinion of these conflicting theories of Hamlet. Said the old man in the slow, ponderous, hesitating tone, in which he often pauses for a word, but never for an idea, 'Is not that the mystery, the wonder, the fun of it, as the slang word would have it, that Hamlet combines both those phrases, the uncontrollable impulse, aggressive temperament, and, at the same time, the meditative, philosophic, anxious, hesitating man?' Is not this the interest of the character which has caused it to be overlaid with great accumulations, which have hidden the poet's real purpose—if he had one?'—*Philadelphia Press.*

THE FURNIVALL VERSE TESTS, WHAT THEY ARE
AND WHAT THEY ARE NOT.*

OBODY who knows anything on the subject, or who thinks at all about it, can doubt for a moment of the certainty of changes, through lapse of time, appearing in the style of any one given writer. But that these changes will be invariably the same in the case of every writer is not only uncertain but—to say the least—very highly improbable. Of course, usetude itself brings ease, facility and polish. Yet some writers will not rely upon the mere operation of this rule, but deliberately and artificially polish first to perfect, and then, again, to remove the smell of the lamp by which the first process of polishing was accomplished. There happen to be extant the numerous drafts of Gray's *Elegy*, showing the laborious stages by which he brought to absolute perfection the masterpiece by which his reputation is forever secure. And other notable instances, as of Pope and even earlier versifiers, are abundant enough; while, on the other hand, the advancing tendency—as with Tennyson—is said to be to neglect or subordinate refining processes and to seek only expression and emphasis. Perhaps it was only natural that—in this constant examination of the Shakespeare treasury, and the doubts raised in 1623, emphasized in 1663–4, and perpetuated ever since—the same thirst for certitude which gave birth to the Baconian theory and the search for a cipher should lead to other esoteric suggestion. At any rate, there appeared, something less than twenty years ago, a remarkable contrivance called a 'Verse Test,' soon to be elaborated by division into what were called 'central

*From advance sheets of *Shakespeare in Fact and in Criticism*, by* courtesy of Messrs. Benjamin & Bell. New York.

pause,' 'stopped endings,' 'unstopped endings,' 'run-on lines,' etc., etc., applicable equally to the blank verse and the rhyme of Shakespeare's plays, but—strangely enough—not to any other literary matter. This latter fact alone ought to have rendered the adoption of this verse test suspicious. But its devotees appear to be, instead, increasing in number. My own humble part in the discussion was confined to a very general doubt expressed—modestly, I hope,—as to the exact certainty of any result reached by application of a verse test to the works of Shakespeare which could not be corroborated by other evidence. Certainly I did not expect to be made its anti-champion, and personally identified as the only disbeliever in the virtue of metrical processes. But Mr. Furnivall, an acknowledged champion of these processes, has lately thought best to remonstrate with me publicly for any misbelief, as follows:—

It is difficult to argue with a man whose mind is built on different lines to one's own. But as there may be some folk in America whose faculties are of the same kind as those of intelligent people in England, I should like to say a few words to them about verse-tests. Supposing a Shakespeare student to have eyes and brains, and a power (which many folk have not) of appreciating the difference between the structure of different lines of verse, we say to him, 'Treat Shakespeare's works as the geologist treats the earth's crust, as the comparative anatomist treats the animal creation, as the natural philosopher treats the world. Look on Shakespeare's plays and poems as the product of a mind working in successive periods; and see whether this mind's productions show any characteristic differences by which you can settle the order of their creation.' Thus instructed, the Shakespeare student sets to work as Lyell did at the earth's crust, as Owen and Huxley did at fossil and modern bones, at birds and fishes, as Newton did at the phenomena of nature. The student compares the structure of the verse in (say) *Love's Labour's Lost*, *Julius Caesar*, and *The Winter's Tale*. He finds an extraordinary difference between the general character of the lines in these plays. He then turns to the thought and knowledge of life shown in these dramas, and he recognizes a like difference. Assuming that he has brains, he sees at once that *Love's Labour's Lost* is the earliest, most artificial, weakest, and most ryme and quip-loaded play of the three, that *The Winter's Tale* is far riper and later in material and mental qualities, and that *Julius Caesar* holds a middle place between them. The student then says, 'Metrical tests are evidently the easiest ones by which Shakespeare's works can be classified. I'll count how

many ryme-lines there are in each of these three plays, how many run-on and how many stopt lines, how many double-endings and weak-endings, how much doggerel, and so on.' He does this, and, to take only the ryme points, he finds the proportion is :—

Love's Labour's Lost, 1,028 ryme to 579 blank, or 1 ryme to .56 blank.

Julius Caesar, 32 ryme to 2,181 blank, or 1 to 68 blank.

The Winter's Tale, 0 ryme to 1,825 blank, or 1 to infinity.

He finds that weak and light endings hardly appear in the two earlier plays, while they are plentiful in the last, and that the other metrical tests, on the whole, coincide with these results. The student then proceeds to apply these verse-tests to the whole of Shakespeare's plays; and, when he has done so, he puts them all into a trial-order. He next compares this internal metrical evidence with the other internal evidence of power, knowledge of life, change from simile to metaphor, weight of meaning, etc., and he finds, on the whole, that all these tests coincide in result with the metrical ones. He then tries them with the allusions to known events, etc., in the plays; and here again the prior results are confirmed; while the dates of publication are never earlier—though of course often later—than the dates arrived at by the metrical tests. He next tries a case like that of *Julius Caesar* with *Antony and Cleopatra*, which he knows ancient critics used to put close together because they were both Roman, and included Antony. He looks at his number-table of metrical tests, and it shows him at once how ridiculous the juxtaposition in time of the two plays is.

The student, having thus treated his phenomena, his subjects of study, Shakespeare's works, in a thoroughly scientific way, feels quite comfortable about his results. And when Mr. Morgan tells him 'argument is not evidence,' he answers, 'that depends on the hearer's brain-power, and whether the argument is based on duly observed and recorded facts.' Also, when Mr. Morgan lays down this astounding dictum as the law :—

'The chronology of Shakespeare as established by the verse-tests either conforms to the chronology established by the printer's dates and the copyright entries, or it does not. If it does, the verse-tests are superfluous. If it does not, then verse-tests are of no value unless corroborated by external and circumstantial evidence.'

When, I say, Mr. Morgan seriously utters this astounding nonsense, the student answers: 'Mr. Morgan, I really am not a born fool. You know, as well as I, that for more than half Shakespeare's plays we have neither copyright entries nor printer's dates, save the Folio of 1623, published seven years after Shakespeare's death. You know that for many plays we have neither external nor circumstantial evidence. You know that Shakespeare's works, like the Creator's and every great artist's, do carry

with and on them the evidence of the succession of their creation, just as Beethoven's symphonies and Raphael's pictures do; and you know that this internal evidence is consistent with the external; you would not insult a geologist or comparative anatomist, or a musical or art critic, by telling him that his faithful observation and study of his Master's works could not get at (or near) the time-order of them, unless printed or "circumstantial" evidence for it were forthcoming. Why then do you treat the careful Shakespeare student as a greater fool than the student of nature? The fact is, you have either never apprehended the nature of metrical and internal evidence in matters poetic, or you are verse-blind, as some folk are color-blind and others insensible to music. Given intelligence and perception in a student, the value of the verse-tests, being certain, must be appreciated by him. But if men will not work at these tests, but insist, instead, on going by "authority," as they are pleased to call it, that is, by setting up one of the English Woodenheads as their idol, and swearing by all he says, then of course verse-tests are worth nothing, because old Sawdust thinks so.*

Since this is not Miss Delia Bacon, or Mrs. Ashmead Windle, or Mr. Ignatius Donnelly, but Mr. Furnivall who is speaking, let us—especially as this appears to be, on the whole, a frank and comprehensive statement of exactly what a 'verse-test' is—devote ourselves to an equally frank (if not equally comprehensive) examination of Mr. Furnivall's argument.

I. Says Mr. Furnivall: 'Treat Shakespeare's works as the geologist treats the earth's crust, as the comparative anatomist treats the animal creation, as the natural philosopher treats the world. Look on Shakespeare's plays and poems as the product of a mind working in successive periods. . . . Thus instructed, the Shakespeare student sets to work as Lyell did at the earth's crust.'

But how if the student decline to be 'thus instructed'—to so set to work at the plays and poems of Shakespeare? Why should I? I cannot, for my part, find William Shakespeare anywhere brooding apart in solitary periods of incubation; his brain growing by cosmic laws in what Emerson calls

. . . tendency through endless ages
Of star-dust and star-pilgrimages,

and so be studied as one studies the crust of the earth. I find him,

* *The Literary World*, Boston, July 9th, 1887.

instead, a man of like passions with ourselves, fond of his bout and his bottle, going in and out amid the many-colored life of Elizabeth's London; gathering everywhere, as Aubrey says, 'humours of men daily'; taking 'the humour of the constable at Grendon-in-Bucks,' and of Kit Sly, and Marion Hackett, the fat ale-wife of Wincot, down Stratford way. The records of his jokes and his gallantries survive him, and he died in a frolic. I find him growing rich by mounting plays at his theater which the people cared to see, and as fast as the people demanded them; and living and dying so utterly unsuspicious that he had done anything of which his children might care to hear, that he never even troubled himself to preserve the manuscript of or the literary property in a single one of the plays which had raised him to affluence. Why should I set to work at him 'as Lyell did at the earth's crust'?

II. Mr. Furnivall selects three plays,—*Love's Labour's Lost*, *Julius Cæsar*, and *The Winter's Tale*,—and asks if I cannot see at once 'that *Love's Labour's Lost* is the earliest, most artificial, weakest, most ryme-and-quip-loaded; that *The Winter's Tale* is far riper and later, and that *Julius Cæsar* holds a middle place between?' To this I answer: Yes and No. I can see that *Love's Labour's Lost* is the 'most artificial, weakest, most ryme-and-quip-loaded,' and 'that *The Winter's Tale* is far riper.' But I cannot, from such evidence alone, predicate that *Love's Labour's Lost* was written first, *Julius Cæsar* next, and *The Winter's Tale* last. I cannot, I say, simply because I am also able to see that *Love's Labour's Lost* is a farcical comedy, abounding in burlesque and travesty, a lampoon on the Euphuists, pedants, players with words and logic-choppers whom the dramatist presumably had come in contact with (I believe somebody has suggested that Holofernes was a caricature of Francis Bacon); that *Julius Cæsar* is a pure and stately tragedy; while over *The Winter's Tale* broods a grewsome atmosphere of sorrow, misunderstanding, injustice, and suffering which only needs a tragic denouement to be itself pure tragedy. Is it not appropriate and to be expected that these three should be written in as many different veins and measures? Does Mr. Furnivall mean to insist that I am to read *Love's Labour's Lost*, *Julius Cæsar*, and

The Winter's Tale all together, with perfect indifference as to whether they are tragedy or travesty, but only when I see a 'stopped ending' cry, That is prior to 1592! and when I come to a 'run-on line' exclaim, See, this is in the neighborhood of 1610!

There is a chapter of Thackeray in which Thomas Newcome says 'Adsum!' And there are also lines by Thackeray, running:—

There were three sailors of Bristol City,
Who took a boat and went to sea;
But first with beef and captain's biscuit
And pickled pork they loaded she.

Am I to set down the rhyme to Thackeray's nursery period and the chapter to his last days, because no man who has once gone higher can ever again stoop to six and eight? Mr. Gilbert has written a pathetically beautiful play, *Broken Hearts*. He has also written *Pinafore*. Am I to shut my eyes to the character of these two as works of art, and cavalierly sort them to different cosmic periods in Mr. Gilbert's career, simply because they scan differently? Or if, perchance, Mr. Thackeray and Mr. Gilbert could write in more than one mood, could not great Shakespeare vary his meter with his theme? Or am I to make an affidavit that, once having composed tragedy, William Shakespeare could never again do light comedy; or that, if he had written *Love's Labour's Lost* after having produced *Julius Cæsar*, *Holofernes* would have spouted in the icy periods of *Brutus*, and *Armado* in red-hot sentences like *Cassius*? Or if *The Winter's Tale* had been written before *Love's Labour's Lost*, that *Costard* would have conversed like *Florizel* and *Perdita* like *Jaquenetta*?

III. Accepting Mr. Furnivall's figures as given, from my standpoint they prove nothing but themselves; while, from Mr. Furnivall's standpoint, they simply prove him out of court by proving entirely too much for his purpose. As well say, Sir Walter Scott wrote *Ivanhoe* and *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*; *Ivanhoe* has not a single rhyme; *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* is all rhyme; infinity to zero, or zero to infinity. Ergo, anything you like! Poetry is poetry, prose is prose, and that which is a mixture of both is a mixture of both! Let us be grateful to any ghost who will arise to tell us that! To my old-fash-

ioned way of thinking, Shakespeare wrote *Love's Labour's Lost*—being flippant, light, and comic—in flippant, light, and comic verse; in *Julius Cæsar* he employed rhyme with the greatest possible effect by limiting it to the characters whose mouths it becomes; while—rhyme not being artistically necessary at all in *The Winter's Tale*—that consummate master of fiction did not look at the year of our Lord to decide for him, but employed rhyme not at all therein.

But were these three plays—*Love's Labour's Lost*, *Julius Cæsar* and *The Winter's Tale*—written in that exact relative order? There is every reason to believe that they were. The *Love's Labour's Lost* appeared in quarto in 1598, imprinted at London by W. W. for Cuthbert Burby. And in a curious poem, 'Alba, or the Month's Mind of a Melancholy Lover,' by 'R. T. Gentleman,' printed by this same Burby, in this same year, occurs the lines—

Love's Labour's Lost I once did see, a Play
Y-cleped so, so called to my paine
Which I to hear, to my small Ioy did stay, etc.

And Meres, in his valuable list of the Shakespeare Plays, in his *Palladis Tamia*—also of 1598—also mentions it. We have no quarto of the *Julius Cæsar*, but in Weever's *Mirror of Martyrs*, printed in London in 1601, are the well-known lines—

The many-headed multitude were drawn
By Brutus' speech that Cæsar was ambitious;
When eloquent Mark Antonie had shown
His virtues, who but Brutus then was vicious?

And a reading of Plutarch's history of Brutus and of Cæsar and Antony, then accessible, fixes the reference to the play, and not to the history. So that, without accepting what seem undoubted references to the play in *Hamlet*, we can at once assign *Julius Cæsar* to a later date than the *Love's Labour's Lost* without counting either its blank verses or its rhymes with Furnivall. And in the Bodleian Library there is a manuscript diary kept by Dr. Simon Forman, in which the diarist notes down at considerable length a skeleton analysis of 'the Winter's Talle at the glob 1611 the 15 of maye.' In other words, it is from a careful search of contemporary records and docu-

ments,—and not from the fact that the play contains 1825 blank verses,—that we put it relatively later than the *Julius Cæsar*, which itself succeeded the *Love's Labour's Lost* by a considerable gap of years. In other words, the critical world was reasonably certain as to the relative order of the production of those three plays about two centuries before the verse-test was invented (or could have made itself certain, had the question been raised)!

But we cannot leave Mr. Furnivall just yet. Admitting that *Love's Labour's Lost* was written in 1592 and *The Winter's Tale* in 1610 (these are Mr. Furnivall's own dates, taken from the 'Leopold' edition of the plays), we see the vastest difference between them. One is all rhyme and the other without any rhyme at all, says Mr. Furnivall. (One is travesty and the other tragedy, I take the liberty to add.) Why this extreme difference, a difference as great as between black and white? Because, says Mr. Furnivall, they were written eighteen years apart. It seems to me that this cannot be the only reason; because, if Mr. Furnivall will look a little further, he will find other canonical Shakespeare plays, differing quite as antipodally, which were not written eighteen years apart, but at very small intervals of time. For example, the *Hamlet* and *The Merry Wives of Windsor* appeared at about the same time—between 1601 and 1603. They are certainly, judged by any possible literary criticism, quite as dissimilar as the *Love's Labour's Lost* and *The Winter's Tale*. Had these two come down to us by different authors, we might indeed have said that *The Merry Wives of Windsor* showed touches worthy of the author of *Hamlet*, but would we have set aside the testimony of their title-pages from internal evidence alone? Perhaps we might have done so. Perhaps it might have come to be the weight of critical opinion that these two plays were written by one and the same hand. But did critical opinion so come to decide, it would certainly not have omitted to point out the corroboration of the internal evidence of identical authorship by the external evidence, consisting in the fact that the two plays appeared, not eighteen years apart, but within a year, or at the most, within two years of each other. 'But,' says Mr. Furnivall, 'for more than

half Shakespeare's plays we have neither copyright entries nor printers' dates.' Very well, then, let us accept such evidence as far as it goes, and let us move humbly and pronounce with diffidence as to matters whereto we have nothing but criticism to guide us, remembering always that criticism is, after all, only matter of opinion, and that an opinion is of value only until another and better opinion supersedes it. Let us remember the history of Shakespearian criticism, how many wrecks strew its path, how many hulks have been abandoned. Let us remember the criticism of Dryden, of Voltaire, of Pope, of Rymer, and of Dennis; that the criticism of their day is not the criticism of ours; and that this criticism of our day may only be foolishness to the eyes which are to come. And, remembering this, let us avoid sweeping assertions; especially let us be chary of our thunder in the index; or our affidavits as to what were the mental processes of men who died two or three centuries before we were born.

Mr. Furnivall says: 'The fact is, you have either never appreciated the nature of metrical and internal evidence in matters poetic, or you are verse-blind, as some folk are color-blind, and others insensible to music.'

To be verse-blind is perhaps the greatest of misfortunes. No man can regret that infirmity in myself more than I do. But my pangs are mitigated by the fact that even were I not verse-blind I could still not apply the verse-tests to a Shakespeare composition, because, unhappily, I have no access to one of William Shakespeare's monographs in any degree of reasonable completeness which would assure me of the value of any result at which I might arrive. The quartos of Shakespeare plays are mutilated, stolen, and surreptitious copies, pirated from the play-house by short-hand as the text was delivered from the actors' mouths, or patched up in the printing-houses piecemeal from the actors' 'lengths.' The First Folio was printed seven years after William Shakespeare had been laid in his grave, and when his once-cunning hand had no revising or restoring opportunity; and—beyond quartos and folio texts—I have no access to anything William Shakespeare wrote. Mr. Furnivall, I suppose, is aware that between the dates of sundry of the quartos and the date of the Folio,

these plays held the stage—and of the vicissitudes through which their text came down to 1623: he will not deny that between the quarto and folio dates there were such things as stage-censors in England, and that they hacked away at the texts of the Shakespeare plays upon occasion. He will concede, I suppose (at least admit the publication of), King James's statute of 1605, forbidding the use of the name of God, or of Christ Jesus, or of the Holy Ghost in stage plays, and that, in taking these names out of the Shakespeare plays, sometimes the stage-censor chopped out whole passages along with them and sometimes not. (Had William Shakespeare himself taken out the interdicted words, we may be very sure he would have done it less bunglingly—certainly not have sacrificed the sense or wasted whole sentences of appropriate and inoffensive dialogue in the deletion.) Mr. Furnivall will perceive, therefore, that, however unfortunate, it is not my verse-blindness which compels me to decline application of the verse-tests to decide as to how and wherein William Shakespeare's style changed from year to year, and which forces me to assign the alternate employments of blank verse and rhyme and stopped and unstopped endings, and run-on lines to Shakespeare's fancy at the moment, or possibly to his possession of—what Mr. Furnivall declines to credit me with—an ear for music, or else decline to speculate at all concerning it! Did I apply his verse-tests to the only material to which I can procure access, I would be like a lawyer searching a title with only mutilated documents or unverified records for my data. It would only amount to a stultification, or at the best an amusement; no veritable or valuable results could possibly follow.

To be as brief as possible, therefore, I adhere respectfully to what Mr. Furnivall is pleased to call my 'astonishing dictum' and 'astonishing nonsense' (viz.: that nothing can be proved by the verse-test process which has not already been proved by other methods), (a), because verse-tests are not a method in literary criticism at all, but a species of inductive criticism applied solely to the works of Shakespeare; because inductive criticism is nonsense, and because, since the works of Shakespeare are literature, they are entitled to be criticised—if at all—by methods which can be tested upon other literary matter

as well; and (b) because the verse-tests, like the Donnelly Cipher and the Baconian Parallelism, are not a Result but a Process. And any result whatever, reached by these or any of these, must be valuable or worthless precisely in so far as it can be corroborated or exploded by external, circumstantial, or historical evidence.

IV. Mr. Furnivall concludes by saying, 'given intelligence and perception in a student, the value of the verse-tests being certain, must be appreciated by him.'

Certainly! 'Given intelligence and perception in a student, the value of the' Delia Bacon, or Ashmead-Windle, or Donnelly Ciphers 'being certain, must be appreciated by him.' In other words, given intelligence and perception in a student, Francis Bacon wrote the plays we call 'Shakespeare.'

I am not called upon to instruct Mr. Furnivall. But perhaps I can suggest his error, and the oversight by which he has been precipitated into it. It seems that he has been working at a part rather than at the whole; at episodes of internal evidence in the Shakespeare works, rather than at the whole subject—the man, the book, the history of the English theatre, the times and manners of the Elizabethan era. It seems that Mr. Furnivall has not even read *Pericles*, and has not 'considered' the *Titus Andronicus*. And yet in the 'Leopold' edition of Shakespeare, Mr. Furnivall includes both these plays. If Mr. Furnivall will edit plays without considering or even reading them,—and will arrive at conclusions from partial and imperfect examination of the facts upon which he assumes to base them—nobody can wonder that he falls into wild and sweeping statements, or that his results are illicit and vicious. But Mr. Furnivall is not the only sufferer in this regard. So far as I am familiar with them, all the æsthetic critics are sinners here. The trouble is that they all shut their eyes to Shakespeare as a whole, and instead, selecting each for himself only his own favorite passages in the plays and poems, build up thereon astonishing conclusions and alleged findings of fact.

But I may be all wrong. Perhaps Francis Bacon put a cipher into the plays to prove to the next ages that he wrote them, and then William Shakespeare went and inserted a 'verse-test'

to prove that he (William Shakespeare) wrote them. Neither Ciphers nor Verse-Testers allude to either the Sonnets or the Epitaphs. And yet the Sonnets are certainly hermetic enough to yield the former unlimited pasture, while the Epitaphs—at their vast critical distance from the *Venus and Adonis* and *The Tempest*—would certainly afford Mr. Furnivall an unlimited sweep. Was the 'Epitaph on Elias James,' for example, the youthful practise of Shakespeare's pen or the feeble strokes of our tired Cæsar laying that pen down forever? Does it elbow the great Poems or *The Winter's Tale*? In either case, I am disposed to think that a development of both the Cipher and the Verse-Test theories will lead to an ultimate exchange of base on the part of their adherents. Those who were driven into Baconianism because unable to accept Shakespearian miracles—now called upon to swallow the greatest miracle of all—in self-defense can only fall back into the orthodox faith; while the already orthodox Shakespearians—now ordered to discard their common sense and blindly bolt the Verse-Tests under 'instruction' of Mr. Furnivall, and to 'look on Shakespeare's plays and poems as the product of a mind working in successive periods'—will have nothing for it except to gallop, horse-foot and dragoons, into the Baconian camp!

APPLETON MORGAN.

ANNALS OF THE CAREER OF JOHN LYLY.

1553, before July 6th.—Lyly was born in the Weald of Kent. (*Euphues*, p. 451.)

1569.—Student at Magdalen College, Oxon.

1571, October 8th.—Matriculated.

1573, April 27th.—Took B. A. degree.

1574, May 16th—Wrote a Latin letter to Lord Burghley 'for the Queen's letters to Magdalen College to admit him Fellow.' He was then a Scholar: but did not obtain a fellowship.

1575, June 1st.—Took M. A. degree.

1578, December 2d.—*Euphues; The Anatomy of Wit* was entered in Stationer's Registers.

1579.—In the second edition of *Euphues* the address to the Gentlemen Scholars of Oxford contains these words (p. 208 Arber's reprint), 'whereas I thought to receive him at Dover, I must meet him [*Euphues*] at Hampton.' This implies that at the date of publication of the second part of *Euphues*, Lyly would be at the Court, which was held at Hampton. His appearance there dates between the appointment of T. Blagrave as chief officer of the Revels, and that of E. Tylney as Master of the Revels, i.e., between December 30th, 1578, and July 24th, 1579. He entered the Queen's service 'strengthened with conditions that I should aim all my courses at the Revels: I dare not say with a promise, but with a hopeful item to the reversion.'

1579, July 24th.—On the very day of Tylney's appointment, the second part of *Euphues*, *Euphues and his England*, was entered in Stationer's Registers. This coincidence of date is no accident; the book was evidently kept back till after the decision was made to appoint Tylney. Probably if Lyly had been appointed he would have inserted a glowing dedication to Burleigh or Her Majesty. Although the license was obtained in July, 1579, the book was not issued till the spring of 1580, and the dates in the story were altered by a year to fit the time of actual publication. One tell-tale date, however, that of Philantus's last letter (February, 1579–80), still remains incorrect: to accord with the other dates it should have been made February, 1580–81, or rather July, 1580; but this the date of issue would not allow. It is to this disappointment, and not to the weather, that the words in the *Epistle Dedicatory* allude, 'not daring to bud till the cold be past.'

1579.—Incorporated M. A. of Cambridge.

1581–2, January 1st.—*Alexander and Campaspe* was performed at Court by Her Majesty's children and the children of Paul's. The exact date is determined now for the first time by careful examination of the Revels accounts. The chapel children did not act between 1581–2 and 1587. The analogy between the circumstances of the

marriage of Apelles and Campaspe with the facts of that between Leicester and the Countess of Essex in 1581 is very palpable. Hephæstion is a reflexion of Burleigh.

1581-2, February 27th.—Shrove Tuesday.—*Sappho and Phao* was played at Court by the same boys. The Duke of Anjou left England, after his unsuccessful proposal of marriage, on February 6th, 1581-2. The characters of Phao and Sappho correspond exactly with Monsieur and Elizabeth. Pandion seems to be Lyly himself.

1582, March 31st.—Watson's *Hecatompalkia* was entered in Stationer's Registers and published 'at the request of certain gentlemen, his very friends,' of whom one (Lyly) prefixed a letter to the author.

1582, July.—That Lyly's two plays would give offense at Court might have been anticipated: the Paul's children's performances were immediately suspended, and those of the Chapel the year after. Lyly himself was in disgrace, as appears from his letter to L. Burghley. This letter has hitherto been absurdly interpreted, as if Lyly had been accused of dishonesty in some private service to his lordship: that the real accusation against Lyly was for his subtly hidden satire in his plays is, however, clear. He accuses his objectors of *devise, treachery and faction*, not of slander; he says 'all my thoughts concerning my L[ady] have been ever reverent and almost religious.' Besides he was in the *Queen's* service, not in Burleigh's.

1584, April 6th.—*Sappho* was entered in Stationer's Registers for T. Cadman, 'if he can get it lawfully allowed to him.' The authorities then had objections to this play being published. Whether allowed or not, Cadman did publish it this year, and also *Campaspe*, for which he made no application for a license.

1585, April 1st.—*Tityrus and Galathea* was entered in Stationer's Registers. If this had been performed, and it is not likely to have been entered unless it had, it must have been between the performance at Court in February, 1582, and the suspension of children's performances in 1583. But the play, as we have it, is of later date than this.

1587-8, January 1st.—*Galathea* was played before the Queen at Greenwich by the Paul's boys. The exact date is fixed by the place

of performance: the Paul's boys did not play at Court between 1582 and 1588; and their subsequent performances were at Hampton or Richmond. Again, the prophecies, current at the end of 1587, as to the *Annus Mirabilis* of 1588, are twice alluded to. On December 14th, 1587, *A new year's gift, comprehending a preparation against the prognosticated dangers of this year*, by T. Tymme, was entered in Stationer's Registers. The conjunction of Saturn and Jupiter, which took place about the same time, is also alluded to. That this play originally appeared soon after *Sappho* is clear from V. 3, where Venus says to Cupid, 'always taken: first by Sappho, now by Diana,' while the Fairies in the *Dramatis Personæ* point to a contemporaneity with *Endymion*. This is not a political play: the satire in it is directed against Dr. Dee, the astrologer, and Sir T. Smith, the late Secretary of State, as an alchemist. The Augur is probably T. Rogers, the collector of prophecies about the *Annus Mirabilis* (Stow *Annals*, p. 709). The Eger or Bore is a local phenomenon of Lincolnshire.

1587-8.—*Candlemas*.—*Endymion*, like *Galathea*, was performed by the Paul's boys at Greenwich. The allegory of this play has been partly explained by Mr. Halpin. *Endymion* is Leicester; *Eumenides*, Sussex; *Tellus*, the Countess of Sheffield; *Floscula*, the Countess of Essex; *Cynthia* is, of course, the Queen; *Dipsas*, the Countess of Shrewsbury.

1588-9.—*Love's Metamorphosis* was performed at Court. The allusions in ii, 2, to Diana's nymphs in *Galathea*, show that this play could not have been long after it: and there is no entry in the Revels Accounts available for its placing except in this year. I may observe here that there is no doubt that *all* Lyly's plays were performed at Court.

1588-9.—*Mother Bombie* was probably performed this same year. In it and the subsequent plays euphuistic similes derived from fabulous minerals, plants, and animals, are either very rare or entirely absent.

1589.—This is the date of Lyly's first petition to the Queen after ten years waiting for the reversion of the Revels. The wrong assign-

ment of this epoch hitherto made has thrown all Lyly's career into confusion.

1589-90.—New Year's day, or Sunday after Christmas, *The Woman in the Moon* was acted at Court. In the Prologue occur these words:—

this is but a poet's dream,
The first he had in Phœbus' holy bower.

whence it has been rashly concluded that this was Lyly's first play: all that can be justly inferred is that it was his first play *in verse*: all works preceding it were in prose. The verse is far too easy in its flow to be attributed to so early a date as 1579, nor is there any early entry in the Revels Accounts with which the play can be connected. It consists of a satire on the fickleness of woman, such as would certainly preclude the poet from any subsequent employment by the Queen. It is evidently his retaliation for her neglect of his petition; 'Anger makes men witty, but it keeps them poor.'

1589, c. September.—*Pap with a hatchet* was published against *Martin Marprelate*. Harvey, in *Pierce's Supererogation*, in the part dated at Trinity Hall, November, 1589, distinctly alludes to Lyly as the author. Nash, in his *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, 1596, defends Lyly against Harvey. In *The Maid's Metamorphosis*, Harvey is, no doubt, alluded to as 'Hobbinol the plowman.' The interaction of the dramatists in the Harvey and Marprelate controversies has not been nearly worked out. (See my paper on *Shakespeare and Puritanism in Anglia*, 1884.)

1589-90.—Twelfth night.—*Midas* was acted at Court within a week of the preceding play. *Midas* is clearly Philip of Spain.

1592.—Lyly's second petition was written to the Queen. From it, it appears that exception had been made by her to 'toils and tents,' that is, I take it, to the attempt of Philip to attack England by bribery and corruption as well as by open war, as alluded to in *Midas*. No doubt this play was made the pretext of Lyly's disgrace, the real cause being the attack on the Queen's fickleness in *The Woman in the Moon*, which she could not with dignity take notice of. Lyly asks for fines or forfeitures from the Rebels, probably those executed in

1588. What he got was virtually dismissal from Court. The Paul's boys were suspended, and no children actors appear henceforth till 1600, in London.

1591, October 4th.—*Endymion*, *Galathea* and *Midas* were entered in Stationer's Registers.

1594, June 18th.—*Bomby* was entered in Stationers' Registers.

1595, September 22d.—*A Woman in the Moon* was entered in Stationer's Registers, but it did not get printed till 1597. No doubt official delays were interposed, but absolute 'staying' was avoided. It would have drawn attention to the satire in the play.

1596, June 30th.—Stationer's Registers. A book called *Lyllie's Light* was entered.

1596, September 10th.—John, son of John Lyllie, gent., was baptized at St. Bartholomew's.

1597, August 20th.—This same son was buried at St. Botolph's, Bishopsgate.

1597.—Latin verses by Lyly were prefixed to *Ecclesiastes, or the Preacher*, by Henry Lock.

1597.—*The Woman in the Moon* was published.

1600, July 3d.—John, son of John Lillye, gent., was baptized.

1600, July 24th.—Stationer's Registers. *The Maid's Metamorphosis* was entered. This play has of late been assigned to Day or some other writer; but that it was by Lyly appears from the following considerations: The likeness between it and Lyly's known works, especially in the *Metamorphosis*, for which compare *Love's Metamorphosis* and Act V, Scene 3, of *Galathea*; the pages' talk in ii, 2, iii, 3 with which compare *Endymion*, i, 3, ii, 2, iii, 3, iv, 2; and the use of 'Lesbos' isle' to signify the Court in iv, 1. Aramanthus (quasi Aramranthus, the everlasting flower) seems to be Lyly himself, exiled from Court in 1590 and restored to favor in 1600. The date of the play is fixed in 1600, when the Paul's boys reopened. It was in a leap-year, iv, 1, and probably alludes to *A Woman will have her Will* in ii, 1, 'Juno's a woman and will have her will.' This play of Haughton's was acted in May, 1598. There is great similarity between the procedures of Aramanthus and Mother Bombie, and the sleeping

scene of Ascanio reminds us strongly of Endymion. The objection to Lyly's authorship founded on the absence of euphuism would apply to *Midas*, *The Woman in the Moon* and *Mother Bombie*; and the objection to his writing in rhyme is met by my interpretation of the Prologue to *The Woman in the Moon*. Moreover great allowance for change of style during ten years should be made. I see no reason for disturbing the tradition of Lyly's authorship, and certainly nothing can be alleged in favor of Day's beyond a mere 'I think so.'

1601.—*Love's Metamorphosis* was published. It appears from the title-page that Lyly had now rejoined the Children of the Chapel, who had been silenced from 1583 till 1600. It was 'first played by the children of Paul's' in 1588-9, 'and now by the children of the Chapel,' i.e., in 1601, after Jonson had quitted them.

1603, May 21st.—Frances, daughter of John Lylye, gent., was baptized.

1606, November 30th.—John Lyllie, gent., was buried.

It appears from Harvey's *Pierce's Supererogation* and Nash's *Have with you*, etc., that Lyly was of small stature, took tobacco beyond moderation, and was at one time Vice-Master of Paul's.

F. G. FLEAY.

RECENT BACON-SHAKESPEARE LITERATURE.

V.

THE four articles preceding this will be found in SHAKESPEARIANA for March, April and July, 1886; and April, 1887. The whole constitutes a continuation of the *Bibliography of the Bacon-Shakespeare Controversy*.

The term 'Bacon-Shakespeare' is used in a comprehensive sense, and includes all theories adverse to Shakespeare's authorship. But it does not include any question as to joint authorship, or any assistance he may have had in the plays.

The discussion has now reached a point where it is impossible to title all contributions to the subject. All books, pamphlets, and

magazine articles will be included, but only the most important of those from newspapers.

The general tenor of each title is indicated as in the original Bibliography. *Pro-Sh.* for Shakespeare; *Anti-Sh.* against Shakespeare; *Unc.* Unclassified.

The compiler will be obliged for any information as to errors or omitted titles.

W. H. WYMAN.

Walnut Hills, Cincinnati.

- 341 THE SHAKESPEARIAN CROTCHET-MONGERS. Anonymous. In *Book-Lore*, London, for November, 1886. pp. 8. *Pro-Sh.*

The writer says of the crotchet-mongers that 'each and every one of them instinctively scoffs at, or what is worse, treats with a supercilious smile, the accepted beliefs of the whole civilized world;' that they are 'always oblivious of the fact that the onus or burden of proof lies upon the assertor,' and that 'the Shakespearian crotchet-monger has an especial loathing for inconvenient rules and orders, and changes his front to suit the circumstances in which he finds himself placed.' The writer recapitulates a number of the well-known contemporary notices of Shakespeare, finding nothing to support any adverse theory, and says:—

'Why, let us ask, do they not substitute Marlowe for Bacon? he at any rate run Shakespeare very closely, and had he lived another twenty years, the great master for once might have found a genius equal to himself.'

- 342 THE CHARACTERISTIC CURVE OF COMPOSITION. By T. C. MENDENHALL. In *Science*, New York, March 11, 1887. pp. 12. *Unc.*

Prof. Mendenhall introduces his theory of characteristic curves as furnishing strong grounds for 'the belief that it may prove useful as a method of analysis leading to identification or discrimination of authorship.' He says: 'It is proposed to analyze a composition by forming what may be called a *word-spectrum* or *characteristic curve* which shall be a graphic representation of an arrangement of words according to their length and the relative frequency of their occurrence. The validity of the method as a test of authorship, then, implies the following assumptions: that the writer makes use of a vocabulary which is peculiar to himself; that, in the use of that vocabulary in composition, personal peculiarities in the construction of sentences will, in the long run, recur with such regularity that short words, long words, and words of medium length will occur with relative frequencies.'

The article is illustrated by ten half-page diagrams showing the curve as formed from groups of from five thousand to ten thousand words taken from Dickens, Thackeray, Mill, and Atkinson. The writer suggests its application to the letters of Junius and the disputed authorship of Shakespeare, and the inference is that he may himself apply it to the works of Shakespeare and Bacon. As to the results so far obtained from its application, he says that they 'would appear to justify the claim that it is worthy of a thorough test through which the validity of its assumptions might be proved or disproved.'

- 343 THE AUTHORSHIP OF SHAKESPEARE. By E. A. CALKINS. In *Shakespeariana*, Philadelphia, for March, 1887. pp. 7. *Pro-Sh.*

A comprehensive review of the new and enlarged edition of Judge Holmes' *Authorship*. We give one point only. After noting that the birth and early life of Abraham

Lincoln were surrounded with greater obscurity than those of Shakespeare, Col. Calkins says:—

'Yet Lincoln, with not a tithe of Shakespeare's early advantages, became a greater lawyer, a greater orator, a greater statesman, and a more astute politician than Bacon, though, of course, not so great a scientist-philosopher. He probably never studied the Inductive Philosophy, but he was a more adroit and skilled inductive reasoner than Bacon. In view of this single instance no casuist can say that Shakespeare's obscured birth and lack of early training render it improbable that he produced the greatest works of dramatic genius in any literature. The history of human greatness since the beginning of time glows on every page with the names of those who, by the force of genius and the power of will, have risen from the lowliest estate to those towering heights on which the sun of fame sheds a flood of everlasting radiance.'

344 WER SCHRIEB DAS 'NOVUM ORGANON' VON FRANCIS BACON?
EINE KRITISCHE STUDIE, von EUGEN REICHEL. Stuttgart: Bonz
& Co. 1886. Pamphlet, pp. 32. *Pro-Sh.*

Herr Reichel's pamphlet attempts to show that the *Novum Organum* and its philosophy was not original with Bacon, but that he obtained it from some ancient manuscript, whose author was unknown, but believed to be of the school of Giordano Bruno and Spinoza, and that it is therefore impossible that Bacon should be the author. Herr R. says he would like to ascribe it to Shakespeare, but that is equally impossible, as it was not written in its original form in 1620, but about 1586.

An amusing poetical notice of this pamphlet in the *Saturday Review*, London, February 5, 1887, contains this version of it:—

Shakespeare wrote the 'Novum Org'n'on,
Bacon stole it, but suspected
How by learned future Germans
All the fraud would be detected;
And, despairing of admission
'Midst the philosophic Lamas,
Like an overrated person,
Went and wrote all Shakespeare's dramas.

345 THE SHAKESPEARE-SHAPLEIGH ENTANGLEMENT. Edited by JUSTIN WINSOR. In the *Atlantic Monthly* for May, 1887. pp. 8. *Unc.*

This was subsequently issued in parchment pamphlet form by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Mr. George Parsons Lathrop, in the *N. Y. Star* of July 24, 1887, says of it:—

'The recent partial exploitation of Mr. Ignatius Donnelly's supposed new cipher proof that Bacon wrote the plays of Shakespeare, will give an enhanced interest, no doubt, to this extremely brilliant and scholarly brochure, which would attract attention at any time by its ingenuity, its light and entertaining form, and the circumstance that Justin Winsor, whose name is given as the editor of the imaginary letters, is probably the author of them. Obviously the purpose is not to prove that the Shakespeare of tradition and history is any one else, but merely to show how, by means of historical data (some of those involved in partial obscurity or dispute) and a few discoveries, a very plausible theory could be set up that the Shakespeare plays were really the work of one William Shapleigh, who died the same day that William Shakespeare did.'

346 WHO WROTE SHAKESPEARE? 'AYE, THERE'S THE RUB.' By WILLIAM HENDERSON, with pen and ink sketches by CHARLES LYALL. London: David Stott, 1887. Pamphlet, pp. 52. *Pro-Sh.*

A travesty of the controversy in verse, with some amusing illustrations.

'Canter the First' is a discussion between Mr. Faithful and Mr. Doubtful as to the merits of the question. 'Canter the Second' is devoted principally to a versified castigation of the Rev. Francis Gastrell, the destroyer of New Place.

347 JOURNAL OF THE BACON SOCIETY. No. III. London: Banks & Son, June, 1887. 8 vo. pp. 35, 77 to 111. *Anti-Sh.*

A meeting of the Bacon Society was held at the rooms of the Society of British Artists, Suffolk-street, Pall Mall, April 18, 1887, of which this is the record:—

Mr. Alaric A. Watts, V. P., read a paper on 'Shakespeare the lawyer,' pp. 10.

The following papers were read to the Society, which are included in the publication:—*Shakespeare, the Lawyer.* By Mr. Alaric A. Watts, V. P. pp. 10.

Mr. Donnelly's Cipher. A compilation of various accounts of the progress of the Cipher, in part supplied by Mrs. Pott, and read by Mr. Theobald, the newly-elected Secretary. pp. 5.

Bacon and Shakespeare on the Solace derived from Contemplation. By Mr. R. M. Theobald. pp. 12.

348 THE SHAKESPEARE MYTH. By IGNATIUS DONNELLY. In the *North American Review*. I. June, 1887, pp. 11. July, 1887, pp. 18. *Anti-Sh.*

These articles may be regarded as the forerunner of Mr. Donnelly's book. Part I. contains a general discussion of the subject, introducing some parallelisms. He says of Shakespeare:—

'We are asked to believe that the mightiest mind with which God ever blessed the race dwelt for fifty-two years on this planet, in the midst of the busy, bustling age of Elizabeth and James, surrounded by wits, poets, philosophers, pamphleteers, printers, and publishers, and in contact with events which affected the whole world and all history; and yet touched these men and events at no point, and left not the slightest impress on his age as an individual. It is as if a gigantic spirit had descended from another sphere, strode unheeded through the busy marts of men, dropped behind him vast and incalculable works, and then, striding on, disappeared suddenly and utterly in thin air.'

Part II. is devoted to the Cipher, and is illustrated by fac-simile pages of the folio of 1623. Mr. Donnelly concludes:—

'The world can afford to wait until all the evidence is in, before it passes final judgment on the grandest and most gifted of all the sons of men. I believe it will be made manifest, in the end, that the moral grandeur of Francis Bacon was as great as his intellectual power; and that he

Who died in shame
Will live in death with endless fame.

349 THE DONNELLY MYTH. By ALBERT R. FREY. In the *Mail and Express*, New York. Four papers: July 16, 23, 30, and August 6, 1887. *Pro-Sh.*

In these papers Mr. Frey gives a comprehensive review, and answer to Mr. Donnelly's *North American* article.

We can only give one point from the concluding paper. After quoting Mr. Hudson's well-known Four Reasons, Mr. F. gives a fifth and sixth:—

'5. The works of Shakespeare contain certain allusions to Stratford and vicinity. If anybody else had written them the author must also have been acquainted with the Warwickshire hamlet in which Shakespeare was born and spent his youthful days.

6. The folio of 1623 exists in at least two states, and as copies were issued differing from each other, though bearing the same date, it is evident that no cipher was concealed therein.'

350 THE DONNELLY DILEMMA. By ALVEY A. ADEE. In *Shakespeariana*, Philadelphia, for August, 1887. pp. 3. *Pro-Sh.*

Mr. Adee points out that the plays on which Mr. Donnelly relies, *1 and 2 Hen. IV.*, and *Merry Wives*, were printed in quarto form twenty years or more before the folio, and that 'most of the verbal constructions on which he dwells, to claim that a cipher must be involved, are in the quartos. . . . So we have this alternative: either (a) the quartos were so written and printed as to contain the hidden cipher, so that, when printed, twenty years after, each cipher word would fall into its numerical place with reference to the page, number, key, and unfold the cipher,—or (b) the quartos do not contain the cipher, and were not framed with reference to future use as a cipher, in the folio form, in which case the typographical changes are too few to account for half the words, or even one-fifth of them, being cipher words. . . . One might as easily print Washington's farewell address in folio form, so as to yield a connected narrative of the Beecher trial.'

351 JOURNAL OF THE BACON SOCIETY. No. IV. London: George Redway, August, 1887. 8 vo. pp. 48, 113 to 160. *Anti-Sh.*

This contains the Annual Report of the Society. Also, *Bacon the Poet*. By Mr. Alaric A. Watts, being a continuation of the paper read at the April meeting. pp. 13, including notes.

Higgins on the Bacon-Shakespeare Controversy. [By Mr. R. M. Theobald.] This is in answer to Dr. Higgins' lectures. See titles 330 and 357.

An article, probably also by Mr. Theobald, on *Mr. Donnelly and the Alleged Cipher*, expressing some impatience at the delay in its demonstration.

352 BACON OR SHAKESPEARE? HOW IGNATIUS DONNELLY ESSAYS TO PROVE THAT BACON WROTE THE IMMORTAL PLAYS. By Prof. THOMAS DAVIDSON. In the *World*, New York, August 28, 1887. 14 columns. *Anti-Sh.*

Prof. Davidson's article occupies two full pages of the *World*, and is by far the most complete statement of Mr. Donnelly's claims yet published. A comprehensive summary is found in the head-lines of the *World*, which are given below:—

'The Cipher which, Mr. Donnelly claims, Lord Bacon Inserted in the First and Second Henry IV. In it Bacon Tells the Queerest Historical Story of Elizabeth, Cecil, Himself and Shakespeare. Besides Asserting that He Himself Wrote the Plays He Narrates How Cecil Accused Him Before Elizabeth of Their Authorship and of Treason—Then How the Queen, Disbelieving, Beat the Informer Hayward with Her Crutch and Sent Post-Haste to Have Shakespeare Apprehended—Shakespeare is Warned in Time and Escapes—Mr. Donnelly Gives to Prof. Davidson for *The World* Some Proofs of the Authenticity of His Cipher and How It was Discovered and Proved—His Corroborative Proof that the Theatrical Manager, Shakespeare, Could Not Have Written the Plays and that the Philosopher and Real Poet, Bacon, Must Have Written Them—Shakespeare's Alleged Ignorance—Prof. Davidson Confesses that All This Has Much Shaken His Faith.'

We give a portion of Prof. Davidson's conclusions:—

'I have thus endeavored to give an unprejudiced account of Mr. Donnelly's work, which seems to me of great importance. I am not in a position to decide with regard to the reality of the cipher, though it seems difficult to doubt it. On the other hand, the first part of the book impresses me more than I could beforehand have conceived possible. If I were to state the impression it has produced upon me, it would seem to be one somewhat different from that which Mr. Donnelly intended to produce. I am inclined to think that the plays are the production of a knot of brilliant briefless lawyers belonging to the Essex party, of whom Bacon was the chief, and to whose number

the W. H. of the Sonnets, and, perhaps, Sir Walter Raleigh belonged. Unwilling to acknowledge the authorship publicly, they allowed Shakespeare, to whom they had sold the acting copyright (if the expression be allowed), to publish them under his own name. In this way Shakespeare attained great fame as a dramatic writer, whereas he was at best a clever theatre-director and a smart caterer for the rather low tastes of the theatre-going public, altering the plays considerably and vulgarizing them before producing them on the stage.

(The interest excited by this publication is shown by the fact that the compiler has received upwards of 500 newspaper articles based upon it. A few of these are mere squibs, but the large majority are of some importance, but cannot for the present be included in the Bibliography.)

- 353 EIN NEUER ANGRIFF AUF SHAKESPEARE. By G. N. HONTHUMB.
In the *Staats-Zeitung*, New York, Sept. 4, 1887. 3 columns. *Unc.*

An article which is mainly a review, in German, of the controversy, and titled here as being useful to German readers.

- 354 SHAKESPEARE'S POEMS, (Feb'y 20, 1887;) SHAKESPEARE'S CHARACTERS, (Sept. 11, 1887;) SHAKESPEARE AND HISTORY, (Sept. 18, 1887.) By RICHARD A. PROCTOR. In the *Globe-Democrat*, St. Louis, of dates as above. 2 to 3 columns each. *Pro-Sh.*

These articles, while not written specially to combat the Baconian theory, treat the question incidentally.

- 355 IS IT SHAKESPEARE'S CONFESSION? THE CRYPTOGRAM IN HIS EPITAPH. By HERBERT JANVRIN BROWNE. Washington: With-erbee & Co. 1887. Pamphlet, pp. 20. *Anti-Sh.*

Mr. Browne claims to have discovered a new cryptogram—that the well-known epitaph on Shakespeare's tomb at Stratford contains a hidden sentence, which reads as follows:—

FRANCIS BACON WROTE SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS SHAXPEARE.

and explains the methods by which he arrives at his conclusions—too elaborate to be inserted here.

The epitaph is thought to have been composed by Shakespeare himself, though this is not positive. Mr. Browne gives a fac-simile photographed from a lamp-black transfer made from the stone in 1834. It is in these words:—

Good frend for Jesvs sake forbear
To digg the dvst enclosed heare:
Blese be ye man yt spares thes stones
And cvrst be he yt moves my bones.

- 356 LONGFELLOW A SHAM. JUSTICE AT LAST! In the *Morning Journal*, New York, Sept. 25, 1887. 3 columns. *Pro-Sh.*

An amusing travesty of the Cipher theory. The writer takes Longfellow's *Psalm of Life* and proves, to his own satisfaction, by internal evidence, that it was written by Bloodgood Cutter.

- 357 WAS IT BACON? By CHARLES H. HIGGINS. In *Shakespeareiana*, Philadelphia, for October, 1887. pp. 9. *Pro-Sh.*

This is an article revised from the lectures delivered by Dr. Higgins, and noted heretofore under Title 330.

- 358 OUSTING SHAKESPEARE. By RICHARD A. PROCTOR. In the *Forum*, New York, October, 1887. pp. 8. *Pro-Sh.*

Mr. Proctor reviews and answers the cipher theory of Mr. Donnelly, as expounded in the *Nineteenth Century* for May. He concludes:—

'A foolish fancy like that theory may provoke a smile, but certainly no anger; and our amusement can only be intensified by such an amazingly absurd extension of the theory as Mr. Donnelly has wandered into. But the theory, could it be established, would not hand the fame of "gentle Will Shakespeare" to Bacon, the keen logician and potent reasoner; it would bring discredit to the names of both, as also to others esteemed for varied attainments and qualities, whom the Baconian theory associates with Bacon and Shakespeare in a shameful plot.'

- 359 'FRA BA WRT EAR AY.' By HUGH BLACK. In the *North American Review* for October, 1887. pp. 5. *Anti-Sh.*

Mr. Black claims to have applied Bacon's *omnia per omnia* cipher to the epitaph on Shakespeare's grave, producing the letters as in the title above—*Fra Ba Wrt Ear Ay*, which he reads *Francis Bacon Wrote Shakespeare's Plays*. For the processes by which Mr. B. arrives at his conclusions, the reader is referred to the article.

- 360 BACON'S CLAIM AND SHAKESPEARE'S AYE, 'BAKON—SHAXPERE—WE.' By EDWARD GORDON CLARK. In the *North American Review* for October, 1887. pp. 9. *Anti-Sh.*

Mr. Clark's article is an elaboration and endorsement of the claims of Mr. Black, with a large number of additional renderings of his own.

- 361 'FRA BA WRT EAR AY.' THE CIPHER IN THE STRATFORD EPI-TAPH. Editorial. In the *Tribune*, New York, Oct. 9, 1887. 2 columns. *Pro-Sh.*

A review of the cipher articles in the *North American Review* (titles 358 and 359) above. The writer characterizes the cipher renderings as mere assumptions, and says in closing:—

'Messrs. Black and Clark deserve our gratitude for one thing. They have done more to bring ridicule upon the Bacon theory than all their predecessors in the past generation.'

- 362 THE DISCUSSION IN 'THE WORLD.' A series of articles in the *World*, New York, notably of Sept. 4, 5, 8, 11, 18, and 25; and Oct. 2, 9, 16, and 23.

This discussion followed Prof. Davidson's two-page article of August 28 on the Donnelly theory (title 351). It is very comprehensive, including the opinions of Gen. Butler, Robert G. Ingersoll, Appleton Morgan, A. A. Adey, Allen Thorndike Rice, Albert R. Frey, Edward Gordon Clark, Julian Hawthorne and very many others. There are also additional articles by Prof. Davidson.

- 363 SHAKESPEARE, BACON, AND 'STOP CARELESS YOUTHE.' By GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP. In the *Critic*, Oct. 29, 1887. pp. 3. *Pro-Sh.*

A *reductio ad absurdum* of the cipher revelation in the epitaph on Shakespeare's grave, as claimed by Messrs. Hugh Black and Edward Gordon Clark, and noted here under titles 358 and 359. By a similar application of Bacon's *omnia per omnia* cipher to an epitaph common in old grave-yards—

Stop Careless Youthe as You Pass by.

As You are now So once was I

As I am now So you Must Be.

Oh then Prepare to Follow Me.—

'significants' are found to read 'Ay! Shakspear Comedies Writ By Francis Bacon, Me,' and a further arrangement of the cipher words and letters results in 'Out Shaccspearel You stole b's Playys, by me, Francis Bacon; Francis (William) Bacon (Shakspeare).'

'The Stop Careless Youthe is an old epitaph. Can it date back to Bacon's time? and are we to conclude that Bacon—besides being the author of most of the literature belonging to the Elizabethan period (including his own Philosophical works)—was also the ablest mortuary poet of his age?'

A School of Shakespeare.

For his bounty,

There was no winter in't; an autumn 'twas

That grew the more by reaping.

—*Antony & Cleopatra*, V, ii, 86.

A STUDY OF 'HAMLET.'

(Continued from Nov.)

ANALYSIS OF HAMLET'S CHARACTER.

I. IN GENERAL.

- (1) Young.—I, iii, 7; 123, 124; V, i, 153, 154.
- (2) Frank.—I, ii, 163, 164; II, ii, 288-290; 408, 409; III, ii, 49, 50.
- (3) Secretive.—I, v, 144; II, ii, 291, 292.
- (4) Accomplished.—III, i, 150-154.
- (5) Popular.—III, i, 154; IV, vii, 16-18.
- (6) Handsome.—III, i, 153; 159.
- (7) Desirous of popular favor.—V, ii, 323-329.
- (8) Courteous.—IV, iv, 29; V, ii, 82; 239-241.
- (9) Worthy to be king.—V, ii, 381, 382.
- (10) Vain of accomplishments.—V, ii, 163, 164; 195; 245.
- (11) Vain of intellectual superiority.—III, iv, 202-207.

- (12) Affects or acknowledges madness.—I, v, 169–172; II, i, 77–100; ii, 172–207; 366, 367; 390–407; III, i, 5; 95, 96; 103–119; ii, 85; 289; IV, ii, 5, 6; 26–30; iii, 38; V, ii, 212–214.
- (13) Apparently mad.—I, v, 98–108; 119; 123–133; III, i, 7–9; V, ii, 261–274.
- (14) Considered mad.—II, i, 102–106; 110; ii, 92, 93; 97; III, i, 150–161; iv, 132–134.
- (15) Not considered mad.—II, ii, 4–7; 153; III, i, 35–37; ii, 162–167; 188; iii, 1, 2, 25, 26; IV, vii, 3–5.
- (16) Evidently not mad.—In his interviews with Horatio, with the players, and with his mother; also during the whole of Act V, except immediately after jumping into Ophelia's grave.

II. TEMPERAMENT.

- (1) Self-possessed.—I, v, 1.
- (2) Unsuspicious.—IV, vii, 133–135.
- (3) Cool in time of danger.—V, ii, 248–252.
- (4) Brave.—IV, vi, 16–18.
- (5) Impetuous.—I, iii, 113, 114; iv, 84, 85; v, 29–31.
- (6) Indifferent to sufferings of others.—III, iv, 31, 32; V, ii, 57, 58.
- (7) Irritable.—II, ii, 219; V, ii, 118, 119.
- (8) Nervous.—I, v, 149, 150; 162, 163; III, ii, 242–265.
- (9) Self-reproachful.—II, ii, 547–560; III, i, 122–129.
- (10) Melancholy.—I, ii, 70, 71; 85; II, ii, 215–217; III, i, 92.

III. MORAL NATURE.

- (1) Obedient.—I, ii, 120; III, ii, 300; IV, iii, 51, 52.
- (2) Temperate.—I, iv, 17–20.
- (3) A firm friend.—III, ii, 57–60.
- (4) Somewhat hypocritical.—III, iv, 157; IV, iii, 45.
- (5) Somewhat superstitious.—III, iv, 76, 77.
- (6) Believes in presentiments.—V, ii, 197–201.
- (7) Loves his father.—III, iv, 10; 55–62.
- (8) Loves Ophelia.—II, i, 85–98; ii, 116–122; V, ii, 259–261.
- (9) Duty stronger than affection.—III, ii, 359–362; iv, 14–20.

- (10) Morally brave. I, ii, 244-246; iv, 64-67.
- (11) No religious faith.—III, i, 80-82.
- (12) A fatalist.—III, iv, 170-172; V, ii, 8-11; 204-208.
- (13) Conscientious.—II, i, 87-98; V, ii, 75-78; 210, 211.
- (14) Irresolute from conscientiousness.—I, v, 99, 100; II, ii, 576-587; III, iii, 73-79; IV, iv, 39-44.

IV. INTELLECTUAL NATURE.

- (1) Tantalizing and quick at repartee.—II, ii, 175; 183; 195; 400-405; III, ii, 342-348; V, ii, 92-102.
- (2) An excellent critic.—III, ii, 1-41.
- (3) Has fine dramatic taste.—II, ii, 420-430; III, ii, 1-41.
- (4) Satirical.—I, ii, 65; 74; 177, 178; II, ii, 177; 197-204; 207; 230; 263, 264; 484; III, ii, 99, 100; 129; 271; IV, ii, 12; iii, 33, 34; V, i, 75-82; 131-134.
- (5) Bitterly ironical.—I, ii, 180, 181; III, ii, 88, 89; 108-110; 113-115; 206; 209, 210; 214-217; 281; 295-297; 307; iv, 28, 29; 178-193.
- (6) Lacks self-confidence.—II, ii, 250-252; 565-569; III, ii, 75-79; V, ii, 67-70.
- (7) Has intuitive power.—I, v, 40, 41; II, ii, 236-238; 268-284; III, ii, 330-338; IV, iii, 47.
- (8) Intensely reflective and philosophical.—I, ii, 132-137; iv, 23-36; II, ii, 245, 246; 298-302; 512-515; 530-546; III, i, 56-88; 135-137; ii, 54; iv, 33; 158-162; 165; IV, iii, 21-25; V, i, 67, 68; 173-204.

M. W. SMITH.

The University of Dakota has recently gained the services in its Presidency of Professor Homer B. Sprague, whose lectures on Shakespeare and whose edition of *Hamlet* are pretty widely known. *The Merchant of Venice* and *Macbeth* have been the subjects of his especial study for some time past, with reference to issuing annotated school editions of these plays, and he now has placed the completed manuscripts, for early issue, in the hands of his publishers, the Interstate Publishing Co. of Chicago.

Literary Notes.

When comes your book forth?
Upon the heels of my presentment, sir.

—*Timon of Athens*, I, i, 26.

ALL THE KIRKS of Edinburgh were emptied into the theatre, say the chroniclers of the time, on the first night of the Rev. John Home's *Douglas*. And in spite of the disapproval the clergyman's play later aroused, that night there was abounding enthusiasm in its success. One big Scotchman towered to his feet, and made the walls echo with his shout of 'Whaur is Billy Shakespeare noo!' And yet 'Billy Shakespeare' still dwells in the public eye whence the clever cleric soon faded.

The Scotchman's slogan sounds again in the present Bacon-charged atmosphere, and seems to find a mocking echo in the curious fact that an American re-issue of the Halliwell-Phillipps reduced *fac-simile* of the first folio, formerly published by Messrs. Chatto and Windus, is due to Mr. Donnelly's ado about a cipher to be found in the folio of 1623. Indeed, the popular interest in the Donnelly cipher is not only the element depended upon by the present publishers to make the market for this volume, it is directly appealed to in their announcement of a fac-simile edition as 'the only one that will enable you to trace the cipher.'

We are indebted, then, to Mr. Donnelly for the introduction of this book to the general demand. 'Whaur is Billy Shakespeare noo!' It remains to be seen whether Shakespeare will stay in the background, and whether the question will not later resolve itself into, 'Whaur is

Ignatius Donnelly noo?' However, in any case, the public remains the gainer, and Messrs. Funk & Wagnalls are to be congratulated upon the good service their business enterprise will render it, in making a *fac-simile* of so precious a book easily and cheaply obtainable.

A photographic fac-simile of the 1623 folio edition of Shakespeare's Plays. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. 1887. Crn. 8vo. Pp. 926. \$2.50.

THE 'MERMAID SERIES' is the one brief answer to be given to many inquiries received from correspondents who want to read or study the master works of the English drama in connection with the supreme dramatic handicraft of Shakespeare, and who ask, 'What is the best inexpensive edition to suit this need?'

To get a sense of the conditions that modified the workings of Shakespeare's genius, and of the environment through which it was evolved, and to trace also the development or deterioration of the English spirit as it has expressed itself with varying power in post-Shakespearian dramatic literature, this is a purpose which properly should enter into the plan of study of most Shakespeare Societies or of intelligent readers of general English literature. An important contribution toward meeting this purpose has been made in the monthly publication, without expurgation, of the chief plays of Marlowe, Massinger, Middleton, Beaumont and Fletcher, and Congreve, in well-printed, cloth-bound volumes, costing only half-a-crown each, and each prefaced by critical comment upon, and biography of, the dramatist under consideration, written in a vein that has been, in some cases, admirably adequate, and that, generally speaking, has not fallen short of the respectable in literary merit. Judging by these volumes already issued, the series as a whole, including those next announced for issue—Dekker, Webster and Tourneur, Shirley, Otway, Ford, Heywood, Jonson, Chapman, the apocryphal Shakespearian plays, and others—brings to the public a serviceable and desirable popular edition that deserves appreciation and success.

Christopher Marlowe (including *Tamburlaine the Great*, Parts I and II: *Doctor Faustus*; *The Jew of Malta*; *Edward II*): edited by Havelock Ellis. Philip Massinger, Vol. I (*The Duke of Milan*; *A New Way to Pay Old Debts*; *The Great Duke of Florence*; *The Maid of Honour*; *The City*

Madam): edited by Arthur Symons. Beaumont and Fletcher, Vol. I (*The Maid's Tragedy*; *Philaster*; *The Wild Goose Chase*; *Thierry and Theodoret*; *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*); Vol. II (*A King and No King*; *Bondouca*; *The Spanish Curate*; *The Faithful Shepherdess*; *Valentinian*): edited by J. S. L. Strachey. Thomas Middleton, Vol. I (*A Trick to Catch the Old One*; *The Changeling*; *A Chaste Maid in Cheapside*; *Women Beware Women*; *The Spanish Gipsy*): edited by A. C. Swinburne and H. Ellis. William Congreve (*The Old Bachelor*; *The Double Dealer*; *Love for Love*; *The Way of the World*; *The Mourning Bride*): edited by A. C. Ewald.

The Mermaid Series. London: Vizetelly & Co. 1887. 16mo. Pp. 430-486. Each vol. 2s. 6d. New York: Scribner & Welford. \$1.00.

WHAT HAS THE general public to do with literature? One of the versatile newspaper critics who dispose of a dozen books of a dozen kinds in a racy column of flitting paragraphs, said, recently, in a prominent daily paper of Philadelphia, that it was no longer desirable for any one to spend his time over old literature, that not he was the well-informed man who himself had read the main pieces of English literature from Chaucer to Tennyson, but he who had read the necessary facts about them. It is as just, so far as his words betrayed him, to suppose this writer sincere as satiric.

At any rate it is fair to infer, however shocked the public may be at such a critic's crude and unflinching way of putting the case, that most of this same public's leisure time on its day of rest must be taken up with absorbing the twenty-four-page Sunday paper, of which it buys two or three different kinds on its way to church, and that however reluctant may be its consent to this altered dictum, that books about books are more important than books that are books, its virtual consent is all along given in support of a prodigious deal of intermediation between the strong and soaring souls of literary art and its own flaccid, easy-going, way-faring intelligence. Then when Mr. Ward begins his preface to *Wit, Wisdom and Beauties of Shakespeare* with the statement that—

Few at the present day have the leisure or interest to know Shakespeare thoroughly; a mere bowing acquaintance with most of the plays, which in early years were hastily read through with little thought and scant appreciation, and a certain familiarity with portions of those commonly

acted on the stage, are all with which most persons claiming to possess a liberal education can be credited—

we have cause to sigh 'the more's the pity.' But while we indignantly protest against the claim of any such persons to be considered by anybody as having anything like a 'liberal education,' we also have no course left us but to hope that Mr. Ward's pretty little book of selected quotations from Shakespeare, grouped by plays, and in the order in which they there appear, may provide these unfortunates—the poor in Shakespeare—with a means of increasing their knowledge. This, the collector says, has been his aim in sifting out from the plays and poems passages of special significance, such as 'a speaker or writer might employ to lend grace or vigor to his theme,' and in collecting them together 'in a form which admits of their being used and appreciated by the most casual reader.'

The speaker or writer in question will find the quotations correctly given and fairly chosen, but if he be led to carry his pitchers to the fount whence as fair sayings as these flow abundantly, the higher use of the volume, as well as the care the collector has used, will be evident.

Wit, Wisdom and Beauties of Shakespeare. Edited by Clarence Stuart Ward. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1887. 12mo. Pp. 188. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. \$1.25.

THE NEXT PLAY to appear in Dr. Horace Howard Furness's Variorum Edition of Shakespeare will be *The Merchant of Venice*. The J. B. Lippincott Co. have the volume now in press, and probably before this year makes room for its successor the Shakespeare commonwealth will enjoy the latest fruits of the skilled and judicious labors of the Variorum editor.

Miscellany.

To knit again

This scattered corn into one mutual sheaf.

—*Titus Andronicus*, V, 111, 70.

BLACK'S CIPHER OUT-CIPHERED.—Last night (Oct. 7) in going to make a call on my friend Walter Learned, I took with me the October *North American Review*, thinking that he might like to see the articles by Hugh Black and E. Gordon Clark, which assume to disclose in Shakespeare's epitaph a secret assertion that Francis Bacon wrote the plays. Mr. Learned had not read the articles. I briefly outlined their purport, and told him the scheme of Bacon's *omnia per omnia* cipher, by which these gentlemen undertake to draw out the inner meaning of the epitaph.

For the benefit of those who have not already acquainted themselves with it, let me here briefly explain again the method of reading any text which is fitted to the *omnia per omnia*. You divide the writing into groups of five letters each. Then you observe whether these letters are printed as capitals or in small type. Each capital must be translated as *B*, and each small letter as *a*. For example, the first ten letters in the Shakespeare epitaph are GOOD F[REND]. Reading them off by the formula, we render them into the two combinations *BaaaB* and *aaaaa*. Bacon's key to these combinations supplies their equivalents in letters of the alphabet; and, by that key, we find that these two combinations stand respectively for *S* and *A*.

All we have to do then, in order to read a verse by the cipher, is to translate each group of five letters into *aB* combinations, find out by

means of Bacon's key what letters of the common alphabet are indicated by these combinations, and then see what we can spell with these secret letters or 'significants.' But there are 32 possible *aB* combinations, and Bacon gives equivalents for only 24 of them in his table; because only 24 letters were used in the English alphabet of his day. Hence Messrs. Black and Clark think that, in trying to fit the cipher to any piece of writing not specially designed for it, one would be almost sure to evolve one of the extra *aB* groups, for which there is no equivalent in the alphabet. Of course such an accident as that would end any attempt to apply the cipher.

Mr. Learned barely glanced at the *Review*, and I was about to go home, leaving it with him, when he suddenly said: 'I believe one could get interesting results by applying the *omnia per omnia* to any old epitaph containing frequent capital letters. For instance, there is one epitaph very common in New England graveyards, which I recall. I scarcely ever went into any of our old cemeteries without finding it.' He repeated the lines; and, taking out his pencil, said he would write them down rapidly, using capitals only as he thought they would be likely to occur in an old-fashioned inscription, and without calculation. He did so, with extreme rapidity; and then proceeded to divide the words into groups of five letters. . . .

Stop C|arele|ss You|the|as|You Pa|ss by.

A|s You a|re now|So onc|e was I|

As I am|now So|you Mu|st be.

O|h then|Prepa|re to F|ollow|Me.

We then translated them faithfully into *aB* combinations, according to Bacon's prescribed and authorized manner, and reduced those to alphabetic equivalents. I will give here merely one line, to show how it was done; for any reader can easily translate the whole stanza and test the accuracy of our work. In this first line, the sixth group had to be carried over so as to include one letter of the second line (precisely as Mr. Black found in the Shakespeare quatrain). So I will print that letter with the line:—

Stop C	arele	ss You	the as	You Pa	ss by A
BaaaB	aaaaa	aaBaa	aaaaa	BaaBa	aaaaB
S	A	E	A	T	B

The whole series of hidden letters, or 'significants,' derived from this process ran as follows; being set down in undisturbed order just as they occurred, and arranged in horizontal rows from left to right, which correspond to the lines of the stanza; the 'Me' [which was left over at the end] being added to the last row :—

SAEAT

BIARB

WCC

FARBA Me.

Observe, now, some curious facts—very remarkable facts—which we proceeded to note.

I. Every one of our *aB* combinations was translatable into a common alphabet letter. This proves the notion to be baseless, that a writing cannot be read into secret meanings by the Bacon cipher unless especially fitted to that cipher. Also, that the non-occurrence of an untranslatable *aB* group in the Shakespeare epitaph is no sort of proof that that composition was especially fitted to the cipher.

II. The first three letters (S, A, E) in our cabalistic series are exactly the first three letters educed by Black and Clark from the Stratford epitaph.

III. In Mr. Clark's essay, great stress is laid on the letter A, which is construed to mean 'Ay!'—as an exclamation strengthening Bacon's assertion of his authorship of the plays. Behold, in our column of 'significants' we have not only A, but AI, which is much better. And the A and the I are placed side by side, in a peculiar position, in the second row of *our* secret letters.

IV. Both Black and Clark adopt FRABA as an indisputable abbreviation for 'Francis Bacon.' These letters are found staring us in the face, arranged together with startling distinctness, in the last row of *our* secret letters; followed with strange significance by the extra word 'me.'

V. Drawing a line, as we have done, to partly separate certain letters in the first and second rows from the rest, we find the 'significants' S,A,B,E,A,R, in close neighborhood, with a very striking arrangement of B at each end of the second row, as if to attract attention and enable us to spell out SABEAR from either side. . . .

VI. Bear in mind that tremendous abbreviation is accepted as valid by Black and Clark; even DC being allowed to stand for 'Deceased.' Also, they do not demand correct spelling. We have now, remaining to be accounted for, the letters WT, CC and B. WT of course stands for 'Writ.' C stands reasonably enough for 'Comedy'; and CC may be interpreted as the plural, 'Comedies.' B, as I shall soon prove, must be taken to mean 'By.' To sum up, we write out from our significant letters, taking them almost in their regular order:—

AI SABEAR CC WT B FRA BA Me

That is:—Ay! Shakspear Comedies Writ By Francis Bacon, Me.

VII. Now note the circumstance that FRA BA and 'Me' are all in the bottom row of our secret letters. Following that row from right to left, we reach, in the lower left hand corner of the whole column, the letter F. Then, reading from that vertically upward, we have, as the *initial* letters of each horizontal row, F, W, B, and S. There is something very remarkable and suggestive about this arrangement. Those letters, taken alternately, are the *initials* of the two names, Francis Bacon and William Shakespeare, thus:—

S(hakespeare). B(acon). W(illiam). F(rancis).

Of course we must read these from below upward; because F is the first letter of the abbreviated signature FRA. BA. in the bottom row of secret letters. Observe, too, that the Christian names Francis and William occur in the two lower rows; while the surnames Bacon and Shakespeare are placed in the two upper rows. On Mr. Clark's basis of reasoning, it would be an eye nearly blind that did not discover a deep meaning in this arrangement. Can such a symmetrical order of letters be the result of mere accident? No. According to Mr. Clark's theories, here is the evidence of careful design. It *must*

have been intended by the author of 'Stop, Careless Youthe,' that these letters should suggest, to the discoverers of the secret, that the names of Francis Bacon and William Shakespeare are inextricably intertwined. . . .

Now let us trace out this linking together of the cipher narrative and the visible words.

Look at the epitaph itself. First we have a cipher B supplied by a translation of letters at the end of the first line—i.e., the upper *right* hand corner of the epitaph—where also is the word BY. Down at the lower right hand corner we find that solemn word ME (purposely excluded from the cipher by the author, for greater emphasis). Then at the *left* hand upper corner of the epitaph, stands the letter S; and beneath it, at the left lower corner the letter O; spelling SO—a confirmatory word (like the A I of the cipher). This symmetrical placing of leading words at the corners is evidently meant to awaken us to a connection between the cipher sentence and the actual text. Taking them together they read like a deep affirmation:—

SO. By Me.

The word 'So' likewise appears in a prominent place in both the second and third lines of verse—in fact, precisely at the centre of the whole epitaph—as if to demand our particular attention. Bear in mind that the letters on the left-hand side gave us the clew to the initials F., W., B., S. on the left side of the column of 'significants.' The bottom line of the epitaph, also, gave us FRA BA. Now the pointed omission of 'Me,' yet its great importance as giving the whole statement the tone of a personal announcement from Bacon himself, indicates that, after reaching the proper stage of enlightenment, we must consider the cipher words and the epitaph words together. Doing this, and beginning with 'So,' we pass to the 'By Me,' and then take in the cipher words and letters found in the bottom line and on the left side of the epitaph. Thus we get:—

'So. By me, FRA BA. F(rancis) B(acon) W(illiam) S(hakespeare).'

As will be seen, we have thus far drawn a firm chain of meaning

around the two sides and the bottom line of the epitaph. It remains to connect the top line with them by a further link of the chain. Fortunately this can be done with ease, by recognizing that the author here had recourse to the crafty device of anagram. The top (or first) line contains 29 letters; beginning with S. It was the S that gave me the idea of looking for an anagram, and I found a superb one in those 29 letters (using only *l* twice). It reads:—

OUT, SHACSSPEARE! YOU STOLE B'S PLAYYS.

(Observe the subtle phonetic allusion to Jacques Pierre in the junction of the curiously spelled 'Shacs' with 'speare'!) This completes the chain. . . .

The SABEAR of the cipher is here brought out plainly into 'Shacspeare,' as if to dispel any lingering doubt. Furthermore, the author of the anagram here claims for Bacon not simply the authorship of the comedies (as in the cipher), but the authorship of the 'Playys,' as if to end all possible controversy. . . .

I was amazed by the issue of our evening's talk. But I am still more amazed that Sir Francis Bacon, with all his brilliant ability, should be thought to be adequately represented by the clumsy attempt at a secret writing on the slab over Shakespeare's grave at Stratford. From that, Messrs. Black and Clark have extracted sundry vague syllables and stumps of words; when here, from an old New England epitaph, chosen at random, we gather the best cipher story ever offered, to prove Bacon's authorship of Shakespeare, accompanied by a marvellous symmetry and significance running all through the text itself.

The 'Stop Careless Youthe' is an old epitaph.* Can it date back to Bacon's time? Are we to conclude that Bacon—besides being the author of most of the literature belonging to the Elizabethan period (including his own Philosophical Works)—was also the ablest mortuary poet of his age, furnishing epitaphs for the people at large? We may likewise assume, in that case, that he composed both the 'Careless Youthe' and the 'Good Frend for Jesus sake forbear.' But the latter, with its imperfect cipher contents, must have been a

* Sir Francis B. Head, in his 'Bubbles from the Brunnens of Nassau' (London, Murray, 1834), alludes to these very lines as 'preaching from the most common tombstone of our country churchyard.'

hurried bit of work. There is another hypothesis. Bacon may have written the 'Good Frend' first, and sent it off hastily to the stone-cutter at Stratford. But, remembering that the spelling was unnecessarily bad and the cipher contents meagre, he found leisure to compose the complete and perfect 'Stop Careless Youthe,' which he also dispatched to the stone-cutter. The mechanic must have made a mistake and followed the wrong copy, when he chiselled the 'Good Frend' lines above Shakespeare's grave. Bacon, not daring to excite inquiry by removing that epitaph, after it was in place, and substituting the improved one, concluded to sow his own far and wide in numerous graveyards, as the only means left him of vindicating his claim. In the shipwreck of his fortunes, caused by his conviction as a corrupt judge, he may have felt like the sinking mariner who puts a history of himself into corked bottles which he sets adrift on the waves.

Bacon's best bottle, labelled 'Stop Careless Youthe,' drifted to New England; and now Mr. Learned and I have extracted its contents, which are eminently exhilarating. If Mr. E. Gordon Clark still purposes to bring out his 'Anagramatic Biography of William Shakespeare, by Francis Bacon,' derived from the Stratford epitaph, we would suggest to him that there is a much better chance to produce 'The Entire Secret History of Francis Bacon and William Shakespeare, as Gathered from the Old Tombstones of New England Graveyards.'—GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP in *The Critic*, Oct. 29th.

A PROPHETIC CIPHER.—Incited by the success of other searchers for cryptographical curiosities in the works ascribed to Shakespeare, I looked into the matter myself with results so surprising and conclusive that I feel impelled to give them freely to the world at once, instead of waiting to write a book on the subject. I can scarcely explain to the unpracticed public the processes whereby one gets a clue to a cryptographic message, but the clue once found, it is easy enough to follow it up and explain the subsequent steps. Perhaps the simplest and best rule is to fix upon the message you want to find and then hunt for it. It is a literary application of the business motto: 'If you don't see what you want, ask for it.' Before I began my

work I was fully persuaded that a man of such remarkable powers as Bacon must have possessed, to enable him to write the greatest dramatic works ever produced, and at the same time interweave with them a concealed story of his life—must also have had the power to look into futurity. He could scarcely have died content, with his authorship concealed, if he had not known that his story, though hidden from his contemporaries, would be revealed by Ignatius Donnelly. I naturally looked, therefore, for some reference to this fact, and after long and laborious search, came across the word 'd'on' on the first line of page 33 of the 1623 edition, in the play *Titus Andronicus*. The circumstance that the ordinary word don ('don this robe') should be printed with an apostrophe arrested my attention. To see whether this was Bacon's (or Shakespeare's) usual practice I examined the Concordance, but found that this was the only instance of the use of the simple word 'don' in all of Shakespeare's works. In one of the songs in *Hamlet* there is the past form 'don'd' printed without the apostrophe between 'd' and 'on,' and in *Antony and Cleopatra* the same word occurs, printed in this case 'donn'd.' These variations may furnish a clue to some other cryptographic mysteries, but for the present we are concerned only with that given by 'd'on' (do on) as it appears on page 33. The two threes added (6) and deducted from 1887, the date of the revelation, leave 1881, which being divided by 33 gives 57. With fear and trembling I looked at page 57 (*Romeo and Juliet*), and there in italics was the word 'Nell.' It did not require much stretch of the imagination to make Donnelly out of this combination. It is true that the terminal letter is wanting, but, if Bacon had so much prescience as this discovery would indicate, he must have foreseen that 'Nell' would become Nelly to future generations, and that 'd'on' 'Nell,' would serve the purpose as a cipher for Donnelly. Observe the double care to conceal and reveal the cipher by putting the apostrophe in 'd'on' and yet leaving the word at the head of a page!

The next word would naturally be a verb, but where to look for it was the question. 33 from 57 leaves 14, and 14 pages from 57, viz.: on page 71 (*Romeo and Juliet*), I found that the 104th word

(33 plus 71) was 'will.' The thing was beginning to work, and I renewed my researches, but was for a long time baffled. I found this same word 'Will' on page 18 (*King John*), but could make nothing of that until I thought that Bacon might be trying to bring in the date of the discovery, in which case 87 might be the next number. Again I was baffled, but bethought me of doubling 57, which gave me 114, and on page 114 (*Julius Cæsar*) I found the significant phrase: '*Thus must I piece it out.*' There could be no doubt that I was on the right track now. The sum of 1, 1, 4 equalled the sum of 3, 3, or 6; six deducted from 87 gave 81. I now returned to the search for the third word. On page 81 (*Timon of Athens*), the 279th word is 'finde.' Any one can see that 2 plus 7 makes 9, which, multiplied by the other 9, gives 81, the number of the page, and confirms the notion that this is the word belonging to the cipher. So we have 'Donnelly will find.'

On page 87, to which I had already fruitlessly referred, I again turned, and there, sure enough, was the word 'it.' It was repeated three times in the first column—the 156th, 213th and 231st word. Adding the digits of the two last numbers gives six in each case; two sixes are obtainable from 156. The 2 and 1 with the 3 may be converted into 33, the first number of the cipher. Can there be any further doubt that 'it' is the word intended? We have already seen that on page 114 is the remarkable sentence: '*Thus must I piece it out*'—and this cipher message is pieced out by the last word, 'out.' 'Donnelly will find it out.' I have an idea that it was when he had completed this cipher that Bacon made Hamlet exclaim 'Oh, my prophetic soul!'

For the further information of the curious, let me call attention to the numbers 33, 57, 18, 81, 87 and 114, on which pages the words of this cipher may be found. The figures 18, 87 undoubtedly refer to the present year. The 57 multiplied by 2 gives 114. There is *one* fourteen in this number which, being added to 33, gives the second number 57. Adding the digits 1, 1, together gives 2, and the 4 makes 24; 24 added to 57 gives 81, the fourth number. This being reversed gives the third, 18, and if to 81 we add the digits 1, 1, 4 (total 6) we get the fifth number 87.

For the information of Shakespearian scholars who may desire to test this cipher I may say that the relations mentioned are shown in the reprint of the 1623 edition by Lionel Booth (London, 1864), and that the counting of words does not include the names of characters or stage directions. Believing that this discovery will settle the claims of Mr. Donnelly by proving him to be the authorized exponent of the Baconian cipher, I am yours, for the truth,

BARUK SIDDON, in the *Philadelphia Ledger*, November 8th.

STRATFORD-UPON-AVON.—A DISENCHANTMENT.—With anticipation of peculiar pleasure, and with true reverence for the greatest of the great, for Stratford I set forth.

'Shakespeare 'otel, sir?' greets me at the railway station, and on reaching the Shakespeare 'otel' I am astonished to hear the order, 'Boots! take the gentleman's luggage up to Romeo and Juliet.' On mounting the stairs this amazing instruction to Boots is explained, each bedroom in the house having the name of a play over it instead of a number. This is rather a shock, but it does not do to be too sensitive, so I dine and retire to number Romeo and Juliet for the night. In the morning I learn that Shakespeare's house opens to the public at nine o'clock, so I breakfast early, and am there by that hour, hoping to forestall the parties of Americans whose unmistakable intonations fill the coffee-room. On the stroke of nine I step into the brand new 'restored' porch and ring the bell; the door is opened by a pleasant man, who begins cheerfully, 'Good morning. Sixpence for the house and sixpence for the museum.' I get out a shilling, and am given two little well-thumbed tickets. The man then shuts the door and says by heart, 'This is the house where Shakespeare was born; you will be shown the actual room where he was born upstairs; that large chimney has never been altered, and those seats on each side of it are just as they were when Shakespeare was a boy: will you take a seat where Shakespeare sat?' I feel a violent desire to get back into the street, but at the same time do not want to offend a worthy fellow-creature, so I stand helplessly looking at the seat I am invited to fill; the man smiles at me and says, 'They are wiped round carefully every morning; they are quite clean.'

I turn desperately and escape up a couple of steps into an inner room. Here I find an elderly, austere-looking female. Before she begins to say her lesson I have time to observe that the walls and ceiling of this room, like those of the last, are black with the accumulated pencil scribbles of Robinsons of Birmingham and Joneses of Chicago. The woman begins her tale in a determined tone, but I perceive a staircase on the right of the door, and up I go at once; she follows, reciting as she ascends; she gets to the window in time for the words, 'Here, you see, Sir Walter Scott wrote his name on the glass with his ring off his finger—have you been to the church yet?' (The query being part of the recitation.) I look at the window-frame for Scott's scribble, and am thankful I cannot decipher it among the multitudinous scrawls. We get down again into the lower room, and I am asked to write my name in the book; this done, the woman shows a picture of Shakespeare, then a bust. She lays her hand upon the forehead, and says, 'Plenty of room 'ere for the mighty brain.' This is too much; I make for the street.—*Pall Mall Budget*, Oct. 6.

WHAT THE BACON SOCIETY THINK OF THE DONNELLY CLAIM.—We cannot find in Mr. Donnelly's statements any conclusive evidence of the cipher story at all. He produces a *fac-simile* of certain pages of the 1623 folio, and claims that certain words which he tells us are part of the cipher narrative, are so placed as to satisfy some arithmetical conditions of an excessively cumbrous description. But by what law the scattered words are drawn up into continuous sentences, he does not give us a hint, and till he tells us this he virtually tells us nothing. Up to the present time our faith in the cipher has only Mr. Donnelly's word to rest upon. We admit that this is weighty, for Mr. Donnelly is a man of probity, and his standing is high. But we cannot be content with this. In justice to Mr. Donnelly we must say that the very laborious calculations which he indicates are certified as accurate by those who have been able to give the time and patience required for the process of verification. The significant words, it appears, are posted where they satisfy Mr. Donnelly's arithmetic. This sort of coincidence, however, does not carry the evi-

dence very far. One coherent sentence is worth a battalion of scattered words. We have willingly, even gladly, given great prominence in the previous numbers of this Journal to this promised cipher story; but we must say that our patience is sorely tried by Mr. Donnelly's repeated delays, and by the provoking way in which he now demands our faith, without satisfying our sight, under the penalty of being branded as 'absolutely steeped to the lips in ignorance and prejudice.' We have every desire to be convinced: all our bias is in favor of the cipher, and of Mr. Donnelly's alleged discovery. But we cannot be landed in such a large conclusion without evidence of a direct character. If Mr. Donnelly is kind enough to give us an *avant gout* of his intended book before it is published, we look for some such fragment of the complete structure as we can perfectly verify and understand. In the part of his paper which deals with the cipher we cannot find anything of this kind.

The remainder of the article is devoted to a re-statement of the Baconian argument; which is put in a striking and convincing way, with a generous acknowledgment of the labors of others, especially Mrs. Pott, in the same field. For this we are thankful: but any one who knows the subject could have done all this. What we want from Mr. Donnelly is the cipher, the whole cipher, and nothing but the cipher. Until the book appears, we must withhold both criticism and certification.—*Journal of the Bacon Society*, August, pp. 157, 158.

WHAT DR. ROLFE THINKS OF THE DONNELLY CLAIM.—In a recent number of the *Literary World* (Shakespeariana department, October 29th), Dr. Rolfe emphatically answers a correspondent, who reports the assertion of a prominent Wisconsin bookseller to the effect that nearly all the eminent Shakespeare scholars of late years 'had accepted or were inclined to accept the Baconian authorship.' Dr. Rolfe's and the late Mr. Hudson's names were especially mentioned as belonging in this category. The ghost of the Cambridge divine certainly would do what a good ghost might to trouble the peace of that bookseller, if the serene wraith of him could know such misrepresentation possible. And as for Dr. Rolfe, one cannot wonder that he proceeds to put himself on record as if he had never done so

before, and after giving the facts of the case pretty clearly, both as to Hudson and himself, and stating that 'not a single Shakespeare scholar or critic of any note anywhere in the world accepts or is inclined to accept' the Baconian theory, he takes the occasion to reply as follows to another Western correspondent who asks his opinion of the Donnelly cipher:—

When the book is published, 'the great cryptogram' can be intelligently criticised—that is if the discoverer gives us a full description of it. For ourselves, we do not expect that it will bear the ordeal of criticism; and for Bacon's sake we hope it will not. That he should have written the plays is simply impossible, and we do not like to think that he could have entered into a conspiracy with the editors and printers of the folio of 1623 to rob the dead dramatist of his laurels. The 'meanest of mankind' was perhaps not incapable of doing this, but we shall nevertheless be sorry to have Mr. Donnelly convict him of it.

THE 'OMNIA PER OMNIA' A PLAGIARISM.—Says Bacon in that famous first chapter of the sixth book of the *De Augmentis*:—

But, to prevent all suspicion, we shall here annex a cipher (or invention) of our own, which we devised in Paris in our youth; which still seems to me worthy of preservation.

Now, in point of fact, this very cipher, which Bacon claimed as original with himself, is found described in two books, the first written by Porta, and first printed in 1563 (when Bacon was three years old) and reprinted in Strasbourg in 1606, and the second written by de Vigueure and published in Paris in 1587. It is certainly amusing to know that the Baconian rebus-mongers are using a plagiarized cipher to steal away Shakespeare's reputation.

A. D. VINTON in the November *North American Review*.

NEW YORK SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY.—At the next meeting of this Society (Dec. 29th, *not* Nov. 24th, as heretofore announced) the Donnelly cipher is to be discussed. Mr. Frey will read a paper upon it; and the president will read a letter from Judge Holmes, who, we understand, says in substance that, while he is not disposed to assert that anything is impossible, he himself sees no drift to the various cipher theories except to make the Baconian hypothesis ridiculous. He wishes, however, to suspend judgment until Donnelly's book comes out.

INDEX.

ABBREVIATIONS:—A, Leading Article; D, Drama; M, Miscellany; O. C., Open Court; P, Poetry; R, Reviews; Sc, School of S.; So, Societies.

- ABBOTT, F. M., Stratford Club of Concord, N. H., 327.
 Acting, N. Y. School of, 198.
 Actors, S.'s, Halliwell-Phillipps, R., 194.
 Adapting S., 186.
 ADEE, A. A., Donnelly Dilemma, O. C., 369; R., 556.
 ADEE, D. G., Shakespearian Recreations, P., 126.
 After S., Smyth, A. H., 345.
All's Well That Ends Well, 513.
 American mention of S., earliest, 48.
 Anderson, M., as Hermione, D., 283.
 Anecdote of S., 143.
 Anglo-Saxon Words in Poetry, Harrison and Baskerville, R., 139.
 Angriff auf S., Honthumb, R., 557.
Antony and Cleopatra, 514.
As You Like It, II, vii, 145; 211.
 — Out-door performances, 424.
 Authorship of S., Calkins, R., 543.
 — Holmes, R., 129.
 Autograph of S., 440; Gunther, 154.
 Bacon, D., Craze, Seilhamer, R., 164.
 Bacon Cipher, M., 578. *See* Donnelly.
 Bacon a Prophet, Frankland, O. C., 512.
 Bacon and Science, M., 530.
 Bacon, Was It, Higgins, C., 450.
 Bacon, Who Wrote, M., 526; R., 554.
 Bacon Society Journal, 162, 165, 555-6, 576.
 Baconian Theory, 87, 89, 91, 92.
 — Bibliography of, Wyman, 143, 160, 552.
 — Halliwell-Phillipps on, 533.
 — History of, Calkins, R., 154.
 — Morgan on, 475.
 — Reade on, 514.
 — *See* Donnelly cipher.
 BANFIELD, J., Donnelly cipher O. C., 69.
 Bankside, S. R., 473.
 Barrett, W., Hamlet, D., 29.
 Beatrice, F. DAVENPORT, C., 271.
 Beaumont and Fletcher, Lowell on, 247.
 BELDEN, H. M., Mercutio, P., 449.
 Benjamin and Bell, 382.
 Bible, S.'s Knowledge and use of, So., 71.
 Biblical Allusions in Richard II, HENION, A., 149.
 Birmingham Theatre Royal, Revival at, D., 78.
 Birnam Wood, Arabia's, M., 342.
 Bobadil and Falstaff, SANDERS, A., 249.
 BOODLE, R. W., on 'Element,' O. C., 116.
 Booth, E., as Petruchio, D., 125.

- As Shylock, D., 120.
 Boswell, J., NORRIS, A., 106.
 Boswell's Johnson, R., 381.
 Books of '85-8, Cohn, R., 428.
 Bottom, Sala as, D., 469.
 Boydell S., Story of, MOFFAT, A., 1.
 BRADLEY, C. B., Locke-Richardson Society, 177.
 Browne, H. J., Is It S.'s Confession, R., 557.
 Browning on S., M., 144.
 BURK, A. B., Was S. a Sycophant? A., 256.
 CALKINS, E. A., Holmes's Authorship of S., R., 129, 543.
 Catherine, Queen, So., 26.
 Chapman, G., Lowell on, 246.
 Chautauqua, S. at, 341.
 Club of Two, O. C., 406.
 Clubs, S., hints for, 316.
 Cobham, Sir, J. M., 199.
 Comédie Française, Hamlet, at D.
Comedy of Errors, So., 514.
 — V, i, 237; 211.
 Composition, Curves of, Mendenhall, R., 334, 553.
 Concord School, M., 339, 419.
 Cordelia, a vixen, M., 527.
Coriolanus, 258.
 CORSON, H., King John, A., 49.
 — Lectures, 46.
 Cousins, S., 287.
 COWDEN-CLARKE, M., S. as Girl's Friend, A., 355.
 Crotchet-Mongers, S., R., 553.
Cymbeline, 104.
 Davenant, W., Morgan, R., 90.
 — Relationship to S., R., 475.
 DAVENPORT, F., on Beatrice, D., 271.
 Davidson, T., Bacon or S., R., 556.
 DEMMON, I. N., S. Course at Mich. Univers., Sc., 463.
 Desdemona, 360.
 Dickens, Who Wrote, 162.
 Digest Shakespeariana, Morgan, R., 138.
 Donnelly Cipher, R., 161, 433-5, 473-4, 555.
 — ADEE, A. A., O. C., 369; R., 556.
 — Bacon Society on, 555-8, 576.
 — BANFIELD, J., O. C., 69.
 — Baruk Siddon, M., 572.
 — Davidson, T., M., 483.
 — Explanation, M., 94.
 — Frey, A. R., R., 434.
 — Lathrop, G. P., M., 566.
 — Mrs. Pott, M., 438.
 — Rolfe, W. J., M., 578.
 — WYMAN, W. H., O. C., 403.
 — See Baconian Theory, Bibliography.
 DONNELLY, I., letter from, 24.
 — visit to, 164.
 DOYLE, J. T., New Readings in Othello, O. C., 266.
 Dram of Eale, MARX, O. C., 68.
 Drama and State, MCMAHAN, A., 201.
 Dramatists, Old English, Lowell on, 241.
 — Mermaid Series, R., 196, 563.
 Editions: Bankside, 473; First Folio, 432; Furness's Variorum, 195, 341; Memorial Theatre, 337; Quarto, 459; School, 288; Victoria, 380; list of, 340.
 Editors: (NORRIS), Boswell, J., 106; Singer, S. W., 351.
Edward III, So., 417.
 Element, O. C., 116.
 Eliot, G., on S.'n acting, 261.
 Elizabeth and Merry Wives, Morgan R., 27, 338.
 England and Germany in 16th century, Herford, R., 82.
 English Etymology, McElroy, R., 472.
 English Literature, Smith, R., 44.
 English, study of, in U. S., M., 141.
 Epitaph, S.'s cipher in, 557-8.
 Examinations, S., Thom, R., 381.
 Executor, S.'s literary, Morgan, R., 90.
 Fact and Criticism, S. in, Morgan, R., 382.
 Falstaff, Bobadil and, SANDERS, A., 249.
 — and Oldcastle, So., 412.
 — Original of, R., 476.
 — Two, So., 413.
 Female Characters, Martin, R., 87.
 FLEAY, F. G., Annals of J. Lyly, A., 546.
 Fleay, pronunciation, 316.
 FLEMING, W. H., Gervinus Misquoted, O. C., 269.
 Folio, First, R., 432, 562.
 — Prolegomena, Reprint, 146.
 FRANKLAND, T., Bacon a Prophet, O. C., 512.

- Fennell's S. Repository, R., 439.
 FREY, A. R., Donnelly Myth, R., 434, 555.
 — Gunther Folio and Autograph, R., 336.
 — Taming of Shrew, So., 117.
 — —, A., 297.
 FURNESS, H. H. on S.'s Spirit, M., 440.
 — Variorum edition, 195, 341.
 — on Wight, O. C., 269.
 Furnivall Verse Tests, MORGAN, A., 535.
 German and English texts, R., 288.
 Gervinus Misquoted, FLEMING, O. C., 289.
 Girl's Friend, S. as, COWDEN CLARKE, A., 355.
 Girls of the Period 300 years ago, So., 414.
 GODDARD, H. P., Baltimore Society, 324.
 GOODWIN, M., Wellesley Society, 73.
 GOULD, C. H., Portia and Woman, A., 97.
 Greene's Friar Bacon, R., 378.
 — —, So., 412.
 GRIFFITHS, L. M., Clifton So. Records, 409.
 Gunther Folio and Autograph, Frey, R., 336.
 — —, VINING, A., 154.
 Halliwell-Phillipps, J. O., on Baconian theory, M., 533.
 — Contributions to S. Knowledge, R., 515.
 — Outlines, R., 42.
 — S.'s Actors, R., 194.
 Hamlet, 105.
 — I, iv, 15; 485.
 — III, i, 79; 319.
 — Age, M.; 47.
 — Barrett, W., as, D., 29.
 — Comédie Française, D., 420.
 — Examination, Thom, R., 381.
 — French Criticisms, D., 79.
 — Growth of, Reed, R., 163.
 — Irving, H., Reading, D., 185.
 — Legend of, Hansen, R., 138.
 — Lincoln and Whitman on, M., 534.
 — Murdoch, J. E., M., 344.
 — in Paris, D., 284.
 — Parmenides quoted by, POTT, O. C., 510.
 — Study of, SMITH, Sc., 460, 502, 559.
 — —, So., 326, 375.
 HARTMANN, C. S., Hamlet at Comédie Française, 420.
 Helena, 364.
 Henderson, W., Who Wrote S.?, R., 431, 554.
 HENION, A. E., Biblical Allusions in Richard II, A., 149.
 Hermione, 355; M. Anderson, as D., 283.
 Heroines of S., pictures of, M., 143.
 Henry IV, Study of, SIMPSON, Sc., 212.
 — — THOM, Sc.; 166, 217.
 1 Henry IV, II, iv; 253.
 — Botany of, So.; 412.
 2 Henry IV, II, i; 253.
 Henry V, Study of, SMITH, Sc., 262.
 — — THOM, Sc., 505.
 — —, So. 415.
 Henry VIII, So., 513.
 Henry, Prince and Cobham, M., 199.
 HIGGINS, C. H., Was it Bacon? 450.
 Holmes, N., Authorship of S., R., 129.
 Holmes, O. W., Poem at Stratford, M., 522.
 Honthumb, G. N., Angriff auf S., R., 557.
 Hugo, V., on S., R., 137.
 — — MORGAN, R., 187.
 — on Shylock, M., 136.
 Huxley, T. H., on Next best thing to S., M., 391.
 Imogen, 357.
 Index to S., O'Connor, R., 331.
 Indexes, S., R., 197.
 Ingleby, C. M., So., 26.
 Irving, H., Hamlet, D., 185.
 — edition of S., 525.
 John, King, I, i, 196; 209.
 — II, i, 350; 259.
 — IV, iii, 87; 259.
 — CORSON on, A., 49.
 — Study of, THOM, Sc., 19, 64.
 JOHNSON, C. F., S. as a Text Book, A., 487.
 Julius Caesar, 535, etc., 541.
 LAFFAN, R. S. DE C., Old Guild Hall, P., 286.
 Lathrop, G. P., Cipher in 'Stop, Careless Youthe', M., 566.

- Lear*, I, i, 458.
 — Examination on, Thom, R., 381.
 Letter of S., M., 439.
 Lexicon, S., Schmidt, R., 140.
 Libraries, S. in, M., 141.
 Library, Stratford Memorial, 291, 384.
 Life, Natural, SILL, P., 354.
 Line-numbering, M., 342.
 Lippincott, J. B., anecdote, M., 341.
 London Prodigal, So., 414.
 Longfellow a Sham, R., 557.
Love's Labour's Lost, 514, 535, 541.
 — IV, ii, 95; 211.
 — IV, iii; 458.
 — V, i, 49; 208.
 Lowell, J. R., Lectures on Old English Dramatists, M., 241.
 — Richard III, M., 142, 471.
 — on S. Professorships, M., 509.
 Lyly, J., Annals of, FLEAY, A., 546.
Macbeth, IV, ii, 38-63; 416.
 — Birnam Wood, M., 342.
 — Examination, Thom, R., 381.
 — Study, So., 513, 514.
 McELROY, J. G. R., English and German Literature, R., 82.
 McMAHAN, A. B., Drama and State, A., 201.
 Man a rush, 266.
 Marlowe, C., Lowell on, 243.
 — Faustus, R., 378, 434.
 MARX, T., on Dram of Eale, O. C., 68.
 Masques and Revels at Gray's Inn, D., 466.
Measure for Measure, 104.
 Mendenhall, T. C., Curves of Composition, R., 334, 553.
 MERCHANT, H. W., on Wight, O. C., 408.
Merchant of Venice, 45, 97.
 — I, i; 316.
 — Booth in, D., 120.
 — Examination, Thom, 381.
 — Furness's edition, R., 196.
 — Lee's Letters, R., 477.
 — Study of, Smith, So., 15.
 —, So., 72, 176, 410.
 — and Wall Street, 144.
 Mercutio, BELDEN, P., 449.
 Mermaid Series, R., 196, 563.
Merry Wives of Windsor, Daly's, photographs, M., 140.
 — Elizabeth's share in, Morgan, R., 27, 338.
 — Notes on, MORGAN, A., 393, 441.
 — at Stratford, D., 279.
 Michigan University, S. course at, DEMMON, Sc., 463.
Midsummer-Night's Dream, 141, 491.
 — I, i; 457.
 — Labouchere, D., 469.
 — Miranda, 362.
 Modjeska in *Twelfth Night*, D., 232.
 MOFFAT, W. D., Story of Boydell S., A., 1.
 MORGAN, A., on Baconian theory, R., 475.
 — Elizabeth and *Merry Wives*, R., 27, 338.
 — Furnivall Verse Tests, A., 535.
 — Hugo's S., R., 187.
 — *Merry Wives of Windsor*, A., 393, 441.
 — Sycophancy of S., O. C., 318.
 Mormon Gospel and S., O. C., 319.
Much Ado About Nothing, II, i, 304; 24.
 — Fanny Davenport in, D., 271.
 — Study of, So., 513.
 Murdoch, J. E., Hamlet, 344.
 Mystery of S. Revealed, Churcher, R., 87, 163.
 Myth, Donnelly, FREY, 434, 555.
 Myth, S., Donnelly, R., 555.
 Name of S., M., 93, 199.
 New England, Literary Poverty in, M., 285.
 New S. Assumption, SMITH, O. C., 372.
 New York Society, Papers, 45.
 NORRIS, J. P., Editor of S., A., 106, 351.
 Notation, Adeo, So., 320.
 Old Guild Hall, LAFFAN, P., 286.
 Otello, Verdi, D., 180; R., 238.
Othello, 360.
 — Examination, Thom, R., 381.
 — Jealousy, M., 525.
 — New Readings, DOYLE, O. C., 266.
 Ousting S., Proctor, R., 558.
 Out-door performances, 424, 469.
 Outlines, Halliwell-Phillipps, R., 42.
 Palmer, F., on Richard III, M., 198.
 Pantomime, S. in, D., 180.
 Parmenides quoted by Hamlet, POTT, O. C., 510.
 Peele, G., King David, So., 410.
 — Lowell on, 242.
 Pepys's Diary, R., 240.

- Perdita, 363.
 Petruchio, Booth as, D., 125.
 Pilgrimage to Parnassus, R., 165.
 Pope's Preface, Reprint, xxvi, xxx, xxxiv.
 Portia, 363.
 — and Woman in Serious Comedies, GOULD, A., 97.
 Portrait of S., new, M. 200.
 POTT, MRS. H., Donnelly cipher, M., 438.
 — Parmenides quoted by Hamlet, O. C., 510.
 Praise of S. by Scarron, M., 93.
 Proctor, R. A., Ousting S., R. 558.
 — Poems, Characters and History of S., R. 557.
 Professorships of S., Lowell, M., 509.
 Quarto Editions, Rise in Value of, Norris, A., 459.
 Raleigh's name, M., 439.
 Reade, C., on Baconian theory, M., 514.
 — of Ellen Terry, M., 529.
 Reese's, Mrs., on S. Society, M., 237.
 Reference Canon and Notation, ADEE, O. C., 320.
 Reichel, E., Who Wrote Bacon's Nov. Organum, R., 554?
 Reprints: Folio, Prolegomena, 146.
 — Pope's Preface, xxvi, xxx, xxxiv.
 — Rowe's Life, xiii, xvii, xxi.
Richard II. 259.
 — Biblical Allusion in, HENION, A., 149.
 — Study of, So., 514.
 — — THOM, Sc., 109.
Richard III., I, i, 55; 209.
 — II, ii, 62-5; 416.
 — III, i, 122-35; 416.
 — III, ii, 54, 160, 171; 259.
 — Lowell on, 142, 471.
 — Palmer on, 198.
 — Primrose Criticism, R., 471.
 — Study of, So., 225.
 Rogers, S., Table-talk, M., 485.
 ROLFE, W. J., Civil as an orange, O. C., 24.
 — Donnelly cipher, M., 578.
 — School Courses, Sc., 313.
 — S. at School, A. 208, 270.
 — Sonnets, So., 228.
Romeo and Juliet, II, ii, 156; 211.
 — Study of, So., 514.
 Rowe's Life of S., xiii, xvii, xxi.
 Sala, G. A., as Bottom, D., 469.
 SANDERS, J. A., Bobadil and Falstaff, A., 249.
 Scarron's praise of, S., M., 93.
 School Courses, ROLFE, Sc., 313.
 School Editions, R., 288.
 School Life of S. Mills, So., 409.
 — ROLFE, A., 208, 270.
 SCHOOL OF S: Plays Studied.
 Hamlet, M. W. SMITH, 460, 502, 559.
 Henry IV., W. T. THOM, 166, 217.
 Henry V., M. W. SMITH, 262.
 — W. T. THOM, 505.
 John, W. T. THOM, 19, 64.
 Merchant of Venice, M. W. SMITH, 15.
 Richard II., W. T. THOM, 109.
 SELFRIDGE, S. W., Another Wight, O. C., 317.
 Seybert Commission, 440.
 Shakespearian Recreations, ADEE, P., 128.
 Shakespeariana, Classification of, TEDDER, A., 498.
 Shapleigh, Was S., R., 288, 337, 554.
 SHORT, F. T., Montreal Society, 513.
 Shylock, Booth as, D., 120.
 — a Christian, M., 96.
 — and Predecessors, Lee, R. 477.
 — a Race Type, Hugo, M., 136.
 Siddons, S., Kennard, R., 332.
 SILL, E. R., Life Natural, P., 354.
 Simpson, R., Henry IV., A., 212.
 Singer S. W., NORRIS, A., 351.
 Slang, S., M., 144.
 SMITH, M. W., Hamlet, Sc., 460, 502, 559.
 — Henry V., Sc. 262.
 — Merchant of Venice, Sc., 15.
 SMITH, W. H., New S. Assumption, O. C., 372.
 SMYTH, A. H., After S., A., 345.
 Societies: Baltimore, 324.
 Clifton, 409.
 Dallas, 325.
 Friends in Council, Topeka, 326, 375.
 Ladies' Literary Club, Cortland, 377.
 Locke-Richardson, 177.
 Montreal, 72, 225, 513.
 New S., 26, 71, 119.
 New York, 26, 117, 228, 320, 374, 578.

- North Carolina University, 514.
 Norwich, 175.
 of Philadelphia, 323.
 Philadelphia, 324.
 Seneca Falls, 179.
 Stratford, Concord, 327.
 Wellesley, 73.
 Sonnets, Hitchcock, R., 160.
 — Rolfe, So., 228.
 Spenser's Merrie Bond, M., 96.
 Sprague, H. B. 561.
 Stage Art of S., So., 231.
 Stop, Careless Youthe, cipher in, Lathrop, M., 566.
 Stratford, S.'s Birthday at, M., 290.
 Fountain and Gardens, M., 389, 521.
 Library, M., 291, 384.
 Visit to, M., 575.
 Strickland, A., interest in S. R., 480.
 Sycophant, Was S. a BURK, A., 256.
 — MORGAN, O. C., 318.
Taming of the Shrew, I, i, 167; 210.
 — III, ii, 149; 211.
 — Daly's, D., 75, 124.
 — Paper on, FREY, So., 117, A., 297.
 TEDDER, H. R., Classification of S.'ana, A., 498.
Tempest, 362, 491, So., 119, 178, 514.
 Terry, E., first appearance, M., 533.
 — Reade of, M., 529.
 Text-book, S. as a, JOHNSON, A., 487.
 THOM, W. T., Examinations, 381.
 — Henry IV, Sc., 166, 217.
 — John, Sc., 19, 64.
 — Richard II, Sc., 109.
 — Wight, O. C., 403.
 TIMMINS, S., Books of, 85-6, R., 428.
Timon of Athens, So., 513.
Titus Andronicus, So., 514.
 Tokai, Mine, M., 41.
Troilus and Cressida, I, iii; 452.
 — IV, iv; 458.
 — So., 226.
Twelfth Night, III, i, 65; 116.
 — Modjeska in, D., 232.
 Twickenham villa, M., 469.
 Verdi, Otello, D., 180; R., 238.
 Verse tests, MORGAN 535; So., 118.
 VINING, E. P., Gunther Folio and Autograph, A., 154.
 Virgilia, 366.
 Voltaire and Diderot on S., M., 532.
 Wall St. and *Merchant of Venice*, 144.
 Ward, C. S. Wit, Wisdom and Beauties of S., R., 564.
 Webster, J., Lowell on, 245.
 Who Wrote S.? Henderson, R., 431, 554.
 Wight, O. C., 267, 317, 408.
 Winsor, J., Shapleigh Entanglement, R., 288, 347, 554.
 Winter, W., on *Taming of the Shrew*, D., 75.
Winter's Tale, 104, 535, 541, D., 283.
 — II, i, 7-15; 417.
 — IV, iv; 454, 458.
 Wit, Wisdom and Beauties of S., Ward, 564.
 WYMAN, W. H., Bibliography of Baconian Controversy, 143, 160, 552.
 — Donnelly cipher, O. C., 403.

[For the preparation of this full and careful Index, as also for its predecessors in each yearly volume of this magazine, we are indebted to John H. Wood, Esq., of Jacksonville, Ill.]

